

ents THE September 1919

RED BOOK

MAGAZINE



Haskell Coffin

CREAM of WHEAT



Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1919 by Cream of Wheat Company

"PUTTING IT DOWN IN BLACK AND WHITE"

Every one of these Victor artists is a reason for having a Victrola

ALBA	CULP	GALLI-CURCI	JOURNEY	MURPHY	SCOTT
BORI	DEGOSORZA	GARRISON	KREISLER	PADEREWSKI	SEMBRICH
BRASLAU	DE LUCA	GILLY	KUBELIK	PATTI	TETRAZZINI
CALVE	DESTINN	GLUCK	MARTINELLI	POWELL	WERRENATH
CARUSO	EAMES	HAMLIN	MCCORMACK	RUFFO	WHITEHILL
CLEMENT	ELMAN	HEIFETZ	MELBA	SAMMARCO	WITHERSPON
CORTOT	FARRAR	HOMER		SCHUMANN-HEINE	ZIMBALIST

It is to these artists the public instinctively turns for musical entertainment in the great opera houses, theatres and concert auditoriums throughout the world. And on the Victrola their glorious art echoes and re-echoes in thousands upon thousands of homes.

To hear these famous artists on the Victrola is to be thrilled and inspired by their exquisite interpretations, to experience the delight that only the greatest music can bestow—that only Victor Records bring into your home. Every rendition as true as life itself—and it is in acknowledgment of this perfection that these great artists have chosen the Victrola as the instrument to convey their masterpieces to the music-lovers of all the world.

Victors and Victrolas \$12 to \$950. Any Victor dealer anywhere will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play any music you wish to hear.

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and should be used together to secure a perfect reproduction.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.

© Miahlin, Dupont, Matsene, Horner, Rembrandt Studios, Davis & Sanford, Kirkland, Hall, Apedo, Underwood & Dunbarwood Bangs Strauss, Peyton.



Three great fears that haunt the fireside

THREE great fears walk with men from their offices to their homes, and sit with them by their firesides at night.

They are as old as the race; and yet new in the experience of every individual member of it.

They break rudely into conversations of husbands and wives, causing sudden silences. They thrust themselves between the faces of men and their little ones with quick stabs of apprehension.

Three gnawing fears:

- the fear of the loss of health
- the fear of the loss of the job
- the fear of a dependent old age.

Youth laughs at all three fears. Health seems boundless then; the job a mere game; and old age lost in the far, dim future.

The fear that seems foolish at 21 is very real at 35

BUT many a man comes to himself with a start in his early thirties or forties.

"I am not progressing as fast as I ought," he says to himself. "Other men are passing me." And he begins to ask very earnestly: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

It is in such a mental attitude that

men turn in large numbers to the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

For this is a distinguishing characteristic of the Institute—a fact which makes it unique among the forces of business training:

The men who turn to it are not by their average age is a little over thirty and eighty-five per cent of them are married.

They are attracted to the Institute because it enables them thru the teaching of all the fundamentals of business to safe-guard themselves against two of the Three Great Fears—loss of a job and dependent old age.

For years the Institute has devoted itself exclusively to the single work of training men for higher executive positions in business—the positions that demand a knowledge of the fundamentals that underlie all business—the positions which banish the fear of the loss of a job or dependent old age. The Institute offers no training for specialized tasks of narrow opportunity. It has only one Course of executive training.

Advisory Council

ON its Advisory Council are: Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; John Hays Hammond, the eminent engineer; Jeremiah W. Jenks,



statistician and economist; General Coleman du Pont, the well-known business executive; and Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce.

95,000 men enrolled

THE proof of the Institute's power is found in the men who are now moving forward to larger success with the help of its training. Among its 95,000 subscribers are such men as: E. R. Behrend, President of the Hamermill Paper Co., William D'Arcy, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, and scores of others.

At least you owe it to yourself to investigate

IF you are in your twenties, or thirties, or forties, it lies within your power to give yourself the kind of training that will banish fear.

The fear of the breakdown that so often comes from the futile struggle in a monotonous position need never trouble you. You may lift yourself forever

out of the class of men of whom there are too many into the class for whom the demand always exceeds the supply.


An Institute that can help you do this—that has proved its help in thousands of other lives—is worth your investigation at least.

Investigation is easy

TO make investigation very easy the Alexander Hamilton Institute has published a 116-page book "Forging Ahead in Business." To thousands of men it has proved the great turning point; it contains valuable information, and is worth an evening of any man's time. It is free; and will be sent entirely without obligation. It is the first step in the banishment of fear; send for your copy now.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

174 Astor Place, New York City

"Forging Ahead in Business" FREE. 

Name..... Print here

Business Address

Business Position



This is What a Skid Does!

It actually grinds away the tire's tread—stretches and weakens the fabric—causes inevitable punctures and blowouts.

Every time you skid you grind off miles and miles of tire service and no matter how careful a driver you may be, when roads are wet and slippery it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

For Protection and Preservation

Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection—Always put them on "At the First Drop of Rain."

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain



District Sales Offices
Atlanta Philadelphia
Boston Pittsburgh
Chicago Portland, Ore.
New York San Francisco



Magazine

Notice to Subscribers and Readers: The congested condition of the railroads is causing delays in mail, express and freight deliveries to such an extent that subscription copies of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, as well as the copies for news-stand sale, in common with other publications, are likely to be somewhat delayed. If, therefore, your subscription copy does not arrive promptly on the 23d, or if your news dealer does not have the magazine on sale on the 23d, please take these things into consideration and wait a few days before writing to us.

We can assure all subscribers that their copies are being mailed as early as heretofore, in fact, earlier; any delay in delivery will, therefore, result from causes entirely beyond our control, which not only affect magazine deliveries but delivery of shipments of every description.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXIII, No. 5

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
1919

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

The Best Serial Novels of the Year

- What's the World Coming To? . . . By Rupert Hughes 25
Illustrated by Frank Snapp
The Man with Three Names . . . By Harold MacGrath 51
Illustrated by Ralph Allen Coleman
The Little Moment of Happiness By Clarence Budington Kelland 71
Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

The Best Short Stories of the Month

- The Dope Doctor . . . By Mary Synon 31
Illustrated by Wilson Dexter
The Return of the Native . . . By Walter Prichard Eaton 36
Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull
French with a Teacher . . . By Frank R. Adams 42
Illustrated by M. L. Blumenthal
The Affair in the Restaurant . . . By May Edginton 47
Illustrated by Francis Vaux Wilson
"Something" . . . By Albert Payson Terhune 56
Illustrated by John Newton Howitt
Johnny Comes Marching Home . . . By Dana Gatlin 61
Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart
Old Steel Skillet . . . By H. S. Hall 66
Illustrated by Charles C. Corson
The Reincarnation of Eddie List . . . By Royal Brown 76
Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller
Satan and Idle Hands . . . By Ida M. Evans 81
Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell
Contraband . . . By Harris Dickson 85
Illustrated by George Wright

—And—

- Bruce Barton's Common-Sense Editorial . . . 23
"Away from Men," a Poem by Edgar A. Guest . . . 75

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance; 20 cents a number. Foreign postage \$1.00 additional except on subscriptions for soldiers overseas on which there is no extra postage charge, the price for the subscription being the same as domestic subscriptions, viz.: \$2.00 per year. Canadian postage 50c. Subscriptions are received by all news-dealers and booksellers, or may be sent direct to the Publisher. Remittances must be made by Post-office or Express Money Order, by Registered Letter, or by Postage Stamps of 2-cent denomination, and not by check or draft, because of exchange charges against the latter.

ADVERTISING FORMS close the 18th of the second preceding month (November forms close September 18th). Advertising rates on application.

THE RED BOOK CORPORATION, Publisher, 36 South State Street, CHICAGO
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

RALPH K. STRAUSMAN, Advertising Manager, 33 West Forty-second Street, New York.
R. M. FURVES, New England Representative, 80 Boylston St., Boston.
LONDON OFFICES, 4 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.
Entered as second-class matter April 25, 1905, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE is issued on the twenty-third of the month preceding its date, and is for sale by all news-dealers after that time. In the event of failure to obtain copies at news-stands, or on railway trains, a notification to the Publisher will be appreciated.

IMPORTANT NOTICE:
Do not subscribe to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally, or you may find yourself defrauded. Many complaints are received from people who have paid cash to some swindler, in which event, of course, the subscription never reaches this office.

Copyrighted, 1919, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION.
Copyrighted, 1919, by THE RED BOOK CORPORATION in Great Britain and the Colonies. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England.



THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Educational Guide



SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN



FERRY HALL FOR GIRLS

On a wooded bluff with a campus of 12 acres overlooking Lake Michigan stands Ferry Hall. It presents Eastern intellectual training in an ideal location—a north shore Chicago suburb.

Courses are College Preparatory, General High School and Advanced. Also special work in Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Arts and Science. Artesian well. Gymnasium, modern swimming pool. Horseback riding and open air sports. Physical director.

51st year opens in September. Celebration of Golden Anniversary. Early registration advisable. For catalog address

Miss Eloise R. Tremain, Principal, Box 331, Lake Forest, Ill.



WATERBURY, CONN.

Founded 1875

Located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in New England. College Preparatory Course and courses in Music, Fine Arts, History, Languages, Domestic Science, Physical Culture and Swimming. School's 50-acre farm, "Timberfield," gives unusual opportunities for all sports, including tennis, basketball, skating, snowshoeing, etc. Girls here also put their Domestic Science teachings into actual practice. One hour from Hartford or New Haven. Send for catalog and views.

Miss Emily Gardner Munro, A. M., Principal

WARD-BELMONT

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

RESERVATIONS for the 1919-20 session should be made as soon as possible to insure entrance.

Courses covering 4 years preparatory and 2 years college work. Strong Music and Art Departments. Also Literature, Expression, Physical Training, Home Economics and Secretarial. Outdoor sports and swimming pool. Edgewood is the School Farm and Country Club. References required.

Booklets on request. Address

WARD-BELMONT
Belmont Heights Box AA, Nashville, Tenn.

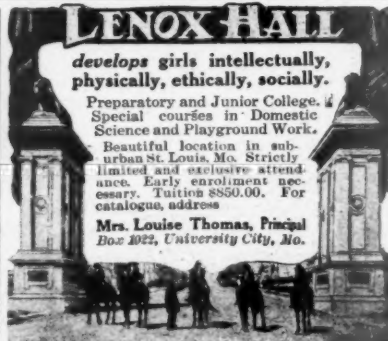
57th Year "Highest Virginia Standards" \$500

SOUTHERN COLLEGE

Junior College and Finishing Courses

Attractive two-year courses for High School Graduates. Also Preparatory and Finishing Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Social Training, Gymnasium, Tennis, Basketball. Students from many states.

ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A. M. 240 College Place, Petersburg, Va.



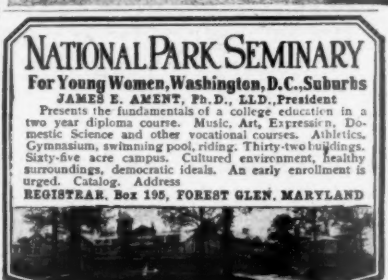
LENOX HALL

develops girls intellectually,
physically, ethically, socially.

Preparatory and Junior College. Special courses in Domestic Science and Playground Work.

Beautiful location in suburban St. Louis, Mo. Strictly limited and exclusive attendance. Early enrollment necessary. Tuition \$850.00. For catalog, address

Mrs. Louise Thomas, Principal
Box 1022, University City, Mo.



NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

For Young Women, Washington, D. C., Suburbs

JAMES E. AMENT, Ph. D., L.L.D., President

Presents the fundamentals of a college education in a two year diploma course. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science and other vocational courses. Athletics, Gymnasium, swimming pool, riding. Thirty-two buildings. Sixty-five acre campus. Cultured environment, healthy surroundings, democratic ideals. An early enrollment is urged. Catalog. Address

REGISTRAR, Box 198, FOREST GLEN, MARYLAND

Maryland College for Women

1853-1919

COURSES
College Preparatory
College
Domestic Science
Music
Expression

ADVANTAGES
10 miles from Baltimore
Girls from 32 States
500 foot Elevation
Fireproof Buildings
Non-Sectarian

Address Box R, Lutherville, Md.

HOWARD

A Famous Old New England Country School

Twenty-five miles from Boston. College Preparation. General Courses. Domestic Science and Home Management. Strong courses in instrumental and vocal music. Modern Languages. The school, home and gymnasium are each in separate buildings. Large new sleeping porch. Fine new Y. W. C. A. swimming pool. Military drill, horseback riding, excellent canoeing, trips afield. Extensive grounds. All sports. Live teachers. \$800-\$850. Upper and lower school. 50 pupils. For catalog address

MR. and MRS. C. P. KENDALL, Principals
30 Howard St., West Bridgewater, Mass.

SEMINARY



Lasell Seminary

More than a passing on of text book knowledge is achieved at Lasell Seminary. Its goal is to arouse appreciations of the best in life and to develop the best in each student. A course of study from first year high school through two years advanced work for high school graduates, covers a wide range of academic subjects, and electives necessary to individual development. Unusual training is given in various phases of home-making, from marketing to entertaining.

The school is delightfully situated on a thirty acre estate ten miles from Boston. Outward advantages of the city are utilized. Many forms of outdoor sport and recreation play a part in the school activities. For booklet address

GUY M. WINSLOW, Ph.D., Principal
140 Woodland Road Auburndale, Mass.



Starrett School for Girls

Thirty-fourth year. Seventh and Eighth Grades. Academic, College preparatory and special Courses. College credits. Co-operative with the University of Chicago. Accredited for twenty-five years by Smith, Wellesley and Vassar Colleges. Member of the North Central Association. Full courses in all subjects offered by the best academic schools. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art.

A Home school in elegant fireproof building two blocks from Lake Front Park, Tennis Courts and Bathing Beach. Fall term begins September 17, 1919. Address

Registrar, Box 24
4932 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Southern Seminary

51st
FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

In Blue Ridge Mountains, rare health record. College Preparatory. Special for High School graduates: Expression; Art, Music, Fine Arts; Domestic Science; Business; Personal Attention to manners, character. Sports: Large grounds. Students from every section. Rate \$45. Catalog. SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Inc. 1711, Boston, Va.



Miss Mason's School for Girls

A suburban school in the Westchester County, overlooking the Hudson, 40 minutes from New York. Graduate and preparatory courses. Domestic Science; Business; Personal Attention to manners, character. Sports: Large grounds. Students from every section. Rate \$45. Catalog. MISS C. E. MASON, LL.M.

Box 960 Tarrytown, N. Y.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Milwaukee Downer Seminary

A accredited college preparatory school for girls covering the last six years of secondary school work. Also a finishing school of the best type for those preparing for travel, vocational work or home life.

The Seminary is distinctly separate from Milwaukee Downer College in buildings and faculty, but affords all its advantages in Music, Art and Home Economics. Picturesque forty-acre campus, well-equipped gymnasium. Thoroughly modern buildings. Exceptional location combines the best of country and cultural opportunities which Milwaukee affords. Write for catalog W.

MISS HELEN C. SAEH, President Milwaukee, Wisconsin



Mary Lyon School

On a wooded hillside is this big home school, where girls are happy and contented. Preparation for college, Post Graduate work (in new building) or special work covering Household Arts, Music, Secretarial, General and Cultural Courses. New residence hall with adjoining baths for all rooms. Separate school, Seven Gables, for girls 6-14 years. You are cordially invited to visit. Catalogs.

Hedy M. Crist, A.B., Frances L. Crist, A.B., Prins.



Glen Eden

BY-THY-SEA

Half-Hour to New York City
For High School Girls and Graduates

Offers superior and exceptional advantages: Magnificent granite buildings; spacious estate; immense gymnasium; all sports; riding, surfing, boating, in season. All studies, no examinations. Music, art, expression, domestic science, secretarial. Social training. New York City attractions. Select, national attendance. Membership, \$1,000. Tenth year.

For booklet and views, address:

Dr. F.M. Townsend, Stamford, Connecticut

Lindenwood College

1831 ST. CHARLES, MO. 1919

Standards for sound scholarship. Christian ideals and thorough preparation for the useful life. True educational environment. A.A., B.A. and B.S. degrees conferred. Music, Art, Expression and Vocational courses. Two million dollar endowment. Modern equipment. Catalog. Address:

J. L. BUCHER, D.D., President, Box 11, St. Charles, Mo.



DWIGHT SCHOOL

For Girls Englewood, New Jersey

Suburban to New York City. Combining best features of College Preparatory and Finishing School. Special advantages for post-graduate work. Domestic Arts and Science. Spacious grounds for outdoor games. Tennis. Riding.

MISS CLEGG and MISS FARRAR, Principals.



VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY



Founded 1873 by Henry B. Brown

A Practical Training at Reasonable Cost

VALPARAISO University was founded with the idea of giving every person—rich or poor—the opportunity of obtaining a thorough, practical education at an expense within his reach. The numbers who yearly avail themselves of its advantages demonstrate the measure of this plan's success.

Present living and working conditions require men and women to be well trained before they can command worth-while positions and salaries. Valparaiso University is well equipped with buildings, laboratories, libraries, etc., for giving instruction in the following:

Departments—Preparatory, High School, Commerce, Photography and Typewriting, Education, Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Manual Training, Public Speaking, Music, Home Economics, Pharmacy, Law, Pre-Medicine, Dentistry.

While the expense in all the departments is exceedingly low, this reduced cost has not been brought about by sacrificing a high grade of instruction, but by applying business principles to the

Cost of Living

so that the most satisfactory accommodations for board and room may be had at \$60.00 per quarter of 12 weeks. Tuition, \$21 per quarter of 12 weeks or \$79 per year of 48 weeks, if paid in advance. If the entire tuition is paid in advance for a year, it includes instruction in all departments except Law, Dentistry and private lessons in Music.

Total expense of board, tuition and furnished room for regular school year (36 weeks) need not exceed \$244, or for 48 weeks, \$299.

For Free Catalog Address

Henry Kinsey Brown, President
Box 53, University Hall, Valparaiso, Ind.

Forty-seventh Year Opens Sept. 23, 1919

2nd Quarter, Dec. 16, 1919 3rd Quarter, Mar. 9, 1920 4th Quarter, June 1, 1920

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS AND COLLEGES FOR YOUNG WOMEN

THE BATTLE CREEK SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS



Offers three—distinct and separate—accredited courses in **Home Economics** to qualify you as **DIETITIAN—TEACHER—HOMEMAKER**

More calls come in for our graduates than we can take care of. School affiliated with Sanitarium—one of the largest health institutions in the world—affords comprehensive practical training in connection with the theoretic work. School located in a beautiful part of the state, students enjoy exceptional surroundings for studying, with unusual advantages for healthful recreation.

Tuition and cost of living moderate. Opportunities to defray part of expense. Illustrated prospectus on request. Address: **LENA FRANCES COOPER, B.S., Dean** Box 14, **BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

Frances Shimer School Junior College Academy

A home school for girls and young women. College department, two years with diploma. Four years academy work. Teachers, Secretarial and Business courses. Certificate privileges. Home Economics with diploma. Music, Art, etc. 36 acres. Golf, Tennis, Gymnasium. School gives its own movies. Picturesque location. 127 miles from Chicago. Pupils from sixteen states. Catalog address **Rev. W. M. P. McKee, Dean**, Box 658, Mt. Carroll, Illinois



VIRGINIA COLLEGE

For Young Women Box F, Roanoke, Va.

One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog address **Mattie P. Harris, President**

Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

Notre Dame of Maryland
A College for Women—A School for Girls

Trains body, mind and spirit—develops true womanhood. Regular college courses lead to degrees. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. Beautiful park of 64 acres—basketball, tennis, hockey, horseback riding.

Notre Dame Preparatory School for younger students. For catalog address **NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND**, Charles St. Ave., Baltimore, Md.



SCHOOLS FOR KINDERGARTEN TRAINING

CHICAGO Kindergarten Institute
Accredited

A normal school, recognized by the state, for training specialists in Kindergarten elementary teaching. 2 and 3 year courses. Great demand for highly qualified teachers. Located in fine residential section—North Side Chicago. Home-making and demonstration school. For catalog address **REGISTRAR, 701 Rush St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Kindergarten Training Pestalozzi-Froebel Training School
A KINDERGARTEN NORMAL SCHOOL

School and Dormitory overlook Lake Michigan. 23rd year begins Sept. 15. Diploma 2 years. 3 Depts.—I. Kindergarten. II. Primary. III. Playground. University courses. Accredited. Write Registrar. Box 1, 616-22 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

Secretarial and Executive Training
In Social Work and Community Service

For Organizers,
Private and
Executive
Secretaries, and
Volunteer Workers

Prepare for a new and lucrative profession. Community service is being organized in 2000 towns on a Peace-time basis. Everyone of these towns will need trained workers. The demand will increase with the growth of Community Service.

THE SCUDDER SCHOOL NEW YORK

244, 246, 248, and 316 W. 72nd Street
For catalog and complete information address
Registrar E. C. SCUDDER.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Our school offers courses for professional and home use including: Institutional Management; Demonstration Cookery; Catering; Principles of Cookery; Menu Planning and Preparation; Food Values; Table Service; Marketing; and Household Management.

One year Home Making course for non-resident students. Established 17 years. The work of this school is accepted by the Chicago Board of Education for teacher's promotional credit. Graduates occupy successful positions.

For catalog and detailed information, address
Director, School of Domestic Arts and Science,
6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Box 11

Harcourt Place School for Girls

College Preparatory and Special Courses. High academic standards. Personality and Character developed through sympathetic guidance. A teacher for every five girls. Commanding location (8 acres) in charming college town. 1200 feet above sea level. 33rd year.

For catalog address **The Secretary Gambier, Ohio**

LEWISBURG SEMINARY For Girls. In the mountains near White Sulphur Springs, main line C. & O. R. R. 2300 ft. altitude. College preparatory. Two years graduate work. Music, Art, Home Economics and Expression. Terms \$350. Catalog on request. Box 76, LEWISBURG, W. VA.

PENNSYLVANIA, OVERBROOK.
Miss Sayward's School For Girls. Suburb of Philadelphia. College preparatory and secretarial courses. Music, Domestic Science. Physical training, outdoor sports, horseback riding, swimming. Develops character, mind and body.
MISS JANET SAYWARD, Principal.

Forest Park College

50th year. Junior College, Prep. and Grammar School. Certificate privileges. Piano, Voice, Harp, Violin, Expression, Art, Bible, Home Economics. Year \$400.
ANNA S. CAIRNS, President, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 4058 Boyce Building, Indianapolis

CO-EDUCATIONAL SCHOOLS

Pillsbury Academy
OWATONNA, MINNESOTA

Co-educational. Location unsurpassed for healthfulness and natural beauty. 43rd year. 8 buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool, 15 acres of campus. Large endowment makes possible exceptional advantages on most reasonable terms. Separate music building, Piano, voice, violin, elocution, art, domestic science. Careful supervision and individual instruction. Military drill. Physical culture. Athletics. Etc., etc.
MILO B. PRICE, Ph. D., Principal

Wyoming Seminary

A co-educational school where boys and girls get a vision of the highest purposes of life. College preparation. Business, Music, Art, Oratory and Domestic Arts and Science. Military Training, Gymnasium and Athletic fields. 75th year. Endowed—low rates. Catalog. **L. L. SPRAGUE, D.D., Pres., KINGSTON, PA.**

WAYLAND ACADEMY

BEAVER DAM, WISCONSIN
Established 1855. Co-educational. Large endowment. In healthful hill country of southern Wisconsin. 6 modern buildings. 20 acres; athletic field; large lake. A Christian home school preparing for all colleges. Courses: 8th grade to 14 year college. Piano, violin, vocal, elocution, stenography. Expenses \$400.
For Catalog address
Burns, Box HD, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin

SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Physical Education
For Women

Two Year Normal Course for Directors of Physical Education, Playground Supervisors, Dance Teachers and Swimming Instruction. Thorough preparation in all branches under strong faculty of experienced men and women.



Hockey Team 1919
Our graduates are filling the most responsible positions in the country. High School graduates from accredited schools admitted without examination. Fine dormitory for non-resident students. 16th Session opens middle of Sept., 1919
Chicago Normal School of Physical Education
Established 16 Years
For illustrated catalog address **Frances Mendenhall, Principal**, Box 28, 439 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Good Positions Open to Young Men and Women

As physical directors, playground supervisors, etc. in year normal course for High School graduates. Includes athletics, aesthetic and folk dancing, games, outdoor equipment. Strong faculty. Swimming pool. Women dormitory. Fall term opens September 28th.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Accredited
Address Dept. 54 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

New Haven Normal School of Physical Education

1466 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn. 3rd year. Fits for teaching, physical training, playground work. Vocational bureau. Dormitories. 2 gymnasiums, New York Hall, buildings. Enclosed 5-acre campus. Beautiful fields, 100 acres on bound.

The Sargent School for Physical Education

Established 1881.
Address for booklet—
DR. D. A. SARGENT Cambridge, Mass.

Columbia Normal School of Physical Education

Dept. PR, 3358 S. Michigan Blvd., CHICAGO
Offers courses in Danish Gymnastics, Folk Dancing, Original Festival and Pageantry. In fact, all branches of the profession. Certificate granted. Accredited by the Chicago Board of Education. Bulletin on request. Send for Free catalog. Fall Term Opens Sept. 10, 1919.

MISCELLANEOUS

LEARN WHY Paris is Paris. Enchante is Paris. Croix is Paris.

And HOW TO PRONOUNCE intelligently 171 FRENCH words you see in print. The Franco-Paris Chart System does this. Course by mail \$5. Includes class terms on application. Send 50 cents for First Alphabet Lesson, which is itself a complete course in basis of pronunciation.
MADEL FRAYNE-HUME, 174 West 79th Street, NEW YORK

The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

Will Tell You the Best School

for your boy or girl, if you will write us (1) the kind of schooling desired, (2) location preferred, (3) amount you expect to spend.

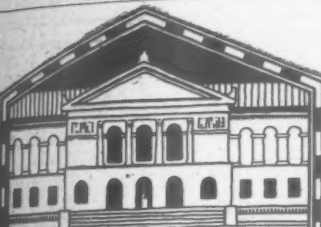
Our School and College Bureau know the leading schools and colleges of the country and will be glad to advise you. It has carefully compiled information at hand, and its recommendations may be helpful to you.

The Daily News renders this service without charge, and readers may either telephone, write, or call for a personal interview.

The Chicago Daily News School and College Bureau

15 N. Wells St., CHICAGO
Telephone Franklin 1

ART SCHOOLS



ART SCHOOL
THE ART INSTITUTE
OF CHICAGO

COURSES in Drawing, Painting, Illustration, Modeling, Designing, Pottery and Normal Art, with the joyful experience of Outdoor Painting, are features of the School.

Richest facilities for Art Study in Museum Collections, Lecture Course and Ryerson Art Library all under the same roof as the School.

Our graduates are holding the most successful positions. Big demand for women and men as Designers, Illustrators and Teachers.

Write Registrar for particulars.
Art School, Art Institute of Chicago
Dept. 3 Michigan Ave. at Adams St.
Chicago, Ill.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF ART
EMMA M. CHURCH, Director
SUMMER SCHOOL July 21 to August 15. DAY SCHOOL opens September 15. TWO YEAR COURSES in all the practical branches of Art. Write for Circulars, Dept. R. B.
606 S. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

College of Medicine
University of Illinois

College term begins October 1, 1919. Entrance requirements—fifteen units of work from an accredited high school and two years' work in a recognized college or university, comprising not less than sixty semester hours, including prescribed subjects.

Superior clinical facilities. Five year curriculum (including one year of interne service in an approved hospital) leading up to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Degree of Bachelor of Science conferred at the end of the second year in medicine in accordance with conditions set forth in catalogue. For full information address Secretary, College of Medicine, University of Illinois, Dept. 16, 508 S. Honore St., Chicago.

COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Office to young men and women a four year curriculum leading to the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. Fifteen units, accredited high school, for admission. Infirmary maintained in point of equipment and operating facilities. Demand for dentists greater than the supply. Located in the heart of Chicago's Medical and Hospital Center. Unprecedented opportunities for dental students. Write for catalogue. The Dean,
College of Dentistry, University of Illinois
Box 80, 1836 West Harrison Street, CHICAGO

Training School for Nurses
The Michael Reese Hospital

Overlooked and 29th St., Box 103, Chicago, Illinois

Registered by the State of Illinois. 3-year course, preparatory instruction, Theoretical and practical class work throughout the course. Minimum entrance requirements, 2 years' High School work. For information, apply to Miss M. H. MACKENZIE, Superintendent.

The Grace Hospital
SCHOOL FOR NURSES, Detroit

Three-year course. Registered by the State of Michigan. Theoretical and practical class work throughout the course. Modern nurses' home, includes summer vacation home for nurses. Minimum entrance requirement, two years High School work or its equivalent. For free catalog, address Superintendent of Nurses, GRACE HOSPITAL, John R. St. & Willis Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CONSERVATORIES OF MUSIC AND SCHOOLS OF DRAMATIC ARTS

AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Chicago's Foremost School of Music

The American Conservatory is universally recognized as a school of the highest standards, and is one of the largest musical institutions in the country. Ninety artist-instructors, many of international reputation.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION and Dramatic Art
Superior Normal Training School, supplies Teachers for Colleges
Pupils prepared for LYCEUM and CHAUTAUQUA engagements

Desirable Dormitory accommodations. Numerous lectures, concerts and recitals throughout the school year. Teachers' Certificates conferred by authority of the State of Illinois. Students' Orchestra. Many free advantages.

American Conservatory of Music, 554 Kimball Hall, Chicago, Illinois

Thirty-fourth annual session begins Thursday, September 11, 1919

DETROIT CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Established 1874
Francis L. York, M.A., Pres.
Elizabeth Johnson, Vice-Pres.

Finest Conservatory in the West

Offers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and Drawing. Oral Interpretation, etc. Work based on best modern and educational principles. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and Recitals throughout the year.

Branch Studios. Excellent Dormitory accommodations. Teachers' certificates, diplomas and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building, located in the center of most cultural environment.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 15, 1919
For detailed information address
JAMES H. BELL, Secretary
Box 18, 1913 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF MUSIC

CLARE OSBORNE REED, Director

A School for the Serious Study of Music

Nineteenth Season Begins Sept. 15, 1919
Piano, Theory, Voice, Violin, Public School Music Methods, Teachers' Normal Training, Advanced Interpretation for Artist Students, Special Courses for the Post-Graduate Teacher, Kindergarten, Ear Training, Harmony, Sight Reading, Orchestra Conducting.

Free Advantages
History of Music, Faculty Concerts, Pupils' Recitals, Chorus Class, Orchestra School, Demonstration of Children's Chorus Work, Lectures, Art, Literature, Opera Study, Repertoire, Students' Orchestra and Chorus. An unusual experience for advanced pupils in Piano, Voice and Violin to appear at rehearsals and concerts.

Year book Free, on request, address—
Columbia School of Music
Box 80
609 South Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Our Method Makes Piano Teaching PROFITABLE

We Teach You How To Teach this successful method.
We Teach You How To Form a Class of your own.
We Establish You in Business as a branch of this School.

Our Graduates Make Money

Centralizing School of Music
Dept. 10, 20 East Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO
Accredited GERTRUDE RADLE-PARADIS, Pres. Est. 1899

American Academy of Dramatic Arts

Founded in 1884
FRANKLIN H. SARGENT, President

The leading institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training in America. Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies. For information apply to
THE SECRETARY
177 Carnegie Hall NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALVIENE SCHOOLS—Est. 20 Years
The Acknowledged Authority on

Each department a large school in itself. Academic, Technical and Practical Training. Students' School Theatre and Stock Co. Afford New York Appearances. Write for catalogue, mentioning study desired.

R. C. IRWIN, Secretary
225 West 57th Street, near Broadway, New York

Lyceum Arts Conservatory

Definite Preparation for a Definite Work. A superior faculty, teaching every branch of Music and Dramatic Art. Diplomas given; degrees conferred. More than 200 of our students have secured concert positions in the last six years. A thoroughly equipped professional school. Write for catalogue or other information. Address
FRANK A. MORGAN, President.
ELIAS DAY, Director.
ILL., Chicago, 600-610 Lyon & Healy Bldg., Dept. 43.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music

Advanced study of music in all branches. Faculty of 35 specialists. High School course or equivalent required. Courses lead to degree Mus. B. Send for catalogue and year book. Address
DIRECTOR, Oberlin, Ohio

Columbia College of Expression

Co-educational, two and three year courses with diplomas. Fall term opens September 10th. Professional Training in Public Speaking, Platform Reading, Direction of plays, etc. Accredited. College Building, Residence Halls. Address
BOX R, 3286 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS COLLEGE

FOR SIXTY YEARS THE LEADING AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
Trains thoroughly for Office Work and obtains employment for students who can be recommended for efficiency and good character. Intensive vocational courses in Accounting, Business, Civil Service, Secretarial and other studies leading to dignified positions, good salaries, rapid promotion, and the best chance to use to advantage a high school or college education.

Experienced, efficient, faithful teachers. Strong lecture courses. Ideal location. Moderate expenses. \$160 pays total cost of tuition, books and board for 13 weeks. Exceptional opportunities for self-help to young men and women of the right sort. Write for illustrated prospectus. Address
CLEMENT C. GAINES, M.A., LL.D., Box 646, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

Worcester Academy Worcester, Mass.



Gaskill Memorial Field



Pool 75 x 30

Gym 100 x 60



School Campus

Two hundred boys (twelve to eighteen years). Eighty-sixth year opens September seventeenth.

Alumni all over the world. Graduates in twenty colleges. Strictly preparatory for college or engineering school.

For catalog and registration blank address

G. D. CHURCH, M. A., Registrar

RATES:

\$700 — \$900 single room.

\$550 — \$750 two in room.

Samuel F. Holmes, M. A.
Principal

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

College Preparatory, Business and Music. Unit of Reserve Officers' Training Corps by direction of the President of the United States. Recognized by N. Central Ass'n of Secondary Schools and Colleges. "BIG BROTHER" plan of government. New \$75,000 fireproof Barracks. Separate building for smaller boys. All Athletics. Debating and Literary Societies. Glee Club, Band, Orchestra. Capacity taxed annually. Tuition \$660. Catalogue. Addr., Sec'y to Superintendent, Mexico, Mo.



Separate Junior School

Bethlehem Preparatory School

Bethlehem, Pa. Over 1600 boys prepared for leading universities in 41 years. Unanimous endorsement of our work by principal universities. Scholarships to various colleges. Modern buildings. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and extensive Athletic grounds. Reasonable rates. Separate Junior School. Catalog.

JOHN K. TUGGEY, M. A., Headmaster

MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON. 557 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)
Chauncy Hall School.

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

OLD DOMINION ACADEMY

Under entire new management. Robert Allen's school for boys, 8 to 20, affords excellent opportunity for make-up work and summer tutoring in mountains, at health resort. Regular school prepares for college or business. Semi-military. 3 well appointed buildings. Boys live with masters under refining influences. Honor system. Tennis, baseball—athletics. Write for Summer Announcement and Catalog.
R. E. ALLEN, Supt., Box K, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

14 miles from Chicago. Known for its thoroughness. Old-fashioned scholastic standards. Credits recognized at all colleges. Teacher-conducted visits to Chicago's mercantile, civic and industrial institutions with shop talks and business men's lectures as part of regular school work. Small classes. Individual care. Reserve Officer Training Corps. Resident U. S. Army officer. A separate school for young boys.
[COL. H. D. ABELLS, Principal]

For catalog address Box 1800, Morgan Park, Ill.



KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE With a Winter Home in Florida

The only school in the world that owns and operates two distinct plants, moving from one to the other, according to the season, by special train and with no interruption of studies. Excellent equipment, embracing up-to-date laboratories and woodworking shops, modern buildings, large parade ground and athletic field. 96-acre campus. Military drill all winter. New barracks in Florida. \$60,000 home in Florida, where boys enjoy sun bathing and healthful outdoor exercise during the Winter months. Accredited by leading universities. Designated Honor School by the War Department. Junior and Senior Divisions of R.O.T.C. Early registration necessary; waiting list last two years. Terms, \$700. Address The Military Aide, KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE, Lyndon, Kentucky.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

Government Honor School

525 boys from 47 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business. 1,600 feet above sea level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral spring water. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Academy fifty-nine years old. \$275,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fireproof. Charges \$560. Catalog free. Address Cal. WM. G. KABLE, Ph.D., Principal, STAUNTON, VA.

SHORTHAND SCHOOLS AND BUSINESS COLLEGES

BRYANT & STRATTON CHICAGO'S MOST HELPFUL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Established 65 years. Endorsed by 10,000 graduates. Our College offers specialists as instructors in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Accountancy, Civil Service, English, French, Spanish, Forensic Speech, Etc.

With our Secretarial Course, you are in line for a position higher up.

Start Now

Write Principal for illustrated catalog. Dept. R. B., Lakeview Bldg.; 110 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. Opposite Art Institute.

A Good Position Awaits You

Never before were there such opportunities for well-trained stenographers and secretaries. The demand is very great both in business and government service.

Gregg Shorthand

leads because it is the recognized system of results. It is taught in the high schools of 2652 cities in the United States as against 669 cities teaching all other systems combined.

Gregg School

is ideally located, splendidly equipped, and offers exceptional accommodations to the non-resident student. The better thinking students attend our school.

Enroll Now

Write now for free illustrated catalogue.

Address the Principal

Gregg School

Box 10, 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



SCHOOLS FOR BOYS

St. John's Military Academy

EPISCOPAL THE AMERICAN RUGBY
A school that has earned a more than national reputation for the thoroughness of its scholastic work, the excellence of its military instructions, and the perfection of its physical training. The boy who puts himself in harmony with St. John's methods will find his reward in a robust body and alert mind and a strengthened moral backbone. Early application is imperative to secure admission for the coming school year opening Sept. 24th. Entries for 1920 received.

St. John's Military Academy
Box 16 J, Delafield
Waukegan Co., Wis.

Summer School, six weeks
July 7-August 23



Wall Scaling

Randolph-Macon Academy

Front Royal, Va. Box 425



A School for Boys with Military Training
A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost \$100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium, physical culture and outdoor sports. Terms \$400. 28th session opens September 16th, 1919. For catalog address
CHARLES L. MELTON, A. M., Principal

JUNIOR SCHOOL for boys 8 to 13 under the same management as Randolph-Macon Academy, in separate building. The same methods which have brought success will be used in Junior School. For catalog address Principal, Drawer A.

Mount Pleasant Academy

Founded 1814

REPUTATION. "An old school with a progressive policy. Has educated and developed boys in character, mind and body by a system involving personal attention of qualified instructors. Takes pride in its quiet but continuous achievement of over a century's training of boys to become men of integrity and usefulness."

SCOPE. Prepares boys for business activity or entrance to leading colleges and universities. Practical military instruction in conjunction with field work. Efficient and constructive methods of physical training supplemented by athletic sports.

FACILITIES. Admirably situated on the highlands of the Hudson, thirty miles from New York. Complete with modern buildings and apparatus. Perfect co-ordination between various departments. A school home with an ideal environment.

Address **CHARLES FREDERICK BRUISIE**
P.O. Box 510, Ossining-On-Hudson, N.Y.

The Southern Military Academy

Plant \$500,000, fully equipped. Carefully trains for all Universities. West Point, Annapolis, Business. Diplomas awarded. Music, physical culture, athletics, gymnasium, swimming-pool. Full faculty of university and army specialists. Demonstrations and equipment brand new, sweet, and sanitary. Electric lights, steam heat, sleeping porches, baths, showers, hot and cold water on all floors. Healthful and delightful climate, congenial and cultured society. Board and tuition, \$500.00. Address Col. W. D. FONVILLE, President, Box C, GREENSBORO, ALABAMA.

SELECT THE RIGHT SCHOOL

If you will write, giving full details of your requirements, to the School and College Bureau of The Red Book Magazine, you will receive, free of charge, full information about the best schools and colleges.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

Italian Building New York City

The School that Gets Results



POWDER POINT SCHOOL aims to produce young men *mentally strong, morally right, and physically fit.* Ready for work, eager for accomplishment and with a knowledge that they are prepared to "take hold" whether in college or in business—that's the spirit of the Powder Point graduate.

A wide-awake, up-to-the-minute boys' school, but not military. Military instruction is purely mechanical and can be learned quickly if the fundamental training has been strong. We *know* this. It was *proven* to us by the rapidity with which many Powder Point boys gained commissions in both the Army and Navy.

Athletics at Powder Point are clean. Every boy has a chance to win his P in many forms of outdoor sport. Baseball, football, track, tennis, golf, swimming—the school has its own bathing beach. Upper and lower schools. Write for catalog. Address

RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster
38 King Caesar Road DUXBURY, MASS.



Powder Point School

PEDDIE

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS

President Wilson said this about Peddie—

"It gives me real pleasure, said President Woodrow Wilson, 'to express my sense of the very high value of Peddie. These quiet schools, into which so much devotion and unheralded work go, certainly sustain the education of the country, and supply the universities with some of the most useful material they get.'"

Peddie is endowed. Conducted without thought of profit. Graduates enter all colleges by certificate or examination. Ever boy given a thorough physical examination. 54th year. Write for Booklets and Catalog

ROGER W. SWETLAND, L.L.D., Headmaster
Box 9-F, Nighttown, N. J.



Sewanee Military Academy

Widest certifying privileges; excellent equipment. Unit of Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Battalion of Infantry, Staff and Cadet Band. 2000 feet elevation in the Cumberland Mountains. Physical development through all forms of athletics. Designated one of the ten honor schools of America. Episcopal. Charges \$350.00. Established 1868. Early applications advisable; applicants exceeded capacity 1918.

Box 680, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Miami Military Institute

Trains for Good Physical Manhood

Meets students' needs, whether instruction, encouragement, advice or discipline. Military training makes bodies strong; high academic standards, social and moral training brings out individuality. Recreation and all outdoor activities.

College courses preparation for Government Academies, Higher Colleges, Universities or business. Prep. department. Military training under U.S. Army Officers. 55th year September 17th, 1919. Catalog

ORVON GRAFF BROWN, M.A., President; REED M. BROWN, A.B., Ph.D., Headmaster; S. KENNEDY BROWN, A.B., Registrar, Box 91, Germantown, Ohio

MANLIUS

Urgent is the need for hardy mental, moral, and physical man-timber with keen, broad and true minds.



Brig. Gen. Wm. Verbeck, Pres.
Box 99,
Manlius, N. Y.

SAINT JOHN'S SCHOOL, Manlius, develops its boys according to common-sense principles, successfully joining the theoretical with the practical. It offers preparation for college and business, and gives superior military training through its Reserve Officers Training Corps. Thorough equipment. Send for booklet and information.

WILLISTON SEMINARY

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Organized for the development of the individuality of each boy. Each unit of 16 boys under an efficient master. Preparatory and scientific departments. Stimulating life in the open. Directed work and play. Big athletic fields. Six buildings. Gymnasium. Modern and complete equipment. 79th year. **LOWER SCHOOL FOR BOYS** from 10 to 14. A distinct school with a building of its own. Under the management of a house father and mother. Archibald V. Calhoun, A.B. (Harvard 1899) Principal Easthampton, Mass.

Two Years' Engineering Course

With Diploma and Degrees

Civil Mechanical Electrical Chemical

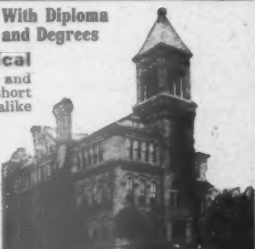
Compact courses of essentials. Rich in mathematics, science and mechanical drawing; also shop and field work. Planned for those short in time and money, but strong in purpose. Courses distinguished alike for what is embraced and what is omitted. Especially adapted for

Young Men of Common School Education

Young Engineers with Practical Experience, but no degree

No entrance examination. Enter any term. Modern Shops, Laboratories, Library, Apparatus and Machinery. \$220 pays tuition, board and furnished room and library, all for 48 weeks. Same rates for Commercial Courses.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING, Hill Sq., Angola, Indiana



DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



Exquisite Toilet Accessories

The soft, mellow tones of purest ivory — the subtle beauty of its delicate grain — the charm of its almost inimitable lustre are faithfully reflected in every piece of genuine

IVORY PY-RA-LIN

(a Du Pont Product)

Our dainty du Barry pattern is most attractive. In the simple lines of this classic design master craftsmen have developed to its fullest measure the rare beauty of this exquisite American material.

Single pieces or full sets, most acceptable as gifts, may be found at the better shops — each genuine piece imprinted with the distinguishing mark Ivory Py-ra-lin.

Booklet upon request.

THE ARLINGTON WORKS

owned and operated by

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

Branches in all principal business centers

The Arlington Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Branches Montreal and Winnipeg.

The Principal Du Pont Products Are:

Explosives: Industrial, Agricultural and Sporting. **Chemicals:** Pyroxylin Solutions, Ethers, Bronzing Liquids, Coal Tar Distillates, Acids, Heavy Chemicals, Alums, Etc. **Leather Substitutes:** Fabrikoid Upholstery, Raynite Top Material, Du Pont Rubber Cloth. **Pyroxylin Plastics:** Ivory, Shell and Transparent Py-ra-lin, Py-ra-lin Specialties, Challenge Cleanable Collars and Cuffs. **Paints and Varnishes:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Pigments and Colors:** For Industrial Uses. **Lithopone:** For Industrial Uses. **Stains, Fillers, Lacquers and Enamels:** For Industrial and Home Uses. **Dyestuffs:** Coal Tar Dyestuffs and Intermediates.

For full information address:

Advertising Division, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Wilmington, Delaware.

Visit the Du Pont Products Store
when in Atlantic City, N. J.

DU PONT



Miss Evelyn Gosnell
in "Up in Mabel's Room"

Are You a Blond?

The Secret of Making People Like You



Wallace Reid
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blondes enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blondes make good in one kind of a job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women, in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well-liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make him well-liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely

like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker, Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still open.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly

Dept. B-369, 119 West 40th Street, New York

You may send me Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you \$5 in full payment of the course.

Name.....

Address.....

Red Book 9-19

THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability.

The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blond has an entirely different temperament than a brunet?—that to get along with a blond type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunet?

When you really know the difference between blonds and brunets, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

PAUL GRAHAM was a blond, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; he did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at this new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU: Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is night and day. You persuade a

"First-Aid" to Friend Scalp



YOUR scalp is eager enough, never fear. But you must do *your* part, too. Otherwise you will suffer the misfortune of seeing your hair get thinner year by year.

Give your scalp a fair chance. Cultivate the shampoo habit. Use your Packer's Tar Soap *regularly*, according to the simple directions that come with each cake.

Coax the abundant pine-tar lather into your willing scalp tissues with the tips of your fingers. Rub this velvety lather in gently but firmly, making sure that every portion of the scalp receives its due share of attention.

If you follow this pleasant "Packer" practice *regularly*, your scalp will *feel* cleaner and actually *be* cleaner. Your hair, too, will show its appreciation by becoming *softer*, and in time, *healthier*. Due, of course, to the increased vitality and all-around improved condition of your scalp.

Our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," contains 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request. For sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap send ten cents.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

"Pure as the Pines"

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle 10 cents.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Dept. 831, 116-120 West 32nd Street, New York City

Packer products are sold by druggists everywhere



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Phyllis Neilson Terry
Jennie Nagle
Muriel Window
Lenore Hughes
Ethel Dwyer
Virginia O'Brien
Adele Klaer



PHYLLIS NEILSON TERRY
in Vaudeville
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



JENNIE NAGLE
in "Thirty Days"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



MURIEL WINDOW
in Vaudeville
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



LENORE HUGHES
in "See You Later"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



ETHEL DWYER
in "Fiddlers Three"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



VIRGINIA O'BRIEN
in "The Girl Behind the Gun"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago



ADELE KLAER
in "The Riddle Woman"
Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

Don't Expect Anything Very Startling From an Oracle

A Common-sense Editorial by BRUCE BARTON

IN his home one evening I talked with a successful business man; and he said to me something like this:

"Each year in business I learn a few new things; and each year I discover that a few of the things I learned the year before are not so very true, after all. So when I come to strike a balance the annual increase in wisdom isn't anything very great. But of four truths I am entirely sure.

"Very early in my business career I learned that it is never wise to say: 'I will never work for so and so,' or 'I will never live in such and such a place.' Youth sets out with a good many such prejudices which it regards as convictions. But as time goes on, one discovers that 'no man ever had a point of pride that was not a weakness to him.' I will work for anyone to-day who is honest and who has something to give me in the way of advancement or knowledge that I do not already have; and I will live anywhere that my work calls me.

"A little later I added this second bit of knowledge. I quit trying to tell other men what they ought to do with their lives. A man's career is a matter to be settled by himself, his wife and his Creator. I will help when my help is asked, if I can; but I will not take the presumptuous chance of sticking my finger into the wheels of any other life unless I am specifically invited.

"Later still I concluded never to say to any man, 'If you don't do so and so, I'll quit'—because one day one of them answered quite properly, 'All right, then quit.'

"Fourthly and finally," he said, "I have learned never to slight a young man. There

is a double reason for that, of course. In the first place, it's good religion. Every older man ought to be a kind of unofficial trustee for youth. But in the second place it's good business. It may be an exaggeration to say that any boy can become President of the United States. But it's certain that any office boy may be purchasing agent or general manager or president of his company ten years from now. And when he arrives, I want him on my side."

NOTHING very startling in all this, you say; not a very imposing array of knowledge for a man to have gathered in thirty-five or forty years. Very true; but the more you listen to successful men, the more you are impressed by the fact that the only bits of truth they value are truths so old that most of us learned them all in Sunday school.

Honesty is the best policy; no hard work is ever lost; what a man sows, that shall he reap—these are about all that the average wise man is sure of. And they are enough.

The Greeks had an institution which they called an oracle—a place where the voice of the gods might be heard. Usually the utterances of the oracle ran somewhat after this fashion: "Go at the enemy as hard as you can, and if you fight better than he does, you will win."

Millionaires are the modern popular oracles; a good many men gather around them, thinking that some day the great one will give them a tip by means of which they may succeed. I have listened to several millionaires; and what they say is usually very sound and true—so sound and true, indeed, that it has been long ago accepted by the race and may be found in any good first reader.

In the editorial on this page next month Bruce Barton will enlighten you on "Why Your Eyes Are in the Front of Your Head."



Let
the boy
bathe
himself



IT'S surprising how much more willingly a youngster takes his bath when you give him a cake of Ivory Soap and let him go ahead by himself.

Perhaps it's because Ivory floats, and he enjoys chasing the soap round the tub. Perhaps it's because Ivory makes such a thick, bubbling—yet easy-rinsing—lather that it never leaves any "high water" marks for mother to scold about. Perhaps it's because Ivory is so mild that it never smarts nor irritates his skin, no matter how hard he rubs.

Add to these qualities the fact that Ivory is white, as a skin soap should be. Also that it is as refined and dainty a soap as any one could want—unscented, but faintly fragrant with the pleasing natural odor of its high-grade ingredients. Ivory certainly offers *everything* to make *everybody's* bath a pleasure.

IVORY SOAP.  . 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE
IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, O.; Port Ivory, N. Y.; Kansas City, Kans.; Hamilton, Canada



SEPTEMBER, 1919
Vol. XXXIII, Number 5

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

begins the greatest novel thus far written by the one American novelist who develops his tremendously dramatic themes against the background of our immediate day.

WHAT'S the WORLD COMING TO?

By

UPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by
FRANK SNAPP

CHAPTER I

OF the two young and exceedingly rich women seated in the Plaza Hotel at luncheon, only one realized that she had too much money. She was suffering from a rush of wealth to the bank-account, and it made her head swim. Later she would declare that she had not half enough. This also happens with

the curse of money as of other intoxicants no one ever gets just exactly enough. Both money and drink were therefore abolished by law in many parts of the world in the mirable year that followed the horrible years of the War of Wars. Money made wealth a crime; and America, liquor. Summerlin was the too-rich girl's rather too-shel. Her mother had named her after the girl that brought her to earth. In due time Mrs. Summerlin found occasion to say that "July Fourth" had been a more prophetic title for her daughter, an inflammable child—especially in view of her reckless engagement to—and with—the lad on the burning plantation.

But Taxter's name gave no indication of his character except to those peculiar people who believe that the number of letters in one's name has a profound influence on his character and career.

Taxter was a fire-eating Southron, a fire-fighter and a fire-fighter. April had also great spontaneous combustion.



In the bowl of the fountain stood a foreign-looking man with his arm about the nymph. He was not embracing her. He was using her for support, oblivious of her graces.

At the age of three Bob and April began their harrowing alternation of kiss-and-make-up and scrap-and-break-up. At five they announced their engagement to the delighted guests at a children's picnic. Before the picnic was half over, they had fought and scratched and become reconciled. They went home parted forever—and were reëngaged next day at Sunday school.

From then on, that part of Virginia in which the Taxters and Summerlins were important was kept in a state of delicious uncertainty as to whether or not it were safe to mention Bob to April or April to Bob, or unsafe not to.

The worst of it was their intense incandescence in either love or hate. When it was love, there was no sacrifice too great for either to make for the other; when it was hate, there was no sacrifice too great for either to make of the other. Both always rushed at once into violent affairs with alien persons, flaunting the new sweet-heart like a red rag—"just to show a certain person that (s)he is not the only person in the world." Later they dropped the poor red rags in the dust "just to show a certain person that (s)he is the only person in the world." This was pretty rough on the poor red rags, but true love is ruthless.

By and by the placid community accepted the affair as an institution like electricity with its positive and negative attractions and repulsions: a sort of make-and-break combination.

Bob went to the Virginia Military Institute and was graduated thence. April went to the Foxcroft School at Middleburg, and after that to New York, where at the Art Students' League she dabbled in ambition and oily clay.

The correspondence of Bob and April was enlivened by a vivacious alternation between love-letters and hate-letters, with occasional coincidences in which each received from the other a letter of groveling apology and self-denunciation.

Then the war came and parted them in earnest, giving all their quarrels a nursery appearance. Bob got abroad in the aviation corps. April could not manage it in any corps, largely because a great man who had once loved her mother was in the State Department somewhere and saw to it, by prearrangement with Mrs. Summerlin, that all of Miss Summerlin's frantic demands for a passport were mysteriously denied. When April went to him, he promised to use his influence but always reported mysterious opposition somewhere. So home she stayed, concealing a broken heart and a decidedly unbroken body in the swagger blouse, skirt and breeches of the Women's Motor Corps.

Two thirds of the Regular Army officers stayed at home too, and countless impatient warriors gnawed their own bitter hearts in helpless shame, but none of them were bitterer than April. Like them she did the next best thing at hand.

She had been running ambulances and trucks and touring-cars about New York for a year or more, and had advanced from private to sergeant, carrying all sorts of military freight to all sorts of destinations. Now she faced the future with anxiety.

The war was all over but the finals. She would have to return to cits—longer skirts, conventionalities, es-corts, and so forth. Bob was not back from France and might have been dead for months, for all she knew—the reports of casualties were hopelessly delayed and confused, and even the listed dead were constantly turning up alive.

To add to her confusions, a neglected elderly relative up and died, and his will exploded like a hand-grenade, scattering gold fragments among unsuspecting relatives.

It was this disaster that April was

bemoaning in the Plaza Hotel in her first realization of the fact that money is always in a state of paucity or want. She was telling her troubles across a gaudy Spanish omelette to a smart young woman, Claudia Reece, who lent a sympathetic ear without understanding in the least why April should be so concerned over her escape from financial mediocrity.

The worst of the new money was that April feared it would ruin her old love-affair. That off-again-on-again engagement was threatened at last by something more dangerous than that Bob or April had danced once too often with a rich man, or had said something better left unsaid or had done something better not left unsaid, or had done any of the infinite infinitesimals that stir love to anger.

Claudia, born a New Yorker, had never known want and wealth and had become inured to it. She had met Bob and they were pupils together at Foxcroft. They had danced with the hounds together with the Middleburg Hounds and had been mistress of the beagles. They could follow a rabbit for miles, and could run a young man to death fox-trotting.

Claudia had exerted a pull and got abroad. But she had tried to console both a lonely major-general and a liaison-officer and had sassed a very important person in the process. So she had been sent home. Claudia would not have been so sure of herself if he asks her to share a cigarette before she steps inside.

She returned to humble canteen-work, washing dishes and dealing out pie, coffee and hash to rough-neck soldiers. She worked harder than a waitress at Childs', but she lunched at the Plaza. Now she and Sergeant April Summerlin were taking their ease and betraying a boyish pride in smoking cigarettes publicly, between courses. They made a comical-pathetic effort to pretend they felt no bravado in this achievement, though they could see that several old-fashioned persons in the huge room were fluttered by the brazen immorality and un-





April and Claudia went back to the chaos. Their clasped hands were torn apart in the back-wash from a rush of singing soldiers splitting the crowds regardless. The girls could not rediscover each other.

to was an agreement—except upon one thing: that people were not coming to church.

Some of the churchmen credited the war with a great religious awakening, some with a great religious coma. Some said: "Millions of people are going to the movies of Sunday nights; let's stop the movies, so that the audiences will have to come to church." Others said: "Let's bring the movies to the church, and then the public will want to come to church." The great movie master David Wark Griffith was invited to speak to the Methodist Convention on the subject!

The worst of the religious problem was its contradictions. Nobody could deny that people had never been braver, more generous, more unselfish, more untiring. But the fear of God seemed to have gone out of the world with the fears of hell, death, dirt and indiscretion. The nicest people had moved about in mud and filth and looked with indifference on heaps of putrefying dead.

Hades had come above ground; yet people flocked into it like tourists—men, women and children by the million had crowded into the torment, unafraid, enduring all the things the medieval terrorists put into hell to Gehennize people into being good. And yet people went on being just as good and just as bad, as witty or morose, as gentle and as cruel, as before.

For ten thousand years the same patterns had been visible throughout human history for whoso cared to read. Some people had been very bad at times, and some very good at times; some nations had had streaks of nobility and then streaks of ferocity; some cycles had been glorious and some shameful. But nobody and no nation and no period had ever failed to ride the see-saw.

Yet some dear souls persist in thinking that what they call right and truth will some day permanently disestablish what they call wrong and error. They could see their prototypes making the same beautiful fools of themselves in the marketplaces of Assyria, but they look always ahead, never behind, and distrust the one fairly reliable guide, experience.

They loudly proclaimed now that there must be no more war, that mankind must bind itself together in an indissoluble league of virtue and altruism. They disproved their own sweet dreams by the cruelty of their slanders against the unbelievers and the hangers-back from their folly. With "Love!" on their banner, they hated all the incredulous, and trampled them under with the ruthlessness of all crusades.

In the meanwhile, 1919 found the world with twenty-three wars in full blast, with every nation distrusting every other, and with superstitions of the most primeval sort raging in all circles. Scientists and peers published solemnly their communications with the dead; a preacher in New York cured the sick by the laying on of hands, or said so, at least; and all things were as they were in the beginning and apparently ever shall be, world without end, alas!

CHAPTER II

THOSE who came out of the Inferno of 1914-1918 seemed to have lost the fear of everything else as well as of death. Women went

everywhere dressed in men's clothes or in shameless silks. Ladies and their young daughters went into battle or into crowded dance-halls with total strangers in the utmost promiscuity. In France American girls formed "flying squadrons," pledged to dance with any soldier that asked them to. Women seemed to claim all the privileges of men, including heroism, martyrdom, self-sufficiency, hard labor, tobacco, profanity, infidelity, politics, finance, administration, military commissions, crosses of war, wounds, disobedience of parents, scorn of conventions—what not?

April and Claudia, who "looked like nice girls, too," were nice girls as girls go. And girls were going pretty fast in 1918 and 1919.

ness of it. A few years before, the same dear old souls have protested to the waiter if a man had dared to light in their environs. Now they could only moan: "What's world coming to? And they look like nice girls, too!"

One of the things America was soon coming to was a crusade against tobacco of every sort for everybody. In England a clergyman at the Temple would be asking whether it would not be advisable to permit men—and women!—to smoke in church, cigars, or cigarettes!

The church was wondering what the world was coming to and what was coming to. One thing the church was not coming



April's waiter came back with the marvelous words: "The armistice is signed, mees. The war is over, mees, cef you please." This was unbelievably beautiful. Tears gushed from April's eyes and from Claudia's. Their hearts broke with very bliss.

war had turned them out of doors and sent them whirling at a pace that no one could foretell just where they would land up.

The window beside these two nice girls looked out on the open square that gave the hotel its name. The little green oasis of former years had been recently and dubiously improved by a fussy order of columns, urns, benches, barriers and platforms, replacing the precious napkin of grass with more of the too-much stone. The hub of this esplanade, if *esplanade* is the word, was the broad bowl of the Fountain of Abundance, set there as a reminder of the strenuous journalist Joseph Pulitzer.

The unhappy architecture was redeemed by the statue that surmounted it all, a modern statue, yet of supreme and classic grace, the lithe figure of a beautiful lady chastely naked and stately, holding against her marble left hip a basket of marble fruit. The girls idly discussed the figure. Claudia said:

"You've been studying sculpture, April; what do you think of that shameless hussy out there? Is she any good? Who did her?"

"I don't know who the sculptor is, but I think the girl is beautiful. As statuary it's awfully nice."

CLAUDIA pronounced girl "guh-eel," while April pronounced it "gull"—because Claudia was from upper New York, and April was from Virginia. Both of them would have hotly denied their own pronunciations—and repeated them as they denied them.

The impersonal note suggested the personal, and Claudia asked: "What's going to become of your ambitions now that you've got all this money?"

"I don't know," April sighed. "I've had only one ambition for a year, and that was to get across. And I didn't, damn it! Any other ambition seems to be babyish. We've just taken one of those expensive duplex studios, but I don't seem to want to work any more. And then Bob will be a problem—if he comes back. He always hated my ambition. It shocked him to have me study—nudes."

Claudia smiled: "His stay in France may educate him a little."

"It may educate him too much."

"He got part of the Chatterton money too, didn't he?" "Yes, but only a little. That's another thing that's keeping me awake nights. Bob and I were poor Virginians together, getting along beautifully except for an occasional spat; and then Uncle Randolph Chatterton had to go and die and leave Mamma and me over a hundred thousand dollars and poor Bob only ten. Bob's so proud—I don't know what he'll do about it."

"It simply defeats me. I never knew money was such a nuisance. Besides, Mamma and I have been simply pestered to death by people telling us how to invest it, and all I can find out is that any investment that's safe doesn't produce anything at all, and anything that promises anything risks the whole amount. Mamma is simply unspeakable, and unspeak-to-able. I wonder who did that statue? It's really perfectly darn splendid. If it had a Greek name, we'd be raving over it, I reckon."

They would have been raving over it in another sense if they had known that its maker had worn an Austrian name. Karl Winter had tried to live down his Viennese birth and education by coming to America in his twenty-second year and becoming an American citizen. This statue of his had been finished in innocence of the war and set up during the first year of it.

The sculptor had died, not knowing that his adopted country would enter the lists and help to wipe the very name of the Austrian Empire from the map it had troubled for so many centuries. But people almost never know the names of sculptors, and this statue was therefore almost anonymous. It seemed to be an unconscious prayer for immortality; for if to labor is to pray, so to be beautiful is to pray.

The nymph's suavity of proportion and her rhythm of line are quite miraculous, but the triumph of her creator is in the lissome attitude; for it is the special art of the sculptor to take advantage of every human plane, exploit every contour and give each articulation its felicitous expression, turning every member at every joint in a new direction so that the body may revel in all its privileges of motion or of gracefully distributed repose.

Never was there a statue, surely, in which, without affectation or extravagance of posture, the sculptor has been inspired to contrive a torsion so versatile yet so calm. She stands there delicately involved upon the axis of herself, unwrapped spirally, lily-wise, in her own loveliness; her flesh a temple of reverie, of love, of all the beatific moods in the sweet sufficiency of being exquisitely

But since New York is always building and never built, it was inevitable that this accomplished dream should be confronted by something incomplete.

THE nymph of plenty faced now a big shed housing the machineries with which engineers were driving a subway beneath Fifty-ninth Street to link two uptown tunnels.

This shed held temporarily—a very protracted temporarily—the room once occupied, and some day to be reoccupied, by Saint-Gaudens' majestic statue of a gilded General Sherman seated on a gilded charger led forward by a gilded Victory bearing a gilded palm branch—what Henry James called the "golden elegance," the "dauntless refinement" that "amuses itself with being as extravagantly 'intellectual' as it likes."

The old hero of the March to the Sea, whose aphorism "War is hell" had been rendered trivial by the four years of carnage in Europe, had been dragged backward up Fifth Avenue before the nymph was established in her place. He was still in retreat under the trees, waiting his day to return to his post.

The girls of his day would have stared in equal wonder at the lofty unashamed, unclothed nymph and at the 1919 girls. Yet the girls of 1861-65 accomplished their equal quota of evil.

Claudia wore no crinolines, and her corsets were negligible; and her close skirts, gathered under her, ended at her knees; but April's garb was even more fashionable, for she wore short buttoned skirts making no secret of the breeches beneath—also puttees and a very masculine belted coat and a sort of overseas cap.

The tablecloth concealed her legs, which need not have feared compare with the nymph's outside, but the masculinity of her attire was betrayed above by the flaring lapels, the collar and neckscarf and by the cap which she kept on her head. There is nothing more feminine than what is known as mannish, as there is nothing less womanly than what is called effeminate.

It would have been hard to say which was the more feminine of the two girls. The words "he," "him" and "his" shuttled through their conversation, as is to be expected wherever two or three women are gathered together. They were talking of their lovers and loveds, of which each had several, as is becoming to young women of their age and charm, and at a time when men in millions were agonizing on the brink of death far from their homes. Like a very lay sister of charity, Claudia had gone about distributing kisses and endearments, and even engagements, to as many heroes as she had time for. It was mighty generous of her, and she did the suffering youth a power of good. Some of these zealous red-rose nurses gave many a young hero more comfort and courage than any of the orators or surgeons, by the simple old device of massaging atrophied souls and bandaging lonely hearts. Claudia gave the delicious privilege of being her fiancé to at least three handsome officers who never lived to come back and discover her amiable perfidy. But Claudia did not boast of this liberality.

APRIL had done a bit of consoling on her own—before Bob left America. In one of their quarrels she had taken up with a fierce young major who almost got her married to him before she knew it. She sent Bob a telegram of notification, and he got leave of absence on the ground that his mother was ill and came up from Texas, where he was flying, just in time to stop the wedding. He tried to get April to marry him for safe-keeping, and they were actually on their way to the City Hall to get a license when he said some wrong thing, and she got off at the next Subway station and went back to her garage. By the time Bob had found her and appeased her, the license bureau was closed, and he had to take his train back to Texas. He went to France on good terms with her, and she had kept her troth since—pretty well.

The rest of the company in the Plaza dining-room to-day was grave enough, for the times were grave. A number of the men at table were foreign.

There was a convention in the hotel that day, representing small oppressed peoples who had suddenly awakened to a new hope and a keener sense of racial unity: Poles, Czechs, Albanians, Undeemed Greeks, Zionists, Ukrainians, Slovenes, Uhro-Ruhsins. Professor Masaryk was there and Roman Dmowski and Captain Stoica and Mr. Ben-Avi. Their ambitions conflicted with one another in many a detail. The Poles had withdrawn from the mid-European Union, and the Jugo-Slavs would follow, but they all hoped to remodel the map of Europe so that no race should be oppressed by another. Their boundaries, their statistics and their sacred claims were in hopeless confusion, but—

Suddenly April exclaimed: "Look! Out there in the fountain!"

The Plaza, almost empty at her latest glance, was now suddenly peopled with a boiling mob. In the bowl of the fountain stood a foreign-looking man with his arm about the nymph, who alone was unperturbed. The man was not embracing her as Praxiteles' Venus of Knidos had been lovingly entreated long ago. He was using her for support, oblivious of her graces.

Everybody in the Plaza was keenly excited. A surf of cheers began and persisted. Automobiles checked by the crowd accumulated, and their drivers began to honk their horns.

CHAPTER III

THE tumult invaded the dining-room, where silence was a religion. It seemed to seep through the tall windows and fume through the corridor doors. The waiters, hurrying in with their dishes, carried as upon salvers the most glorious tidings. They bent and whispered to their clients. April's waiter had gone to get artichokes. He came back with the marvelous words:

"The armistice is signed, mees. The war is over, mees, eef you please."

This was unbelievably beautiful, after four years of increasing carnage. Peace struck the world as with a lightning and rain on a suffocating midnight. Thunders of love, mellow and sonorous, rolled round the globe.

Later the rumor would be called "the false armistice." But even false news was welcome when it was so good. And besides, everybody knew that peace was imminent, and hearts were ready for the first pretext to cast off a universal mourning so prolonged and so profound that its horror was only understood when it was at end.

Tears gushed from April's eyes and from Claudia's. Their hearts broke with very bliss.

When peace came finally, everybody would find that it brought no millennium.

The nations had been held together in a kind of close and wonderful unity by the iron hoops of war. Now that the hoops were struck off, they would break apart like barrels sent rolling downhill, and evils forgotten and rotten would spill out to offend the feet and the nostrils. Souls would be sent flying in all directions, and a hopeless task would confront the assiduous persons who would try to gather them together into a great new tun to be called the League of Nations.

But these and many other bitter truths were for the morrow's supply. The garbage of history was not yet disclosed. The wedding-feast was served, and the whole world invited to celebrate the salvation of

millions of lives—temporarily; for after all, though people got it for the nonce, everybody would go right on dying, and many who might have perished in splendid instants would be saved by sickening conclusions of slow torment or disgrace; many, indeed, would be killed by accidents and in street fights who would have survived the barrages of shell.

April did not look too far ahead, being wise. The rescue of the countless hosts meant chiefly to her the rescue of her man. She gasped:

"Oh, now Bob wont have to die!"

Claudia thought of her three betrothed. She had not focused her eyes as yet on one object. They filled with tears, and she sobbed:

"And neither will Phil—and Jack—and Harry."

The girls' hands ran to each other across the tablecloth and clenched. They had lived to witness a universal reprieve, the world's release from damnation. April said with sublime simplicity:

"I couldn't eat any more lunch, to save me—not now!"

"Me neither," said Claudia.

It seemed a pity to waste those artichokes, large green boiled ones with a golden sauce at hand. But some tribute had to be paid to the noble occasion. The girls felt that it would be unpoetic to eat.

When people would rejoice, they feel that they must squander something. So the world proceeded to play the sailor ashore after a long rough voyage. Nearly everybody got drunk on one beverage or another. Ice-water proved as intoxicating as gin. The open air, the ferment of rejoicing mobs, the noise of cheers, the uproar of motor-horns, the mere commotion of throngs in restless movement—everything and everybody seemed inebriated and in-

ebriating. Everybody went everywhere just to look at everybody else.

April and Claudia made only a brief quarrel over the paying of the bill for the lunch. April won and gave the waiter a quarter above the appropriate tip, so that he would remember the big day. In the lobby they bought newspapers. In the street newsboys scudded like hornets blown about by a great wind. The boys could hardly afford to stop to collect the fares for their papers. Men and women snatched at sheets and paid the first coin they found, without troubling about change.

When the girls pushed through the agitation in the lobby, they found the Plaza outside a mass of clotted humanity. Motorcars moved like molasses. The bowl of the Fountain of Abundance was as crowded as a six o'clock street-car with "standees."

April and Claudia submerged themselves in the mass, two atoms making one molecule in the body politic. (Continued on page 31)



"Forget the old money for a while, Mummy. . . . It's the Sabbath of the world. The war is over."

Coming To

ugh people
lying, and
uld be saved
; many, indee
who would have

The rescue of
cue of her me

had not focus
tears, and she

tablecloth and
l reprieve, the
a sublime sin-

t now!"

Me neither,
Claudia.

seemed a pity
waste those

hokes, long

a boiled mee
h a golden

at hand. But

tribute had

e paid to the

occasion

girls felt that

ould be m

c to eat.

hen people

rejoice, they

that they must

nder some-

So the

proceeded to

the sailor

e after a long

h voyage.

y everybody

trunk on one

age or an

Ice-water

l as intui-

as gin. The

air, the fer-

of rejoicing

the noise of

the uproar

or-horns, the

commotion

ings in res-

movement—

g b. 16

WITH America an alcoholic desert, will a new
preying power creep forth to blight the weak of will
and create a widespread indulgence in those drugs
which in their insidious destructive powers make
alcohol seem harmless? This story is of one who
was in a fair way to become such a beast of prey.
It is a story of this moment

By
MARY SYNON

who in all her fiction probes
deep into the heart of things

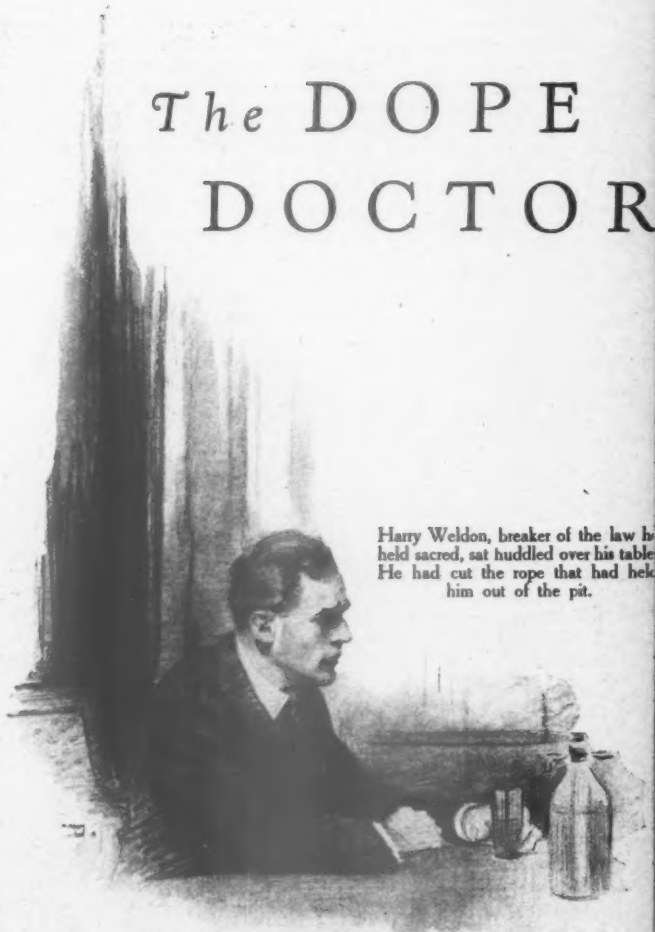
Illustrated by
WILSON DEXTER

WHILE it was day, the stream of life that went
over the bridge had run as openly as the slug-
gish river beneath its span floated past ware-
house and factory, railroad-yard and ship-dock. Over it in the
morning had gone those throngs who earn their bread in that trunk
of her tree Chicago calls the Loop. Pale clerks and paler fac-
tory-girls, burly teamsters and meek old alien women had passed,
Sindbad sailors all, burdened with the toilers' packs of the West-
ern Bagdad. A Jewish *melammed*, black-bearded, black-robed,
muttered his Talmud as he stalked by the uplifted gates. At noon,
their banners flung high in the wind, their blue gowns flashing
challenge to dun streets, the Sodality of Maria Incoronata had
marched in solemn funeral procession behind a dirging band.
Afterward long limousines, sedan-chairs of a civilization that im-
mures in speed rather than in sloth, had carried luxurious women
toward the bartering stalls of wares and brains, of hearts and
souls. In the violet twilight the full tide had turned back, sweep-
ing the bridge in torrential home-going haste. Then came a
pause of waiting for the night.

Just before the clock in the high tower of the Grand Central
Station boomed seven, strange shadows began to edge their way
across the span, shrinking from the refulgent glare of a great
electric sign that blazoned the power of man over darkness. One
by one they crept from the westward, holding to the bridge-
rails. Some of them, knowing and known, dived straight to
those lairs where they might buy magic carpets to transport
them from the hells of themselves to the heavens of Xanadu.
Others, shrinking, hesitant, lurked in doorways dank with musty
odors of Chinatown, staring past the frowning bars of a police-
station to windows that gleamed golden through the gray of even-
tide.

Back of the windows life moved with the intensity of drama on
smaller stages. In rooms heavily lacquered and gilded, soft-
footed yellow men bore savory foods to pale-faced men and
women whose voices were curiously hushed and whose eyes were
anxiously still. In darker rooms other yellow men crowded around

The DOPE DOCTOR



Harry Weldon, breaker of the law he
held sacred, sat huddled over his table.
He had cut the rope that had held
him out of the pit.

tables on which they piled little oblongs marked in Chinese. Dim
lights showed chambers where Madonnalike mothers soothed little
Italian children to slumber with songs of Naples. Here and there a
sign, swaying over the pavement, proclaimed the presence of a
healer of men's battered bodies. Toward these the gray shadows
stared. And behind one of them, above jangling trolley-cars
and belated trucks, tucked in among Italians and Chinese, Harry
Weldon waited.

Oldish young beneath the glare of the patent burner above
his table-topped desk, he had slouched down into his swivel
chair while he slid over the pages of a medical journal; but its
reading seemed to bring him restlessness, for in a little while
he flung it aside and drew the telephone toward him. In a voice
that sounded a little tired in its insistence, he called a number
repeating it in spite of the operator's assertion that no one an-
swered the call. "But she's there," he was saying, "—I know
she's there," when the door of his office opened and a little man,
middle-aged and palpably professional in some cheap way, came
in. He nodded to Weldon as he took a chair near the window.
"Can't you raise her?" he grinned, lighting a cigar.

Weldon hung up the receiver. "Thought I'd get her before she
started," he explained. "It's Saturday night, you know, and
she always comes down to the orchestra concert." He looked at
his watch. "What keeps you late, Rovitz?"

"Waiting for Kellor to sign bail for one of my clients."

"Who?"

"A druggist who went monkeying with the Harrison law. Those
boys won't learn the difference between Uncle Sam and the police
courts."

"Why didn't you warn him?"

"Am I a Chinese doctor who gets paid only while the family
stays well?"

"You warn me enough."

"That's different."

"Do I need it more?"

"Any doctor down here needs it enough. You're under suspicion by being here at all. Why don't you move?"

"I make a living here, just as you do."

"Yes, but—" Rovitz scratched his head. "But it's different with me. I'm all by myself, and it doesn't matter to anyone if I live back of an office on South Clark Street. I never see anyone but my clients, and the other ambulance-chasers, and old Judge Bailey and you. But you're not like that, Harry. For one thing, you're married. How does your wife like your staying here?"

"She's interested in results, not methods."

"Well, then, let's talk about results. If you had an office on Michigan Avenue, you could build up a specialist practice, couldn't you—and make more in a month than you do in a year now? You have it in you. You finished Rush, and you interned at the County, and you have a string of letters you picked up at Jena, and Lorenz told some one, when he was here, that you had been the most brilliant American who had ever studied with Murger in Vienna. Why, when you came back, the world was your oyster. And then—"

"And then I married."

"But other doctors marry, and keep on climbing."

"They can afford to wait. I couldn't."

"You could if—"

"If what?"

"If your wife'd help you."

"And live on bread and water while I gamble for the big stakes?"

"Other women do."

"Not Marcia's kind, Rovitz. And I have an obligation to her greater than most men owe to their wives. I took her away from a great career. I can't give her what I'd hoped, but I give her what I can. And I'm perfectly willing to stay down here, as long as I can hold to my standards. That settles it, doesn't it?"

"You're a fool, Harry. You won't look where you're going."

"Where do you think I'm going?" He smiled in amused tolerance of the other man's meddling.

"Down a blind alley, alone." He puffed hard at his cigar. "Say, Harry, if it's just lack of ready money that's keeping you from the fresh start, why, I've some just aching for investment."

"Nothing doing, old fellow!" Weldon came from back of the desk to put his hand on Rovitz's shoulder. "But I'm just as grateful as if I could take it."

"Why can't you?"

"It's too late. I've lost my grip on the big thing, I'm afraid. And after all, what does it matter? If I can keep Marcia in good clothes, in a good neighborhood, with the sort of interests and associations she likes, with her music and her friends, what does

it matter if I'm down here? As long as I don't sell dope to the slippery shadows, I'm satisfied."

"But—"

"But nothing." He had been listening, as if for the recurrence of a sound he had heard. Now he arose as it sounded, and the door opened to admit a tall woman who paused before she advanced with the effect of coming on a stage. Rovitz shrugged himself together as he arose. She held out her hand to him in a gesture of gracious condescension, and as men did, he thawed to Marcia Weldon's conscious charm. "I might have known you were here," she said, "when Harry did not answer the telephone."

"He just came in," Weldon defended him, "and I was here since six o'clock."

"The operator's mistake." She smiled at Rovitz, who was striving to make his departure seem casual. Her voice had the pleasant tone of the trained opera-singer's. "I wanted to tell you that I must go to Milwaukee to-night. I'm to sing at Bethany Church to-morrow morning."

"To-night?" There was a touch of disappointment in Weldon's query. "Want me to go with you?" His question came eager, animated by that look of heightened charm that sometimes adorned his wife.

"Oh, no," she said. "I shall stay with Mrs. Lambert. I've wired her, and she's expecting me. But I'll need the money for my fare, Harry dear. I've run over my allowance again. I always do," she laughed to Rovitz.

The shadow of a cloud went over Weldon's face as he shoved his hand into his pocket and drew out a bill-case. "I'll give you all I have," he said with an attempt at lightness. "Is it enough?"

"Enough till Monday," she said easily. She rose with a sliding motion of studied grace. "He's really quite a dear, isn't he?" she asked Rovitz.

"Can't I run you over to the station?" Rovitz asked her, pausing at the door.

"Oh, no," she thanked him. "I want to talk to Harry a bit."

Rovitz went out, leaving them together. She smiled at Weldon more quizzically than affectionately. "Am I a wild extravagance?" she asked him.

"No."

"Aren't you ever sorry you married me, Harry?"

"No."

"Even if I keep your nose to the grindstone?"

"Even if you do! Why do you ask me?"

"I wonder sometimes."

"Are you sorry?"

"No, not sorry, but sometimes I think that I shouldn't have married at all. Now, don't look hurt like that. I'm awfully fond of you. You know I am."

"But you don't love me the way you used to."

"Who does—after seven years?"

"Some people do."

"I don't know them."

"I wonder if you'd have kept on loving me the way you used to if I had grasped life differently."

"What do you mean?"

"If I'd made you live back of the shop while I climbed up."

"What nonsense! You're a dear man, Harry, and it's very silly to speculate like this." She caressed his hair lightly. "And don't bother about me. I'm quite all right, and I'm going to sing like a lark at church in the morning, and I'll be home to-morrow night or Monday."

"Not till Monday?"

"You can get along, can't you?"

"Oh, yes."

She moved toward the door, lingering a moment. "Sometimes," she said, "I wish you didn't love me. I think you'd be happier in being freer."

"What's made you think all this?"

"Oh, even women think sometimes." She laughed, throwing him a kiss. "Good-by, old sobersides! Don't take any bad money."

"Not much danger of my taking any," he muttered almost savagely as he watched her go. The sound of her footsteps died away on the stairs, and he took from his pocket a shabby, leather-bound book, studying it thoughtfully and setting down in it, from time to time, new figures. When he had added a column of them, he opened a drawer of his desk and took out a sheaf of letters, evidently bills. From them he made another table of



She arose. "Please don't!" she begged.
"Don't make it harder."

At the result he whistled ruefully. His forehead creased into deep lines as he studied the sheets. Then he took from his pocket a photograph, and put it in front of him, studying as if he were balancing it against the situation the computer had thrust forward.

It was a small colored photograph of his wife, one that might have been taken a few years before and which revealed her in a way of almost wistful softness. An aura of appealing loveliness shrouded her, rousing Weldon's smile of tenderness as he gazed at the likeness. So well he knew the girl who had awakened and held him in passionate love and self-immolating devotion that watching it, he forgot the woman who rejected his advances as subtly now as she had once gone to invite them. It was not that he was less, he told himself, as he thought of the strain of selfishness in her that Rovitz had so shrewdly guessed. It was that he loved her now with an understanding of her deficiencies, as a woman rather than as a goddess. He had known, almost from the beginning of their married life, that Marcia was the taker, not the giver; and because he believed that she had really stooped from a pedestal of prominence to marry him, he had drifted into the habit of making his life incense for his idol.

He had expected, of course, that he would achieve a success such as Rovitz seemed to expect, even yet; but the expectation had died in the annihilation of Marcia's indifference. She wanted, had needed, ready money, from the beginning of their marriage; and to satisfy that demand, Weldon had sacrificed his own finer ambitions. As his wife had gone upward, lifted by beauty, her talent, her social desires and her money, he had slipped downward until he was to-night a cheap-John medicine, held up over the pit of iniquitous fate only by desperate clutching at the rope of determination. "I'll not give dope," he had been telling himself for three years.

And again he had boasted to Rovitz of his refusal, endeavoring to strengthen his own decision by reiteration of the facts in the face of the constant pleadings of his quondam and now callers. "I'll not do it," he had told himself last night as the shadow had slipped out from his curt denial. Now, looking at the picture and at the row of figures on the paper, he hesitated to voice his creed. For he was facing the knowledge that he had no more money, and that Marcia would need money when she came home. He had assets, of course, but they were not readily convertible. He had credit, but it was strained. And it was always money, that Marcia needed. With that picture of Marcia leading him into old lands of allurements, old pleasures, he proved delight, he knew that he must get money for her and he wondered if he could defy temptation. To-night had he told her that his hold on Marcia was precarious. He could not let her go. He loved her, in spite of her faults, perhaps because of them. "Are you worth it?" he asked the picture. The Marcia of the photograph smiled back at him, and he put the case in his pocket as he heard on the stair a furtive, shuffling step that indicated the landing.

The clock in the tower of the Grand Central was striking eight when one of the gray shadows went into Dr. Weldon's office. In the glare of the patent burner they stared at each other, a man who had gone down the road of despair, and the man who had come to the parting of the ways. Then something lighted the eyes of the shadow, and something went out in the eyes of the other man. Ten minutes later, with head up and shoulders back, the shadow—made over for the nonce into the semblance of a man—was stepping westward with curious gayety, going back over the bridge. Harry Weldon, breaker of the law he had held himself, sat huddled over his table, staring at the numbers on a set of paper. He had cut the rope that had held him out of his pit.

He was told by the strange wireless of the underworld, the flock of men came. The hours sped as he plied his new trade, with a gesture of self-disgust, he closed the door on the street. Contemptuously he shoved down a pile of dirty bills and into his pockets. Then he turned out the light, locked the door and went down into the street, drawing fresh air into his

lungs with the relief of intensity. But his spirits sagged as he looked up at the stars. He had an impulse to get away from it all, and he took the wheel at his car with the sensation of being driven forth by some scourge of conscience.

Swiftly he turned out of the street and sped down to the boulevard. The fresh air from the lake swept over him, but to-night brought no cleansing delight. Even the spectacle of Michigan Avenue, bright-lamped, filled with the crowd just out of the or-



"You're a fool, Harry. Why don't you look where you are going?"

chestra concert, an argosy of wealth and beauty, failed to thrill him with its usual charm. An old phrase from his history-books kept ringing in his brain. He had crossed the Rubicon, he told himself. Well, if he had, there was no use in bemoaning it. What was done, was done. And he had done it for Marcia. Therefore he would do it over again whenever she needed it. Not as a habit, of course, only as a bridge. It was wrong, all wrong; but Marcia was worth it. He had given up many things for her. His standard in his profession was but the last, not the least sacrifice, he assured himself; but the assurance failed to ring true as he stared up at the towers and turrets of those structures where men of his profession were finding wealth and fame—with honor. Oh, what did it matter, anyway, he demanded of himself savagely. Man had only life and love.

He fell in with the procession over the Rush Street bridge and came out on the Drive thrilled a little by contact with the gayeties of the motoring crowd. A desire for enjoyment, born of his excitement and of some undercurrent of the night, stirred within him. If only Marcia were here! Lacking her, he must seek something alone. He wouldn't go home just yet. The place would be too lonely without her. He would run out to one of the gardens, just opened for the season, and listen to music, see dancing, perhaps even find some one to dance with before he turned in for the night. He settled down back of the wheel and went on northward.

The lake boomed against the breakwater as he whirled through the park. He never rode the outer Drive without a sense of Marcia's presence, so often had they taken the run together. His sense tingled with thought of her. She was worth it, he thought savagely. If only—

The thought of her took the joy somehow from his excursion to the garden. He drank more avidly than was his wont, but he hardly looked at the dancing, and only nodded to a group of his acquaintances who might have included him in their party. He wanted Marcia, he realized, and her only. Why had she gone away when he needed her? And what had she meant by those things she had said? Happier in being freer? What was she thinking about? Not he! He shoved away his glass and called for his check.

He was at the entrance when he heard Marcia's laugh. He looked around him in consternation, unable to believe his ears.



"Stop that!" Weldon ordered. "Keep still till I find out what you can do." For a little while his fingers probed over Chandler. "Bring me my bag," Weldon told Marcia. "It's in the car."

Surely he had dreamed it. She must be in Milwaukee by this time. But perhaps she hadn't gone. Perhaps some change in her plan had arisen, and she had met some friends. He would have her, after all. He scanned the crowd, seeking her. He found her at last, standing just beyond him by the curbstone, one foot raised as she made ready to enter a long, low roadster. He stepped forward to greet her, his heart singing in his joy. Then he saw Chandler.

Chandler, big, middle-aged, well-groomed, with a manner of assurance bred in wealth and power, was laughing toward Marcia as he drew back the curtains of the car for her entrance. The look in his eyes, eager and yet certain, arrested Harry Weldon's

step toward him. But it was the look that Marcia gave Chandler that left her husband stranded on the shore of his first dream. For it was a look of such utter worship as she had never given to another man. She loved Chandler—and Chandler knew it. And she was going with Chandler somewhere. She had told Weldon to make this journey certain. For a moment his jealousy blinded him. Then there came to him a strength that he had in a steel vise of determination. He would follow them. He had to know the worst, he would know it to-night. He stepped back into the shadow of the entrance until Marcia went into the car. Then he slipped out to his own and started in pursuit.

The racer, purring under Chandler's practiced hand,

month. Out Sheridan-Road past ramparts of apartment buildings and broad Georgian houses, past short stretches of woods and long reaches of the shore, past a ghostly cemetery and under canopies of a sleeping college town, past the sand-hills and in out of little suburban villages, it whirled on its course of speed. Weldon, putting his car at top speed, kept up with only by steady effort. He could see nothing of Chandler or Marcia, even at the turnings, but he knew them there, and his imagination, inflamed by his problems, by frantic jealousy, pictured nearness to each other.

As he went, he was deciding that he must kill Chandler. It was the man's fault, he told himself. Chandler was rich, and Marcia wanted what Chandler's money could buy. Yes, he would kill Chandler. Somewhere, out here on the road when it slipped out of the villages, he would come up level with them. Then he would face them. He reached down, opened his physician's bag and lifted from it the revolver he always carried. Rovitz had given it to him, years ago. Well, he'd use it now. He put it in his coat pocket and resumed his watch.

A CAR-CROSSING halted the roadster, and Weldon came up to it under an arc-lamp. Marcia leaned out to look at his car. He made no effort to hide from her scrutiny. He thought he heard her cry out. Then the roadster shot forward, flung on his power and went after it once more.

It moved faster as it left the level, winding roads of a picturesque little place of shadowy trees, and shot out into the hills and ravines of the North Shore. Weldon, hugging the wheel, had kept up high speed. Once he thought he saw Marcia watching back furtively, and his eyes blazed at the fear she must have. Did she think he would kill her? Or was she fearful for Chandler only? The memory of the look she had given the other car spurred Weldon once more. "When I overtake him!" he told to himself.

He came to the crest of a hill and saw the other car halfway down. "This is the place," he thought, and flung his car forward. It seemed to leap through the air, whirling down the incline. "I'll get ahead of them," was his thought. Then there came a crash, a breaking of glass, the bursting of tires, the sound of grinding. Something seemed to lift Weldon, hurling him out. A moment afterward he found himself lying by the side of the road.

He rolled over cautiously, feeling of himself, and discovering to some surprise that he was not hurt. "This is the time," he thought, and began to creep toward the roadway. In the dim light he could see that the roadster had overturned. Was Marcia dead? No other thought came to him until he heard her moan. "Are you hurt?" he cried. "Marcia, Marcia, where are you?"

Her voice, hard, bitter, came to him from the other side of the wrecked car. "I'm not hurt," she said. "But you've killed him, you beast!"

"I'm going to," he said.

"You don't dare." She came into the roadway from the other side of Chandler's car, now an overturned hulk ominous in its shape. "Help me get him out," she ordered.

"I won't."

"You must."

"Why should I?" He laughed bitterly, and the echoes ran through the ravine. "You were going off with him, weren't you? And you lied to me, as I suppose you've been lying for years."

"Not for years," she said. He knew that she was struggling to keep her voice under control. "We'll talk about this afterward. We must act now. Can you reach under the car?"

"I don't know whether I can or not. I'm not going to try."

"Do you mean that you're going to let him—die?"

"I was going to kill him. What's the difference?"

"You can't! You don't know what you're doing. You're mad."

"Not at all. I am sane now for the first time in many years."

"And you won't save him?"

"Are you sure he's alive?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won't save him."

SHE moved away, groping her way through the darkness along the road. "Where are you going?" he asked sharply. "I'm going to get help," she said. "Oh, no, you're not," he told her. "Come back." And urged by the threat in his voice, she came.

For a moment she stood away from him, as if she were thinking desperately; then she came close. "What do you want for Chandler?" she asked.

"Nothing. I have no intention of interfering with destiny."

"If—if I go back to you, and give him up altogether, will you do something for him?"

"No."

"What do you want out of life, Harry? If it's money, he'll give it to you. If it's position, he'll get you that. If it's—"

"You? He can't give you to me as you were, can he?"

"But if— Oh, Harry, how can you bargain when a man may be dying? His death will be on your soul."

"How about your own?"

"But I'm doing what I can."

"For him, yes. What have you ever done for me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. You're my wife. Did you ever prove it?"

"Did you ever ask me to?" Her voice rang out in rage. "Did you ever give me a chance to do anything for you? Didn't you put me into a cage, and tell me to stay there and look pretty and laugh and amuse you and take life as it came? Well, I did it, until I couldn't stand it any longer. I've stood everything from you, Harry. I've endured poverty and sodden existence and dreariness and loneliness. I've seen you sliding down, down, down every day while I have been struggling up. Do you suppose that I ever thought that the man I married would become a miserable hand-to-mouth dope-peddler on South Clark Street? No, I married you because I believed you had it in you to go to the top. You've gone down to the bottom, instead, and fallen so low that you can't ever rise. I've stood your failure and your miserable makeshifts. I've stood the pity of my friends and the knowledge that I might have been great and rich and famous if only I hadn't married you. I've bluffed and pretended day after day and year after year. I've even endured you as you've become, a shambling wreck of what you might have been. I've done all that till I couldn't do it any longer."

"I suppose," Weldon said, quivering under the whip of her scorn, "that he was your way out?"

"I'm going to marry him—if he lives."

"And you dare ask me to save him?"

"Yes, I dare. If there's anything in you at all, it's your professional sense of duty. You haven't much, but you may have that."

"Did you ever think of my side of it, Marcia?"

"Your side? What is it?"

"Did you ever think of what I gave up to keep you in money?"

"What could you give up?"

"A career as certain as your own."

"Oh, you gave it up—but not for me."

"Why, then?"

"I don't know." She shrugged his argument aside. "What's the use of talking about it, anyhow? Here's the proof. If you are the physician you've ever thought yourself, you'd not be battling with a woman while a man dies."

FROM beneath the car came a groan. Weldon started forward a step unconsciously; then paused in the middle of the roadway. Should he try to save Chandler? Why should he? God knew he had no obligation to help the man who was seeking to steal his wife. But had he? Wasn't it part of his code, an old code that he hadn't used much of late, the code he had violated to-night? Marcia had called him a dope-peddler. Well, he was, thanks to her extravagance, to her lack of faith in him, to his own blind love of her. But he hadn't sunk to the final depths she had pictured for him. He hadn't lost his honor altogether. He'd prove it, not to her but to himself. He slid over to the car and knelt on the side of the ditch. "Can you hear me?" he asked Chandler.

"Yes." The answer came faintly.

"Pinned down?"

"Not altogether. If you can lift—" The voice died away.

"Hold steady!" He drew back, summoning Marcia. "Come here," he commanded her, "and help me lift." She was beside him in an instant, throwing all her strength into the task. Inch by inch the car rose while she strained. "There," said Weldon. "Hold it while I get him out." She held rigid, trembling from the weight, while he struggled to bring Chandler from the wreck.

When she saw that he had freed the other man, she jumped aside, letting the car collapse over into the ditch. She sprang toward where Weldon had laid his burden. "Oh, Dick!" she cried, and knelt beside him.

"Let him alone," said Weldon sharply. At the menace in his tone she crept away back toward Weldon's car to sit upon its step, sobbing. "Stop that," Weldon (Continued on page 100)



ON THE EDGE

HERE begins a new and unique series of animal stories written by a "nature author" of authority and distinction, and unique in that the stories are all laid around the author's home where, within hardly more than a dozen miles

The RETURN

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE trouble with Swiftfoot, the big gray timber wolf, undoubtedly was that he didn't know he was extinct in that part of America. All the wise books said he was; so, quite obviously, he had no business there. As a matter of fact, neither he nor his companion was making any public display. Swiftfoot had nothing to fear in the deep woods. There were no panthers. The Canada lynx might snarl at him, or fight him if he tried to take away its kill—but he never tried. From the lumbering black bears he could easily run away, if there were any occasion. There wouldn't be, of course, unless he attempted to secure a juicy little cub steak. For the rest, he was master of the forest. But there was one thing he dreaded, dreaded with an abiding fear, and that was a high-power rifle, the shining black stick which men, those slow, two-legged creatures with the peculiar smell, carry in their hands, and which make a great noise, spit fire and kill from a long way off.

Swiftfoot's earliest grown-up recollections had to do with men and rifles. He was one of a pack, a fine, strong pack of nine gray wolves which hunted and traveled together, well knowing the value of union. They ranged a different forest from this one where he now was, a forest of low evergreens, with numerous bogs overlaid by a shaking carpet of sphagnum moss, far up in the cold north. The nine of them, tongues out, teeth gleaming, eyes dilated, would run a great cow moose for hours through this land, at last driving her, if they could, to some bog, where she broke through, and Swiftfoot and his fellows, held up on the shaking moss, caught her on flank and throat and shoulder, and killed her, and feasted. Only when very, very hungry did they tackle a bull moose, however.

There had been no men in this region. Then one day came those two-legged creatures with the funny smell. One of them had discovered something yellow in the ground, and all the rest followed, and began to dig the earth, and cut the trees. Winter followed; the game grew scarce. The great horned owls and the goshawks got most of the rabbits before Swiftfoot and his pack could round them up. The pack grew lean. They closed in around the trail over which the two-legged animals came and went, driving dog-sleds. When the dogs smelled the wolf-pack, they barked and snarled and became ridiculously excited, and the men-animals got out their black sticks.

Swiftfoot remembered how old Whitetooth, the leader of the pack, grew cautious and tried to hold the other eight back, but they were lean with hunger, and the dog-meat smelled good, and even the queer-smelling meat of the two-legged creatures. So the pack followed, one mile, two miles, three miles, just in the fringe of the evergreens by the trail, waiting to close in when the whipped and straining dogs should be too tired to fight, and the queer creatures too tired to make those strange noises.

At last Whitetooth could hold them no longer. With a snarl and a bark, they closed in out of the dark woods into the starlight of the snowy trail. Instantly there were half a dozen

flashes, half a dozen loud reports; and even as he fell at throat of a dog, Swiftfoot saw Whitetooth rolling over in snow, and another wolf half leap into the air and tumble with blood spouting from its mouth. But he kept on and his teeth in the woolly throat of a dog, harnessed and snarling, while the air resounded with snarls, barks, cries and terrible loud explosions. Suddenly something stung Swiftfoot the tail, near the base, the pain infuriating him. It couldn't been the dog he had by the throat. He let go his hold to turn his new adversary, and at the same instant something hit his the head—a shining black stick swung by one of the two-legged creatures. He fell down unconscious.

When Swiftfoot came to, he was conscious of the smell of his wolf blood. Staggering up, he looked about. The snow stained where he himself had lain, and his tail ached and clotted with frozen blood. He sat down again and licked the wound. The bullet, a small automatic-pistol ball, fortunately had only entered the tail (where it was still lodged, as a matter of fact), and had not injured the muscles of his hind quarters. When he had licked the frozen blood away and could feel the soothing of his own warm tongue, Swiftfoot got up again and poked around. There was no scent nor sound of the men or dogs. The sleds had moved far on.

The bodies of four of his companions lay on the snow. He sniffed them. Three were dead; the fourth—Softfur, the one of Fang—was alive. Swiftfoot crouched beside her and licked her face. She wasn't his mate, but she was alive, and he hated to be alone. You don't fare so well when you hunt alone. Suddenly he pricked up his ears and elevated his muzzle, his teeth with an angry snarl. There was an answering growl from the undergrowth by the trail, and the gray form of Fang snarled and emerged. Swiftfoot's ears went down; his tail moved, the dog's, causing him a twinge of pain, and he resigned the trail to resuscitating Softfur to Fang, turning his attention again to his own wound.

Softfur, like him, had been knocked unconscious by the bullet. Fang was unhurt; he had fled. If Swiftfoot had been a dog, he would have called Fang a coward and despised him. But he was a wolf, and respected the instinct of self-preservation. Besides, he was glad enough to have companions. When Softfur had recovered consciousness, the three of them, seeing but the dead bodies, howled a signal to the other three, the missing ones. There was no answer. Fang had been the only one, so far as he knew, to escape. One other, attempting it, had been shot dead. Evidently the two-legged creatures had carried off three of the bodies. Without further ado the starved survivors fell on the carcasses of their own recent companions, and got back their strength.

Even as they were eating, a flock of great horned owls wheeling overhead, flying south. Northward lay deeper snow, harder lying, and northward the terrible two-legged creatures with

EDGE OF CIVILIZATION

the most highly developed and civilized residential section in America, all these dramas of the open have been enacted—Lenox and Stockbridge, Massachusetts, the abiding-place of wealth and fashion, familiar to every motorist who has toured the East.

N the NATIVE

Illustrated by
CHARLES
LIVINGSTON
BULL

gone. Southward the owls must know there was game,—rabbits and partridges, anyway,—or they wouldn't be flying that way. The three wolves rose, shook themselves, slunk off the trail into the timber, and trotted south.

They traveled and hunted chiefly at night, and rested by day in dry caves or under thick stands of little balsams or spruces, where the snow was light. Food was scarce, and often they went for long periods with nothing at all to eat.

Finally they came to a great river barring their southward march. This river was partly frozen, but in midstream a belt of open current shone black under the cold winter moon. Softfur howled her disappointment, and there came an answering howl from some dog not far off. They were amid the homes of men now, with danger on every side. Fang trotted deliberately out on the ice to the edge of the black water.

Softfur and Swiftfoot followed him. He was the leader, and where he went, they went.

Then he moved upstream till he came to a spot where great floating ice-cakes, like rafts, were swirled in close by the current. He watched the direction these cakes took after leaving the edge again. Satisfied with what he saw, he gave a short, sharp bark

Swiftfoot had no intention of a contest with those horns. He snarled a defiance, but he circled the herd and trotted away.



and leaped to a big cake, the others following him. Standing on this raft, the three wolves floated downstream in the still moonlight till the opposite ice-edge began to draw near. When it was evident that the cake they floated on was as close as it would get, Fang went off into the water and swam. A few strokes, and he was struggling out and shaking the water hastily from his coat before it should freeze. The other two followed, and then the three of them trotted rapidly over the ice to the wooded banks, warming themselves with brisk motion.

The Saint Lawrence was behind them.

STILL they moved south through a snow-buried world. There was far less cover than they liked. Great stretches of open country had to be crossed, where there were strange box-like things full of lights and creatures with the odd smell. There was little game in the woods. Hunger drove them on southward after the owls and the goshawks. Once, on their tracks, they heard a dog, a single dog. They fanned out, Fang and his mate swinging back to the left, Swiftfoot to the right, galloping rapidly, and reunited behind the dog. Now the pursuer was pursued. The three gray wolves, with a speed greater than his, closed in on the cruising hound, so that he became aware of it, and ran for his life. But he lacked their speed and their wind. Before he reached the fields that surrounded his house, the wolves were upon him and dragged him down; and his master never knew why he didn't come home.

That meal helped them on their southward way.

They came presently to something quite new in their experience—mountains. These mountains, low at first, but soon getting higher and higher, were covered with forests or scrub, and though the valleys between held farms and roads,—the dreaded signs of the two-legged creatures with the fire-sticks,—Swiftfoot and his two companions learned speedily that by keeping well up on the ridges they could travel long distances in perfect safety. These ridges, too, led steadily southward. And the hunting was good again!

In fact, they had scarcely entered this mountain region before they picked up the fresh track of a deer and were off in full cry. It gave them a long, hard run, taking them finally far up on a rocky ledge, where they pulled the buck down and feasted royally on fresh venison, the first they had tasted for three weeks. That day they slept up in the warm rocks on the southern slope of the mountain ledges, and went on again at night with renewed energy. Swiftfoot's tail had quite healed by now; his coat was thick and soft; his wind was good; he had attained his full size—measuring four feet, nine inches from nose to tail. The prospect of deer-meat spurred him on, sometimes ahead of his little pack. He was even thinking of disputing the leadership with Fang. The hunting was so good, in fact, that they didn't get much farther south that season. There came a day when the deep snow on the mountains began to get very wet and heavy, and like rock salt. The brooks roared down over the rocks. In the valleys below, they could see great stretches of bare earth, and men moving about. The sun was hotter day by day, and one's fur got damp and sticky.

Then Swiftfoot grew unaccountably restless, and so did his two companions. It wasn't that he wanted to hunt. He didn't quite know what he wanted, but it angered him to see Fang and Softfur together, and once he even sprang at Fang. But Fang knew his rights, and fought for them, and Swiftfoot withdrew, nursing a torn throat-muscle. He was still a young wolf who had never mated—and there was no mate for him. He felt lonely and unsatisfied.

ONE day Fang and Softfur disappeared altogether. Swiftfoot sniffed along their trail, out of curiosity, until he came to a warm ledge where, under an overhanging rock, they had excavated a hole. Being a gentleman, as such things go among wolves, and also having a wholesome respect for Fang's jaws, Swiftfoot withdrew, springing up the ledge to the top. Here the timber was all below him, and he looked out over a wide expanse of earth, over valleys and towns and other ranges of green mountains and a big sheet of silvery water in the distance, with a wall of blue peaks beyond it, that were, of course, the Adirondacks. Well, if his pack was to den here, he might as well spend the coming warm season somewhere about also. Trotting off, he finally found himself a little half-cave under a ledge, where last autumn's leaves had blown in and made a soft bed. He pawed them up a bit to get the coolness of the under leaves next to his skin, and lay down to sleep. This, he resolved, should be his home for a while. He was tired of wandering.

In the weeks that followed, Swiftfoot saw little of Fang and nothing at all of Softfur. It was Fang's task to hunt for his mate, and the care of his family was his own particular business, which he shared with nobody. As summer came on, the game, for some reason, grew scarcer, and Swiftfoot more than once met the other going down or coming up the mountain; he was hunting now on dangerous ground, around the clearings of the two-legged creatures. Once he had a chicken in his mouth, and a piece of juicy calf-meat. They both smelled good to Swiftfoot, but with only himself to look after, he preferred to go a bit hungry rather than take such chances. Still, he did go down at night to the upper edges of the pastures, in the hope that he might cut a calf out of the herds, and once he came on a hen carrying a chicken, and ran it for a mile, till the fox had to drop its load in order to escape. That was an easy meal!

All went well for some time, until one moonlight night, when he was cruising through the mountain timber, Swiftfoot heard a great baying of dogs down by the pastures, and coming rapidly up the slope. He pricked up his ears, elevated his nose, and then trotted swiftly toward the sound, impelled by a great curiosity. The dogs were evidently moving up toward Fang's den. Listening carefully down wind, and above the dogs on the slope, Swiftfoot drew in. Would Fang get to his den in time to roast Softfur and the two cubs (there were two, he knew, for he had seen them playing in the sun in front of the den), and start them quickly enough to escape? Of course, the old wolves could outrun the dogs easily enough, but the cubs couldn't. Or would they stay and fight?

Suddenly the hunt swerved off and came toward him. Hello, old Fang was going to give the dogs a run! Well, he could do it, all right, but Swiftfoot didn't propose to have the trail cross his. It was too hot a night for such violent exercise. He ran back on his own tracks till he came to a brook, and trotted up that way, a trick he had learned from the foxes.

Fang, however, turned down the mountain again, evidently intending to keep the dogs a long way from the den. Suddenly a shot rang out. It hurt Swiftfoot's ears, even from this distance. There was a cry such as the two-legged creatures make, a sudden yelping and snarling of dogs—and then silence. Somehow Swiftfoot knew that Fang was dead. He hunted no more that night, but on padded feet sneaked up to the very top of the mountain and lay under a shelving rock in the dry moss.

It was evident that Fang had gone once too often down the mountain after fresh calf-meat. Now the two-legged creatures and their dogs would be making life miserable. Swiftfoot felt like moving on at once, but Softfur and the two cubs held him back. Not that he any longer had a curious feeling when he looked at Softfur—that feeling had passed with the spring. But she was of his pack; and the two cubs, which would be growing fast now, were of his pack; and one hangs with the pack. Sooner or later Softfur and her cubs, big enough to hunt for themselves, would come to him, and the four of them would go out together and pull down a fat buck. By himself, Swiftfoot tackled only foxes. That was why Swiftfoot still remained in the neighborhood, often meeting poor Softfur as she hunted for her young at first, and later hunted with them, teaching them to run, to follow the scent, to spring for the throat or the flank.

IT was one hot August morning that Swiftfoot was awakened from his nap under a thick balsam near timber-line by the baying of dogs again. They were once more headed for the den, evidently on Softfur's tracks of a few hours before. Swiftfoot roused and trotted along a ledge from which he could get a view of the woods and rocks below. Softfur was out, bounding toward the mountain-top, the cubs behind her; but the cubs could not keep her pace, and now and then she had to stop and wait for them. Two dogs, three dogs, broke out of the woods a moment later, a hound with his nose on the trail, a powerful Airedale, and a big, rangy collie. The collie caught sight of Softfur and her cubs high above, and sprang into the lead, abandoning scent altogether. Softfur was in a place where she could retreat in no direction without encountering rocks too steep and high for the cubs to take at one spring, and in a few moments the dogs were on her. She faced the oncoming rush, teeth bared, hair bristling, the cubs behind her; and as the dogs arrived, she went into them.

The hound slipped past her and closed on the big cub, which tore at him as he was about to seize Softfur's hind quarter. But the collie and the Airedale went straight at her throat, as she at theirs. The Airedale, like all his breed, was too reckless, and

le of Bang
to hunt for
particular
came on, the
foot more than
mountain; he
the clearings of
his mouth, and
good to Swift
ferred to go a
e did go down
e hope that he
came on a large
ox had to drop

at night, while
ftfoot heard a
ing rapidly up
nose, assured
ent, and the
reat curiosity
den. Keeping
ope, Swift
rouse Solter
ad seen them
them quickly
d outrun the
uld they stay

him. He
e could do it,
rail cross his
ran back on
that a way,

evidently in
Suddenly a
his distance
ke, a sudden
ehow-Swift
that night,
he mountain

a down the
eatures and
ot felt like
him back
e looked at
ut she was
g fast now,
ner or later
ves, would
gether and
nly fawns
ood, often
first, and
the scent,

awakened
er-line by
ed for the
e. Swift
could get
bounding
ubs could
d wait for
moment
Airedale...
r and her
cent alto-
at in no
for the
ogs were
bristling
ent into

o, which
er. But
s she at
t, and



CHARLES IRVINGSTON SWIFT

The starved survivors fell upon the carcasses of their companions. Even as they were eating, a flock of great horned owls went by overhead, flying south.



Fang leaped to a big ice-cake, the others following him. Standing on this raft, the three wolves floated downstream in the still moonlight till the opposite edge began to draw near.

was Softfur who got him, not he her. With lightning speed and accuracy she caught him just under the collar, so that her teeth could sink into his throat, and his scream resounded over the lonely rocks of the mountain as she laid him over. But that instant was the collie's chance, and he took it. He went through Softfur's ruff and got the hold he wanted, and as she fought frantically to shake his strangling grip, the hound, which had finished off the cub, closed in on the other side. The three of them rolled over and over on the rocks, one mass of snarl and blood and foam.

Swiftfoot had seen it all begin from his perch a quarter of a mile away. It was not his fight. Yet it *was* his fight. There were no men there with fire-sticks—only the hated dogs. It was his pack being attacked. Suddenly he let out a long, snarling, terrible scream and came down the rocks like a gray arrow, an arrow that flew straight to its mark, the throat of the hound. The hound let go its hold on Softfur and tried to meet its new antagonist, but Swiftfoot had the advantage of weight and strength and initiative. He had the hold he wanted, and slowly he laid the hound over, his fangs sinking deeper in, till the dog died beneath him. Then he sprang for the collie.

But the collie didn't wait. He let go of Softfur, and as Swiftfoot's fangs bit for his throat, getting tangled in the thick, protective ruff, he ducked his head, slipped sideways and down, and rounded for the woods below. Swiftfoot didn't follow him. He wasn't fighting because he was hungry; he was fighting to defend his pack. The enemy was driven off. He turned to see the Aire-ale struggling to his feet, and with a savage snarl, Swiftfoot howled him down again and tore his throat half open. Then he went over to Softfur and her cub. Both lay still on the rocks. He licked them again and again. They were dead. Swiftfoot lifted his muzzle toward the blue horizon and howled.

There came an answering whine from up the mountain. Swiftfoot changed his tone abruptly, and the second cub came creeping back. It was a she cub, a little part-grown Softfur. It was all that was left of his pack. It would grow up and be his mate when the spring came round again. Something inside of Swiftfoot made him lick the cub with his bloody tongue. It drew close to him with a whine like a little dog, after it had sniffed the dead body of its mother. Swiftfoot tore off a piece of dog-meat and offered it food.

That night Swiftfoot moved south along the range, the cub following him, after a good deal of urging and some physical coercion. The place was getting too hot, and he longed for some peaceful forest where men and their hated dogs—hated doubly because they were really renegade wolves who had submitted to the slavery of the man creature—did not know of his presence, and he could hunt in peace. For two nights he traveled, part of the time encountering signs of the two-legged enemy even up

here on the range—a dim blazed trail through the woods, old camp-fires, and once, even, a fresh camp-fire and men around it. He and little Softfur gave that fire a wide berth, going around it on soft, silent feet, while the campers slept, secure in the knowledge that there were no wolves in New England, and hadn't been for almost a hundred years!

At last he found the spot he wanted—a wild mountain ravine with a spring that showed tracks of partridges, deer, coons and other prey on the margin, with good forest cover all about, and all signs of man far away and far below. Here he and little Softfur had immediate good fortune in running down a rabbit, and then found themselves a cozy den of leaves under a big fallen log, and decided to call it home for a while.

LITTLE Softfur soon forgot her mother, and grew rapidly in size, strength and cunning. She grew so rapidly, in fact, that one day in the crisp autumn Swiftfoot decided, with her aid, to try cutting away a fawn from its mother. They ran the pair several miles before they got the doe cornered, and then closed in for the operation. The doe, alive to the terrible danger, kept the fawn behind her, almost between her hind legs, and by whirling and threatening with her powerful and cruelly sharp hoofs stood the wolves off. One on one side, one on the other, they snarled and leaped, just out of reach of those plunging hoofs, trying to get at the fawn's throat or shoulder.

Swiftfoot knew the game, and had no trouble in escaping. He was willing to take his time, well aware that his wind and strength would outlast the deer's. But little Softfur, impetuous and tremendously excited, made one dash too close, and down came the lancelike hoofs on her spine and ribs. She crumpled up. With a wild snarl Swiftfoot was at the doe's throat, but it was too late. One hoof had gone right through the little wolf's back and into her heart. She was dead.

Swiftfoot, in a kind of blind fury, killed the deer, but the meat was without savor. He stayed near that spot for several days, till the deer was finished, yet not so much to finish the meat as because he felt a dumb grief, a sense of loneliness. He was without any companions now, any sense of the comfort and protection of the pack. And what would he do when the snows began to soften, when the south wind came through the forests and a warm mist gathered around the mountain-tops, and that great longing for a mate came over him?

At last, up here on the ridges, three thousand feet above the sea, what was rain in the valleys was snow that settled over the rocks and sifted down out of a cloud through the trees. The north wind blew cold, and Swiftfoot was filled with restlessness again; the wanderlust was upon him. He would go on and on, until he found some other pack he could join. Perhaps because

had become a habit, perhaps because he knew the way was so back to the northland across the great river he had come from, he turned southward once more.

For many nights he traveled, keeping always to the cover of the crests and ridges. Now and then he had to cross a road, but for long distance he was practically in wilderness. Then one moonlight night he came upon a broad road running east and west right over the big ridge. In the distance he heard a great roaring and caught a strange, pungent odor. He shrank back into the bushes, crouched and waiting. Two blinding lamps, like huge eyes, came round a bend. An iron thing, with the men creatures sitting in thundered by, leaving the strange smell behind.

Swiftfoot rose and crossed the Mohawk Trail, and no Mohawk sneaked along that path when it was a dim track in the silent wilderness ever stole with softer footsteps or vanished like a ghost into the dusk of the forest.

More than ever now Swiftfoot missed the pack. The deer were numerous everywhere. Never was such good hunting in his experience. Yet for one lone wolf it was hard and dangerous work. The fawns were getting their growth, to be sure, and when one wandered away from its mother he could pull it down easily enough. But as yet they still stuck pretty close to the old deer, and a solitary wolf has to work sometimes for hours at a stretch to cut out a fawn, or even take to his heels if the buck appears. There weren't many rabbits or grouse. The hawks and owls, the previous winter, had attended to them. With a great hatred for dogs in his heart, Swiftfoot grew bold, sometimes even reckless, in running a lone dog when he picked up the trail in the woods, or even in the half-abandoned fields which ran in and out of the broken hill country in which he now found himself. All his savagery he vented on these dogs, killing sometimes merely for the sport of it, for the zest of battle, and licking his own wounds all for a day or two thereafter, in some nest of leaves under mountain rock.

But he encountered no wolves, and no sign of wolves. He was alone in a strange land.

Then, suddenly, as he was trotting along through a young forest of spruce, having earlier that night skirted the hills to the east of a strange light which seemed to steam up from a bowl in the hills (it was a city) and crossed a railroad track, he came on familiar tracks which he had not seen or smelled since he left his far northern home. One, two, three tracks—a bull moose and two cows! Moose meat! His tongue lolled out, and drops of saliva trickled from his jaws! Oh, for a pack to help him hunt! Alone he was helpless. Surely there must be a pack somewhere, if there were moose again. Moose belong to the big woods. He trotted down the tracks, to have a look at the quarry. As he drew close to the big creatures, feeding in a deep swamp, himself having to leap from tussock to tussock, the bull got his scent and snarled angry antlers with a snort. Swiftfoot, alone and unaided, had no intention of a contest with those horns. He snarled a defiance, but he circled the little herd and trotted away, intent on finding a pack to help him.

As he moved off, from four or five miles away came a thin whistle. It meant little to Swiftfoot. He did not know it was a night freight leaving the Lenox station. He was unaware of the startling contrast between his presence here and that town of expensive villas and modern, luxuriant civilization so close beside him. He still trotted southward. But he met no wolf-pack. He did not know there had been no wolf-pack here for a hundred years, that he, and he alone, was returning now over the high hill ridges where the pioneers had built their villages and cleared their farms, returning because protective laws had at last brought back

the deer for him to hunt, and even, as we have just seen, a few moose; but returning still more, perhaps, because railroads and trolleys, the opening of the great Western farms, the exodus to the cities, have all combined to throw back to wilderness again the hilltop land our forefathers cleared. When the wilderness comes back, the citizens of the wilderness come back as well. Swiftfoot, the wolf, was returning to his own.

But not quite to his own! He had just snuggled down to sleep the next morning at daybreak when he was awakened by the report of a gun, far off, then quickly of another nearer him. Like a dog, he was wide awake and on his feet in a second, every sense alert. It was the first Monday in December, the beginning of "deer week," when for six days deer can be hunted in Massachusetts, but only with shotguns and without dogs. It was for the baying of dogs that Swiftfoot listened first. Hearing nothing, nor scenting men near by, he was about to creep deeper into his lair when he caught both the scent and sound of a deer. It was running as fast as it could, with blood flowing from its side, and it went past Swiftfoot without being aware of him, eyes blood-shot, chest heaving, a pitiful sight. Swiftfoot, however, did not pity it. He trotted into its trail and loped easily after it. There was no great hurry; it couldn't last long, and he could pull it down when it was too exhausted to fight.

After a mile or so the deer did fall, weak from loss of blood, and Swiftfoot was upon it. He scarcely had it well by the throat, however, before he got the scent of his deadly enemies, the two-legged creatures, drawing near. With an angry snarl, he slunk quickly into the underbrush.

When the men came up, he could hear their strange noises, though he could not know they were cursing the dog which had torn their game. If Swiftfoot had known they thought him a dog, his rage might have got the better of his prudence. To him that was the one unforgivable insult. The men—there were three of them—carried his quarry away, which did not add to his good nature, especially as he had tasted just enough to make him hungry. Instead of going back to his den, he trotted gloomily toward a high hill he saw to the south, with the guns sounding all around him in the woods, and found a cave into which he crawled till he was in complete darkness. Here he felt safe from the guns.

The firing ceased at sunset. It was a cold, clear night. He was hungry and crept forth. All that night he hunted, in vain, till nearly morning. Not even a rabbit crossed his path. But toward daybreak, from far off, he suddenly heard a familiar sound—familiar yet almost forgotten. It was the honk of a wild goose! Turning abruptly, his gray legs took him swiftly and silently toward the sound, till the smell of water came to him.

And then he came face to face with a high, thick wire fence. The ground was frozen hard, and he could not dig under it. He trotted along it till at last he found a fallen log from which he could leap and clear the wire. One bound, and he was on the other
(Continued on page 94)



Once he came on a fox carrying a chicken, and ran it for a mile, till the fox had to drop its load in order to escape. That was an easy meal!



The resolution to go did him good. It did Louise good too; she freshened up like a wilted violet in water.

FEARFUL of what France had done to him in divers ways, Barnard Carver's wife imagined Bluebeard taking the place of Bluebird in the bungalow. Whereupon Barney had a great awakening that didn't escape

FRANK R. ADAMS

in this story, which he calls quite appropriately—

FRENCH with TEACHER

Illustrated by
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TO tell this story is hardly fair to Barnard Carver, but not to tell it wouldn't be fair to the rest of his sex. What if it does perhaps destroy the monopolistic value of the greatest discovery since Christopher Columbus and his transports cleared from Brest or whatever overseas port of embarkation he was so anxious to get away from?

The discovery Carver made may be best stated in the paraphrase of a well-known saying about fleas and a dog—in this wise: "A certain amount of jealousy is a good thing for a woman; it keeps her from getting despondent over being a woman."

What every woman wants is not the Bluebird of Happiness so much as the Bluebeard of Unhappiness. She needs a dash of misery now and then to make her realize how pleasant life ordinarily is by comparison.

When Barnard married Louise, he didn't know that—probably even Solomon wasn't wise to it until he had gone through the ring-ceremony the first two or three times. Barnard looked around him at the wrecked matrimonial craft floating unhappily by in the Sargasso Sea of love-dogged derelicts, and he swore that his gayly painted little double-masted romance should never come to an end so drab.

All he had to do was never to give the starry-eyed Louise the least little cause for unhappiness, never to let her doubt the stability of the rock on which she had builded her mansion of love. That's what he thought—as if you could amuse any mod-

deed that he, Barney, could be relied upon never to go out without skid-chains, he passed the first year of marriage with content.

But it takes a mighty poor navigator to lose his ship—the lap of the voyage, anyway. Along about the second year, the echoes of the wedding march had pretty well died away, and Barney began to notice an occasional fly in the ointment or amber or whatever it is the flies get into, and it set him wondering. He hadn't changed any, that he knew; neither had Louise. He tried to be just as kind and considerate as ever; she never had the slightest cause to doubt his devotion.

This wasn't particularly difficult for Barney, because he had never been much of a rounder, anyway. Even before taking the great popular sedative, marriage, he had been fond of the pleasures of the home. The lure of the pool-parlor, the barroom and the stage door had not prevailed to any extent against the simple charm of a good novel and a pipe. So the transition from Barney Carver, bachelor, to Barney Carver, benedict, had not been the wrench that it is for some more volatile natures.

Louise could depend upon seeing Barney promptly at six every evening, and from then on until he wound the clock, that was the final rite for the day. Sundays it was better, or worse, because he could be counted on to have some little plan which included them both for an all-day session, an automobile pleasure jaunt into the country, a visit to some of their relatives, or a return engagement with the same cast at their own home.

ern girl all life by not letting her sit on a rock. given a chance between a good foundation and a badly frayed one, she would stretch across the Cañon of Colorado, while the lady would go in for the rope walking. Going on the theory that shielding his child from everything unpleasant by giving him daily assurance both by word and

No, there was no mystery about Barney's movements. You could put your finger unerringly at any hour of the day or night in the place where Barney was supposed to be, and you would never strike a void. He never fooled you by being somewhere else.

But Louise grew petulant. Life was so humdrum that she took to reading skittish magazines which claim to put the jazz into the jaded. And this was Louise who, in the A. M. (ante-matrimonial) period of her existence had considered that reading most of the modern authors, except possibly Maeterlinck or Arnold Bennett, was a waste of time.

This was not the only symptom that the sweet bells were jangling off key. Barney noticed that he and Louise were quarreling about trivial things, things no more important than those other married people quarreled about, as he remembered—about the way he drove the automobile going around corners, about the feminine God-given franchise to wear low shoes and silk stockings on a sloppy day in spring, and high boots in the middle of summer, and things like that.

Yes, they quarreled. Barney often asked himself why, often asked Louise the same question with exasperation, and neither of them knew the answer. There wasn't any sense to it. They had money enough to be absolutely content; both of them had wise mothers who did not attempt to live constantly with the young married couple; and as has been stated, Barney had an ideally domestic nature; he loved his home.

Then came the Great War. Don't stop reading this story just because we have mentioned those words. There isn't going to be any scene of battle, and the hero isn't going to change his entire nature and become noble just because he enlists. *Au contraire*, as the French say! We authors can use lots more French nowadays since two million Americans have flitted across the ocean and back and stayed long enough to learn what "*Oui, oui*," means, and a few other handy little phrases like that. From now on, current literature should be very *recherché*.

Anyhow, the Great War!

Barney had three reasons for going in. The first two were (1) that it was his duty and (2) that he would have been drafted anyhow. The third reason is more complicated, but briefly stated, it is that life at home had become so intolerable that anything looked good for a change.

The resolution to go did him good. It did Louise good too; she freshened up like a wilted violet in water. It was the best tonic that had ever been offered to a desperate case of marital anemia.

Louise was so proud and happy—happy, that is, in a kind of sad, sacrificing sort of way, that she quit reading the skittish magazines. Those were stirring times, and pandering to the sensations and emotions was not necessary. You could get a better thrill out of standing on the street-

corner and watching a regiment go by than from reading of the Bohemian passion of the artist for his model.

Barney was in training in the United States for nearly a year, and then was sent to the place where they seemed to be having all the trouble. He was there all of six weeks before the armistice was signed. He and a number of other potential heroes were vastly disappointed and had to read up on "Private Peat" and "The First Hundred Thousand" in order to be able to speak authentically of the horrors of war when they got home.

It was about this time that the stories began to be circulated in America that some phases of war are not so horrible as others, that the American soldier abroad was being systematically vamped by the French siren. Of course, this was only German propaganda, but how could wives and sweethearts know that?

But it didn't work out quite so horribly as the Germans must have figured. They must have thought that it would disrupt families and make old maids out of potential mothers, thus arriving eventually at national suicide. But as you know, the German mind does not work to a logical conclusion. It always proceeds to a point, just before the conclusion, which looks like a good place to stop, and then drops the subject just where O. Henry and the American mind in general puts the reverse kick into it that makes it interesting. Neither does the German mind comprehend woman. Neither does any mind, for that matter; but the German mind makes the mistake of thinking it does. See Schopenhauer.

The Teutonic prevision that the American woman was going to resent the idea that perhaps the American man had had a moderately good time in the Champagne district was absolutely correct. The step farther which the Hun failed to take was that the afore-said American woman, resenting this, would immediately get a move on herself to prove that the French hussy could not compete with the home-grown product in any field, including that of vamping.

(Note that we are blaming

"But I will do it," she said. "You shall have at your house a letter from me tomorrow. It shall be interesting and—a little affectionate, *n'est-ce pas?*"



everything upon the Germans. This is a popular modern pastime and may be done with impunity.)

When Barney Carver was discharged from the army after having been returned safely, it never occurred to him to mention any of his affairs with the French demoiselles of romance. Maybe he hadn't had any. Anyway, he was terribly surprised to find that the hiatus in his life, that period when he had been removed arbitrarily from all accustomed conditions, was regarded with suspicion, and that the filmy lingerie which he had purchased with the ultimate intention of presenting to the lady who stayed at home, was discovered before the gift had been accomplished, and cried over bitterly as the souvenir of one of those French creatures. As if any man would carry that kind of souvenir around in his baggage!

And even the photograph of the beautiful adventuress who had been shot as a spy and which he had purchased along with five hundred thousand other Americans, not because she was a spy but because she was a peach to look at—was that accepted at its face value *chez lui*? It was not. To Louise that girl was a *cocotte*, and she firmly believed that the original of the photograph had shared Barney's quarters during all the time that he was in France. Soldiers who know that Barney probably slept in the half of a stall not occupied by the original equine or bovine tenant will please not laugh.

Louise had the time of her life imagining her hero breaking transatlantic hearts. Barney did not know at first that she enjoyed weeping over his transgressions, but one day he accidentally overheard this conversation between his better fraction and the lady next door:

"He has changed a lot since he went away, Mrs. Temple. He always seems to be thinking about something."

Barney wondered if his expression formerly had been that of a vacant-minded idiot.

"What do you suppose he is thinking about?" Mrs. Temple inquired with easily aroused interest.

"I don't know for sure. It's the first thing in my husband's life that I have not shared: He says it is nothing, but I know some great experience has come to him 'over there'—a woman."

"Aren't you jealous?"

"I was at first—madly; but now I'm not. He is trying so bravely to hide it from me. And I have realized that my duty is to help him forget—to make up to him for what he has lost. She must have been very beautiful."

Barney did not hear any more. He had to run away for fear the sound of choking would attract their attention.

But he had learned two things. One of them was that the sense of humor he thought Louise had was a superficial veneer. Underneath it she was plain sentimental schoolgirl. The other discovery was that Louise found him much more interesting as a Lothario, even if he existed as such only in her imagination, than she had as a poor married fish who swam around faithfully in a transparent globe of domestic happiness.



He was terribly surprised to find that the hiatus in his life was regarded with suspicion.

Maybe she was right. What is more drab than the life which senses nothing over the horizon, an existence bounded entirely by known and familiar things? Louise was entitled to a little mystery. Barney wondered if he could learn to murmur words of endearment, in French, in his sleep. That would be a touch of artistry.

Now, marriage is something like fighting a great war; you don't win it all in one day. The foe does not turn tail and flee, never to come back; instead you have to be satisfied with minor successes. You dare not cease simply because you have turned one flank. The end of one day in your favor means simply that you must be prepared for something new to-morrow. Peace never ripped out stitches any faster than life can upset the foundations upon which domestic happiness appears to be based. All you can do is be ready to put in new ones as fast as the old crumble away.

This is apropos of the fact that in the course of time the glamour of the supposed romance in France wore off. Seeing Barney constantly around lulled Louise's suspicions. Much against her better judgment, she began to forgive and forget. Forgetting, she grew petulant. Barney found himself once more a sort of slave instead of a hero. His wife had gotten over her fear of losing him.

Barney felt worse about it than he had the first time—possibly because he had an inkling of what was the matter. But he did not know what to do.

"It would be silly to start a world war just to make my wife happy," he confided glumly to his bosomest friend, Julius Dempsey. Dempsey was the irresponsible lad who had slept next to Barney for the year or so he had been living at Uncle Sam's expense. He was young, unmarried, sort of blond and good-looking, but resourceful generally.

At least, he knew how to get jam from an army cook when there wasn't any.

Julius quite agreed with Barney that it was scarcely necessary to involve the entire world in an upheaval merely to get a bit out of his wife.

"Now, an ingenious chap ought to be able to think up something to take the place of war to put the spice of uncertainty into life."

"You are an ingenious chap," pointed out Barney. "That's why I came to you. What would you do?"

"But I'm not married," objected Julius. "You want the advice of some gray-haired beaver who knows all the little tricks of the game?"

"No, I don't," protested Barney. "I don't know of any married man that's so conspicuously happy that his advice is worth anything. What I need is some new light on the situation, a little raw, rough stuff."

"Be that as you will," Julius acquiesced. "But if you confide yourself to my tender mercies, you can't holler if it goes wrong."

"Why? Have you got an idea?"

"Not quite. Just an inkling. But I won't even spring it if you are apt to welsh about it afterwards."

"I promise. Honest, I can't be worse off than I am now, and I might just as well take a chance. What's your idea?"

"It's simply carrying out your statement that a woman likes to be a little bit jealous. And my first suggestion would be—why not receive an occasional letter written in French, by an obviously feminine hand?"

"Do you think that would do the trick?"

"Well, I don't know, but it seems to me by what I read about recent divorce-cases that letters have quite an effect. Let's try one."

"But you can't write French,—if you are suggesting that you send me these letters,—not good enough, anyway."

"Oh, I wouldn't do it myself, but there must be plenty of women French teachers right here in town who could put up a pretty good idea of a love-letter if they were paid for it. I'll arrange all that."

Barney shook his head. "No, you won't. I remember you of old. Your imagination is apt to carry you away. If there's going to be any arranging done, we are going to do it together. Your scheme sounds good enough to try, but any scheme would. Stick on your French teacher."

In the classified advertising columns of the daily papers they discovered a list of those who were willing to share their knowledge of the Gallic language with Americans at so much per share. The

th a Teach

than the life which
bounded entire
entitled to a life
to murmur would
would be a fine

at war; you don't
il and Bee, were
minor success
turned one fine
y that you must
orrow. Pend
er than life on
domestic happ
you can do it
fast as the air

at in the com
sed romance
stantly even
against her be
d forget. Pe
found him
of a hero. He
singing him.

he had the first
inkling of what
y what to do
rld war just
glumly to his
Dempsey was
t next to Be
living at Und
married, sort of
ceful generally
ook when they

rcely necessary
y to get a rise

think up some
ncertainty in

ney. "That's

ant the advi
e tricks of the

y of any ma
dvice is worth
e situation, I

if you could
goes wrong."

a spring it

m now, and I

woman like
would be
rench, by m

I read about
t. Let's try

ing that you

be plenty of
uld put up a
for it. It

mber you of
there's going
ether. You
ould. Bring

papers they
ir knowledge
share. But



"And you—you are the cur who lured her from me! I who have suffered for democracy, who have fought and bled in Fielders' Flan—no, I mean Flounders' Field—you treacherous hound!"

ney copied off the addresses of several who sounded as if they might be feminine, and the two friends hired a taxicab and started the rounds.

The first place they struck was a regular school with a dozen teachers, and Julius' scheme was so bizarre that it seemed impossible to broach it in the atmosphere of such a reputable place. But the next address turned out to be a boarding-house, and the advertiser was a single woman who had the use of the parlor on certain days for her French pupils—if she had any. Of the pupils Barney was inclined to be skeptical. She certainly had none when they called, and her appearance did not argue that prosperity had greatly attended her efforts.

She was a shabby little mouse, very thin and severely dressed, which did not help her any. The men got the impression that she was a grayish-brown creature, blending indistinctly with the boarding-house background. But she was pleasant enough, and Barney rather hesitatingly outlined his scheme, or rather his friend's scheme.

She did him the honor of laughing at the absurdity of the idea.

"But I will do it," she said with the precise enunciation of a teacher. "You shall have at your house a letter from me to-morrow. It shall be interesting and—a little affectionate, *n'est-ce pas?* Good afternoon, gentlemen."

This was at the door, and the two men turned away. In the street Julius grinned at his friend. "See how simple it is?"

Barney wasn't so sure. "You are so full of ideas that it seems funny to me you haven't got a wife to spring some of them on."

"No, there's nothing to beckon me on in this matrimonial game," replied Julius. "I've been exposed, and I'm immune."

"But you'll have to get married now that the country has gone dry," argued Barney. "What will you do for excitement? There won't be any place to go evenings."

"Leave that to me. If necessary I will go around visiting my married friends and listen to them scrap."

Barney had forgotten all about the trick he was trying to play on his wife when he returned from business the next afternoon. But he was reminded of it sharply when he found on the table

in the hall of his apartment a letter addressed in an unfamiliar handwriting to "Monsieur Barnard Carver." The envelope was a new one, not the shape of the American note. He turned it over and felt along the flap and smiled as he did so. He held it up to the light and examined it closely. Yes, it had doubtless been steamed and resealed. A little of the mucilage remained on the flap, and he dropped it into his pocket and hummed a little tune to himself.

Louise kissed him as if he were a strange relative visiting from Buenos Aires. She was so very frigid that Barney wondered surprise had not worked too well.

"You seem very happy to-night," she commented. "Always merry and bright," quoted Barney.

"Some good news to-day, perhaps?" suggested Barney with affected indifference.

"Oh, nothing in particular."

"Did you get the letter which came for you?" asked carelessly, as if she had just thought of it.

"You mean the one in the hall, dear?" he demanded.

"I think that's where the maid left it," she returned.

"Yes, I got it."

No further reference was made to the matter during the meal, which was more of a gastronomical success than a social one. Louise hardly ate anything, and Barney couldn't think of anything to say that seemed to please her.

After dinner she suggested: "I suppose you will be wanting to read your mail."

"What mail?"—elaborately.

"Why, the letter or letters you got to-day. You haven't read them already, have you?"

"I had practically forgotten. I just dropped that letter in my overcoat pocket. It's an ad, I expect."

Louise smiled. "As if you didn't recognize the handwriting!"

"Well, I didn't," Barney answered with absolute adherence to the truth. He really had never seen the handwriting before in his life. "If it is anything I want to know about, I will read it to-morrow at the office."

"Rather not do it before me, I suppose," Louise returned. "Well, I don't know that I can blame you. It is difficult to keep one's face straight."

Barney pretended not to notice, and read the evening paper, hiding his grin behind the outstretched sheet.

THE chill in the Carver household had not worn off by morning, and Barney departed for the office, followed by a gloomy mist. Louise refused to yield to breakfast-table endearments.

At the office Barney opened the letter. Not so much because he gave a darn, but because he was curious to guess from its contents what reaction it would have upon Louise.

There were eight sheets of it, closely written in very complicated French. It was too good for Barney. He had no acquaintance, speaking or otherwise, with any of the words which the lady had employed.

Neither had Julius Dempsey, to whom he showed the letter at noon. "Gee, that girl certainly had a lot to say to you, didn't she?" said Julius with respect in his voice. "If she can love you that much for five dollars, what couldn't she do if she put her mind to it?"

The Carvers had among their friends a Mrs. Bensley, who had been born in France. To her Barney finally took his letter in desperation. She read the first few lines and then laughed.

"Why?" Barney demanded.

"Because this is exactly the same letter your wife asked me to translate this morning. The only difference is that hers was written in her own handwriting. One of these is a copy of the other."

Barney grinned. "Then she knows what's in it?"

"I'm afraid she does."

"Is it so very bad?"

"Well, not so very. This lady says here that she remembers the promises you made to her in France and that now she has come to America to find you, and that you will be very happy together. There is a good deal more."

"That's enough," said Barney. "I think I can get the idea without any further explanation. Thanks awfully."

He retrieved his letter from his (Continued on page 19)

Where she or Julius Dempsey could have gotten the dress was a mystery. Barney had never seen a costume like it.



an unfamiliar
elope was a
turned it over
d it up to the
been steamed
on the flap
to himself
tive visiting
wondered if

commented
Barney,
suggested Lou

for you?"
ht of it.
he demanded
she returned

matter during
al success than
ng, and Barney
seemed to plan

ose you will be

y. You have

ropped that he
pect."
gnize the hand

absolute admi
n the handwri
want to know
."

Louise returned

ou. It is dis

ad the evening
ed sheet.

had not want
ted for the
fused to yield

Not so much
was curious
uld have upon

ritten in very
Barney. He
se, with two
oyed.

he showed her
a lot to say
in his voice
dollars, when

frs. Beautiful
finally took
st few lines

your will
ly difference
riting. Out

it?"

that she re-
France and
u, and the
good deal

can get the
s awful"

page 131

8313



She started violently. "The door!
Who shut the door? I heard it
just now—while you kissed me!"

YOU know just what to expect in
stories by May Edginton, that is to say,
you get exactly what you don't expect.
That's what happens in the case of—

The AFFAIR in the RESTAURANT

By MAY EDGINTON

Illustrated by FRANCIS VAUX WILSON

THE two men, the one oldish, gray and set, the other young, light and eager, emerged at the same moment from the same famous portal, separated without a word, entered two taxicabs that drove up as if summoned, and departed in opposite ways. At about eight-thirty the oldish man stepped into the vestibule of the most cosmopolitan restaurant in London, yielded up his hat, stick and coat to a cloak-room attendant, buttonholed the manager for a few words spoken in the familiar manner of an old habitu , and walked in to dinner. Here, in the restaurant itself, he was given a table in a corner, and he sat down alone. The hum of dinner was at its height, and the orchestra played like the sweet winds of spring in a fever.

At eight-forty-five there came into the restaurant with a peculiarly gracious walk, a little woman. She was met by the manager, to whom she nodded, and he escorted her to a table laid for one which had been kept vacant. "The best I can do for you to-night, madame," he said, pulling out her chair, and himself presenting the menu. She smiled at him, cuddling in her lap her toy dog, which had a wet nose, a wet, restless tongue, saucer-eyes and a trailly coat soft as silk. She took the menu, saying to the manager in a voice like a caress: "What shall I have to-night?"

Then, when she had slipped her cloak from her shoulders to the chair-back, and settled the dog, she put her small white elbows on the table, her small white chin in her small white hands, and under her beautiful hat put on like a Frenchwoman's, looked around.

Her eyes stayed for a nearly imperceptible moment on the sturdy and debonair man enjoying his dinner at a table in a corner directly within her range of vision. She looked away. The wine-waiter, with a lingering smile for her, brought her a cocktail. She drank it with a relish that was yet dainty. Then she looked into the dog's eyes, stroked its nose and whispered: "Violets!"

The little dog pricked his silk ears; his body stiffened, and he nosed around till he traced something to the hiding-place of a pocket in her cloak, a fold of which still lay over her lap. She smiled. "Sweet little Violets," she whispered, "go to sleep." The dog curled himself up obediently; and the waiter brought oysters. As she ate, she looked once or twice, in a mirror on the opposite

wall, at the sturdy and debonair man eating his dinner. He remained uninterested—save in his dinner. She considered thoughtfully his red face, his gray hair, his nice clothes and his benign air of *bon viveur*. While she was taking a third look at him through the mediary of the big glass, the orchestra, which had been resting, broke into a smooth, soft and swaying song, and one of the violins, putting aside his instrument, stood up to sing. He was a tall man with a white face, red hair and brown eyes, rather arresting; and a lull fell in the waves of talk that broke ceaselessly around the walls of the restaurant like ripples on a shore. And in a great baritone voice he sang:

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now?

As he sang, he turned his eyes from one quarter of the room to another, as if he sought some one to whom to address his offering of song, and soon he found her. A little woman sitting at a table alone, in an evening frock and a French hat, with a dog on her lap and a black cloak slung over her chair-back, was leaning forward on her elbows and looking at him straight as a die, a half-smile on her parted lips.

So he turned to her and sang:

Whom do you lead on rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonize them in farewell?

The song swelled and sank and died away; he bowed first to her, then to the general applause. He looked back to her; she was making the slightest motion of the hand, still smiling. She had eyes like stars. So, with an air of proper humility concealing triumph, the red-haired man stepped from the platform, made his way to her table and bowed before her.

She murmured: "How well you sing! Will you sit down?"

He sat down across the tiny table, and moved aside the flowers that stood between them. She had a very small, oval face, well-shaped, but it was her mouth that was positively wonderful. It too was very small, but very full and very red, unaided by art.



The manager rested spread finger-tips on the table. "Any of your wishes, madame, must certainly be granted. But we must delay this song for a few minutes. A distressing duty has fallen upon me, madame."

"You are very kind, madam."

She looked across thoughtfully into the opposite mirror. The red-faced *gourmet* was now speaking very jovially indeed to the manager, who was standing beside his table. In the mirror could be seen also a woman on the other side of the room searching in a handbag and fussing to her vis-à-vis as if she had lost something. And there was a sea of other people.

THE little woman turned to the violinist and said quickly, quietly and distressfully: "I'm in a dilemma."

"Can I help, madam?" said the deferential man.

"You can help. See, I am talking to you about your music, and I don't know where have you studied? How fine your voice is! I am in a pretty bad dilemma. I have on me at this moment one thousand pounds' worth of pearls which I can't do without for to—my husband."

The red-haired violinist smiled. They smiled at each other, she smiling yet mischievously, like a minx caught tripping; he merely as a man. And she went on:

"Look straight in front of you. You will see a red-faced man with gray hair. Well, that is my husband."

The violinist looked over to the corner as bidden, and perhaps his eye lighted and darkened for a fraction of a second; then it assumed a polite and opaque impassivity. There was sympathy in his faint smile as he murmured: "Your husband is too old for you. It is the hardest thing in the world for an old man to tolerate the natural capriciousness of a young wife."

She sighed. Her eyes were wandering about the restaurant. The fussy female with the obvious handbag had now called the manager to her table; and as they conferred, they looked down the room at the little woman in the French hat chatting with the red-haired violinist. She, with her elbows on the table, her chin in her palms, leaned over to him.

"Put your elbows on the table, if you do not mind. Thanks."

"What is your name?"

"Jocelyn, madam."

"Thanks again. Mine is Mrs. Gina Vallella. You'll need to know it because of what I want you to do. And you will wonder why I am asking you."

"I never wonder at a woman, madam."

"You're wise. We should always be taken exactly as you find us at the moment. I am asking you to do a little thing for me because—well, there is no one else I know here to-night, and—you looked at me as you sang. I made up my mind to trust you." She bowed to him. He bowed.

"My husband heard me ring up and book a table here to-night. And so—you see for yourself, here he is. You also see I am sitting here alone. I often come here. They know me. It cheers me up. Then I go home, and my bear asks: 'Where have you been and with whom?' Now to-night, when I am ready to go, he will be ready too and will take me home, and he will look in my cloak-pocket to see if I have any letters—and he'll find those pearls in a case. And then—well, isn't life a perplexity?"

"I cannot fail to be for a woman so pretty as you."

She just smiled. "And now your elbows are on the table. So are mine. We are literally aboveboard. In a moment the case of pearls will slide off my knee against your foot. You will make your occasion to pick it up. And then you will mail it to me, please—Mrs. Gina Vallella, Gray's Hotel, Albemarle Street."

"It is a very slight service. I would like to do more for you."

"You will do more. You will sing again."

"You are too sweet to me, madam."

The manager was threading his way toward them through the tables. His face wore a deprecating look.

JUST here entered a young man in evening dress of perfection, a man light, keen and eager, boyish yet wise, gay yet bored; there he was, a blood, the latest 1919 pattern.

His entry checked the manager's progress for a second while the young man was quickly allotted a table from which another diner had lately risen. He sat down, looked around, and his gaze fastened, as the gaze of others had done, on Mrs. Gina Vallella.

The little woman had noted his entry, caught the look, and her eyes went down modestly, then rose again to look at the violinist. The manager was now near them.

"How long," she was asking, "have you sung here? I haven't been near the place for a fortnight. Your engagement is new? A week?" A very faint reek of violets arose; the little dog stirred, growled faintly, was suppressed; and something light, flat and slipped against the red-haired man's foot.

The manager reached them, wearing by now a look of ineffable distress and contrition.

The little woman glanced up at him. It was between courses, and she was fitting a cigarette into a long holder of real jade.

"Meurice," said she with the privileged air that all charming women have the right to assume, "I am asking this Mr. Jocelyn of yours to give me 'I'll Sing Three Songs of Araby.' We have had the most enjoyable talk about music. Did I ever tell you that I myself have studied at the Leipsic Conservatoire?"

The manager rested spread finger-tips upon the table.

"Any of your wishes, madame, must certainly be granted. But—we must delay this song for a few minutes. A distressing duty has fallen upon me, madame. I am most unhappy—I am desperately unhappy, madame—"

"My good Meurice?"

"A lady, madame—" His glance, indicating the flurried woman with the handbag, expressed: "Just a female, a frump, a nobody, a nuisance, of no account at all, but choice is not mine." Then his tongue continued glibly: "A lady, madame—you see her over there, a gray dress, a gray bag; very red in the face just now,—she has lost a case containing four pound-notes. She had it half an hour ago in the dressing-room; she put it down with a handful of other trifles while she powdered her nose—which in my opinion, madame, no attention of the sort would improve; but *que voulez vous?* And she doesn't remember taking it up again. You, madame, were washing your hands within an inch of her. You understand me? I am most unhappy."

She regarded Meurice with frozen disdain.

"You tell me seriously that a person—"

"That lady you see there, madame."

"Suggests that I—I—"

"Exactly, madame. An outrage! But I beg Madame, as a favor to this management to which in the past she has been so kind, to step into a private room for a moment; I will send an attendant Madame knows. . . . I shall of course insist on the humblest apology being made."

The red-haired violinist looked from Meurice to the lady, and from the lady to Meurice, with opaque brown eyes.

MRS. GINA VALLELLA, her dog held to her breast, her face full of disdain, rose from her chair. "Tell the waiter, Meurice," she said, looking at him with a wonderful good humor, considering the situation, "that I shall be back in five minutes. I leave my cloak here. You may search the pocket of that yourself if you like."

"Oh, madame! I will keep an eye on your cloak. And you leave your gloves? Yes. Yes, I look after your things. They will serve you your woodcock in exactly seven minutes."

Mrs. Gina Vallella and the female in gray met at the door; the female was full of dignity and fluster, Mrs. Vallella of a coldness so icy that it expressed neither rage nor scorn. Meurice was treading close behind them. He sent for a woman attendant and said a few words to her. He regarded the gray female with malevolence, Gina with tender pity. The three women went off together. He turned back into his restaurant. His gaze flitted for a moment across to the *bon viveur* in the corner, who was finishing his well-chosen dinner. Then the manager retraced his steps to the table where the red-haired violinist was still sitting.

"Ah-h, Jo-celyn," said Meurice, "you go play something now? They wait."

The man called Jocelyn roused himself from thought, bent down absently, picked up the table napkin which Gina had dropped, put it on the table, and rose.

"A nasty thing to happen!" he said.

"Ah-h! Ah-h," said Meurice, redraping Gina's cloak with appreciative fingers over the chair.

"We'll play a foxtrot now, and when the lady comes back, I will sing her a song of Araby."

"She may poss-i-bly—just poss-i-bly—not care about the rest of her dinner," said Meurice, and he spoke with regret.

The violinist went softly back to the dais, took up his instrument, and the orchestra broke into the gay and snatching music of the latest foxtrot.

The *gourmet* in the corner leaned back and accepted a light for his cigar. The young blood, fair, keen, eager and wise, leaned forward on his elbows, casting glances toward Mrs. Vallella's chair.

The stoutish man in the corner began to enjoy his good cigar as he had enjoyed his good dinner. Hardly a lift of his eyebrow summoned Meurice to him. The restaurant manager stood leaning spread finger-tips on the table.

"A beautiful woman," he considered regretfully, "should have

the freedom of all the cities in the world. She should take from life anything she wants, when she wants. For see! What does she not give to life! The whole of joy!"

"In my soul, I agree with you, my friend," answered the stout man blandly. "However, now and again we must suppose that circumstances compel—"

"Quite so!" said Meurice, spreading his hands.

Five minutes passed, six, and seven minutes. Meurice still stood there chatting. And then he lifted his eyes, saying: "Ah-h! Ah-h!" The young man sat up; the stout man gave attention. Quite quietly, but in her noticeable manner of one making a royal entry, Gina appeared in the doorway and walked down the room.

She settled herself in her chair. The red-haired violinist, as he stood, turned his body and played to her. Immediately Meurice was at her side, signing to her waiter. He replenished her glass with his own hand and a flourish.

"The woodcock will be just ready, madame."

The little woman was unhurried, but in the soft timbre of her voice trembled a note of indignation.

"Your client—on whom I do not congratulate you, Meurice—had me searched."

"Madame's kind submission was voluntary, of course."

"Of course! But I can't stand women's hands on me! However, they are thoroughly satisfied now."

"It could not be otherwise, madame."

"Certainly not. I had that damned cat apologize."

"Oh, madame! Madame! Of course, the most humble apology could not possibly meet the occasion."

"I had her apologize in the most abject terms before Louise, the cloak-room attendant. I insisted that she should crawl. I think she has now left in a taxi."

"I should not welcome her back here, madame."

"Sweet, sweet little Violets!" She kissed the dog, who looked up anxiously into her face. "The bird is very good, Meurice."

"Entirely as you like it, madame?"

"Entirely."

"Madame will, I trust, forget."

"I am forgetting already, Meurice. And—Meurice, if you have ice pudding for me, I shall never remember again."

"Ah-h! Everything as you wish, madame."

And he moved away chuckling and sighing and thinking as much as a restaurant manager has time to think on any of the comedies enacted daily under his eyes.

Enjoying her woodcock leisurely, the little woman looked around. The foxtrot was finished. The red-haired violinist was leaning over the piano-top chatting with the pianist. She must have been speculating about him: "Can I trust him? Have I really his sympathy? Did

She did not smile at all, but there must have been thoughts in her head: "He wants to come here and speak to me. Shall I? I sha'n't I?" Before she had made any answer to herself, however, he had left his table and was standing before her.

He had a most pleasing voice full of amusement.

"Ah, Mrs.—"

"Vallella," she murmured under her breath.

"Mrs. Vallella,"—she looked up at him, and there passed between them the little old joke of pretending acquaintance.

"may I sit here with you?"

She murmured: "If you like. I have just finished dinner."

signaled her waiter.

"You'll take coffee with me?" said the young man passionately.

"Shall I?"

"Don't you think so? Waiter—" She played pensively with the little dog's ears while he gave their order.

Then he turned to her and said simply, gazing into her eyes: "I have been staring at you ever since I came in."

She glanced down thoughtfully and smiled. The young man regained his breath and whispered: "You are adorable!"

Gina looked at him softly if ironically. And no matter what purpose he may have come to her table, there was at once one thought in his head; it was a thought with which she was always able to fill men's heads, and she knew it: "To his glory, my God!"

The piano and two violins began an old refrain.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "He is going to sing."

The red-haired baritone straightened himself from his leaning attitude on the piano-top, turned toward her.

"I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby."

The little woman listened with her chin on her palms and her eyes down, giving the young man opposite a chance of an unrebuked at her most exquisite mouth.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
And tales of far Kashmir,
Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a tear.

The young man turned a languid glance in the direction of the singer.

He leaned near Mrs. Vallella.

"Heard an interesting thing about the fella. Heard it from a fella who knows about the underworld and all that, intimately, don't you know? Meurice engaged him just on trial a week ago. Can sing, can he? Well, a fella told me this man here was one of the biggest professional crooks in the city. Got about a dozen aliases, and known by the police all over Europe. Now, I can't say that a perfectly good thriller. What?"

She suddenly looked up at the blasé boy with widely dilated eyes.

Jocelyn went down like an ox; and there he lay, with the younger man dropped on top of him, feeling with hands like eyes for the case of pearls.

about two seconds she did not speak. Then:

"My God! Listen!" she whispered. "I must tell you! What have I done? Help me!"

"My dear lady, I will do anything to help you."

"You mean it?"

"I am yours."

"I have just given that man—a perfect stranger—a case of pearls worth a thousand pounds to keep for me. I called him to my table, passed him the pearls and made him promise to bring them to me to-morrow morning."

"Good heavens!"

"I must have them again to-night."

"A simple matter. I'll go to the (Continued on page 51)



I appeal to him as woman to man? Will he mail those pearls to-morrow morning?" She must have had some such thought; it would have been impossible that she should feel the complete and innocent restfulness expressed on her charming face.

As she glanced idly over the restaurant, she met the full and admiring gaze of the young blade.

She cast her eyes down. He continued to look at her steadily.



The MAN with THREE NAMES

is the title of this sparkling
serial story of the present year

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Illustrated by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

The Story So Far

HE HAD seen her twice—once in the Savoy, and again when he caught sight of her mounting the gangplank of the American-bound steamer. But her face was the face of his Ideal! So he sought out her father, Dunleigh Mansfield, who had made his millions from iron and steel—and the hearts and souls of lesser men. "I am called Brandon Cathewe," he said. "By profession I am a writer. I have a little money. I wish the honor of paying court to your daughter." Mansfield, scornfully amused, made a proposition tending to end the affair once and for all: "Go to Bannister and make good; then come to me. I will introduce you personally to my daughter, provided she is not already married by that time." In Bannister, Mansfield's town, there arose at last a strong opposing force. It was *The Herald*, owned and edited by Cathewe. Doctor Maddox and his daughter Nancy were the young editor's closest friends in Bannister. The Doctor warned him that his opposition to Mansfield would lead to his undoing. Cathewe refused to give up his policy of reform. He said: "Doctor, what would you say if I told you that I am a man with three names? I have an assumed one. By that name I make a modest living honorably. Brandon Cathewe are my given names. . . . Have you ever heard of Digby Hallowell?" Maddox became thoughtful.

While discussing the novels of George Cottar, their favorite author, Elizabeth Mansfield told her dearest friend Nancy Maddox of her own romance—the mysterious reception of wonderfully beautiful letters from an unknown man which ended only with the vague promise: "Some day I will come to you."

CHAPTER V

ON the sunny side of a huge boulder on the top of a rusty green hill sat a man with a small book on his knees. He wore a gray flannel shirt, a pair of brown corduroy trousers much battered for wear, and a pair of ugly russet walking-boots.

From time to time his gaze would rove over the top of the book to the dancing waters of the great fresh-water sea half a mile or more to the north. Eastward, above the brown and green and scarlet boscaje, several church-spires were visible in the late September haze. There lay the city of Bannister.

Whenever the man's gaze went back to his book, his expression was one of contentment. Whenever his gaze shifted toward the spires, an ironical smile twisted up the corners of his lips. It was when he looked at the water and the sky that an observer might have caught the vague glimpse of a poet's soul.

"Clouds!" he said aloud in a kind of ecstasy.

Fairy castles and witches' caverns and Ali Baba's caves, rolling billows of white with ice-blue shadows and patches of intense blue, clouds with the zenith and the dancing sapphire waters for a frame.

He frowned, for the smudge in the east again came into his range of vision. They were after him, down there. Nearly all the local advertising had fallen away; the stockholders were exhibiting signs of restiveness; and that signified that Mansfield or his agents had approached them. Still, he had their solemn promises that neither Mansfield nor his accredited agents would lay a finger on the stock, that under no provocation would they sell to the lord of Polygon Hill. Cathewe knew that he could have settled the matter by a stroke of the pen.

What made him dodder and risk betrayal? There was no logical reason at all why he shouldn't buy out the disgruntled stockholders and make his grip on *The Herald* absolute and permanent. There was something quicksilver about this hesitance to act as he knew he ought to act, for he could not grasp it.

Had his diatribes and the success of *The Herald* brought Mansfield home? He wondered. What an instrument to play on, this shifting, volatile thing called the public! People in Bannister who had to work had finally accepted *The Herald* as their pilot, whether the subject was war, politics or religion. Power, a strong arm and a shield for the weak! To have sought the bird of paradise, and to have found the eagle!

His thought went to his mother. What a thoroughbred she was, to stick to him on this crazy adventure, to follow his fortunes, when she might have remained in the peace and seclusion of the villa up Fiesole way, with that riot of roses in the springtime and the sun on the red roofs of Florence!

Cathewe, her maiden name—and to be forced to prefix it with Mrs. in order to share his fortunes! And always just a little worried for fear some one from the old world she had known might cross her path and recognize her. It would have been better for them both had she remained in Italy, to have let him work out his amazing destiny alone. But what would he have done without her? When he was tired, discouraged and heartachy, to go home to her and sit in the twilight while she soothed him with that marvelous art of hers—his mother and his comrade! And the joy of sitting beside her on the piano bench, an arm around her, while she improvised and talked at the same time. God bless her! And it was inevitable that some day he would have to leave her. For he recognized the trend of events. America could not stay out of this war much longer.

The thousand doors of fate, as the ancient Chinaman had said! A thousand open doors, and he had entered this one, to find

himself. That was the amazing part of it. A chance and the dark—and here was the chosen highway, obstructed, yes, but now clearly defined. No more blind alleys leading nowhere, no more doddering and doubting. And all because a woman's face had filled him with flame. That beautiful face, then, had been merely a signpost to direct him on his way. He had gone aboard that ship, his head full of wondrous plans for the future—plans that were now here he was in Bannister.

Human beings could get over most things—love; and he knew that his sense of chagrin was slowly but surely effecting a cure. The face of an angel and the soul of a butterfly! There was a niche for a butterfly in his plan of life, a golden, consequent butterfly. The world was on fire—she could dance!

What possessed a man, he wondered, to fall in love with a picture? For that was what he had done. A picture, inexpressibly lovely, but still a picture. Twice, during the past two weeks, he had seen her in her limousine, her face in the cool shade of an old-fashioned Leghorn hat. There was a quaintness in her air that reminded him of Botticelli.

And she was shallow.

Three or four times he had been on the point of quitting Nancy, but Nancy was a shrewd that he was afraid to suspect the character of his interest. . . . Nancy Why couldn't he fall in love with Nancy, pretty and whole some and homely, with her broad, sensible outlook, her kindness and tenderness, her deep sympathy for his cause. What fun it was, dropping there for tea and chattering about books! The only home save his own, he ever entered. Why had the butterfly crossed his path before he had seen the bee? That was one of life's ironies.

But was he getting over it? Was the cure really in process? If so, why had he gone up to Polygon Hill the other night, in the rain, to stand on the sidewalk and hoi polloi, while the elite of Bannister emerged from their limousines and taxies to pass under a canvas canopy that three hundred feet long. What freakish curiosity had impelled him to wait there like a yokel, for nothing. There had been no earthly hope of seeing the butterfly in whose honor this affair had been arranged. Vaguely he had sensed the urge of one of those wild, spectacular plunges of his: to walk in, uninvited and as welcome as the plague, and demand of Mansfield that he carry out his end of the absurd agreement, since Bannister had become a force in the city of Bannister. But he not already fashioned a flaming sword, and wasn't he striking sound and rugged blows against the predatory in the interests of the weak? And as evidence, wasn't Dunleigh Mansfield throwing the full weight of his power against *The Herald*? To have walked into that magnificent hallway, in his rain-soaked clothes, and demanded an introduction to Betty Mansfield!

The vast humor of such an exploit, his perfect sense of the dénouement, had doubtless saved him from committing it. He had burst forth into a gale of sardonic laughter, much to the astonishment of hoi polloi who had peered at him suspiciously from under teetering umbrellas. . . .



Something had been written on the top sheet—a name, repeated many times! "George Cottar!"

There came an interruption—the whine of an automobile. A man had to climb the Matterhorn these days to find solitude.

"Sandy!" cried a woman's voice from the far side of the boulder.

"Sandy, come here! Sandy!" The automobile whizzed by. Cathewe recovered his book and stood up resentfully. But this resentment died swiftly.

On the slope just beyond the ditch—where he had been flung by an Airedale, motionless. Kneeling beside him was Betty Mansfield, her hands clenched against her bosom, her eyes full of unshed tears.

"My dog! My friend and comrade!"

CHAPTER VI

CATHEWE dropped his book, ran across, looked at the dog for a moment or two, then picked him up tenderly and carried him back to the sunny side of the boulder, where there was a patch of warm clover. The girl followed humbly. Not a word was spoken until Cathewe put his hand over the dog's heart.

"Is—he dead?" she whispered.

"No!" His hands roved hither and yon over the dog's body. "We'll wait a minute. I can't find any breaks. Probably stunned."

"My poor Sandy!"

A moment later Cathewe received a slight but pleasurable shock. He had reached for the dog's head the same instant as she, and their hands touched. A great bitterness swept over him; for the aftermath of that pleasurable shock was the knowledge that he still cared.

A shudder ran over the Airedale; and presently the stump of his tail began to beat the turf feebly.

"Sandy?"—joyously.

"He's all right," said Cathewe confidently. "Simply knocked out. He's in luck. It's mighty hard to keep a dog these days; and yet I can't honestly blame the motorists. The animals will run at the cars. This is a particularly fine breed. Never saw anything like him around these parts. Big and strong enough to tackle bear." He began to pat the broad head, and the wag of the tail became more energetic.

The girl on her part began to observe. First the hand, which was lean and brown and well kept. The sleeve of the shirt, however, was frayed at the cuff. The shirt also lacked the top button, and there was a sunburned patch at the base of the throat.

Brown corduroys, such as Italian road-menders wore, and the hems were tucked into dusty russet half-boots. (As a matter of fact, Cathewe kept these togs in the office, where he could don them whenever the lure of the highway called, which was every day when the weather was good.) The sight of his face, however, had the effect of a blow. Where had she seen this handsome, vigorous face before? Somewhere—she was positive of that. Fine, sensitive gray eyes, and a mouth which would have been called beautiful in a woman. And above this mouth she saw the

replica of her father's nose. Then, from the corner of her eye, she saw the book. Jules Fabre, in the original! The face and hands of an artist, the clothes of a day-laborer, and a volume of Fabre on insects! She almost forgot the dog.

Here, Sandy struggled to his feet, sniffed the grass, his mistress' dress, the man's boots, then shook himself, rather groggily, as all dogs shake themselves upon coming out of water.

"Sandy is all right. Eh, old top?" Cathewe held out his hand.

The dog eyed the hand quizzically, and approached. He permitted the strange hand to stroke his head, and his tail wagged a little.

"Well!" said Betty, getting up.

"What's the matter?"

"Sandy never permits strangers to touch him."

"But I'm no stranger!"—whimsically.

"What, you have met him before?"

"Oh, no. But all dogs know me," said Cathewe, picking up his book. "Fine comrades, aren't they? You never have to explain anything to them; they fall in with, they never resent, your moods. To be a kind of god to something! We humans first began to love dogs because they flattered us. I had a little dog a while gone. He was just plain dog. His pedigree was as numerous as a zebra's stripes. But that didn't matter. We understood each other at once. Whenever he laid his head on my knees and looked into my eyes, I wanted to be a better man if I could. But a city man can't keep a dog these days. They will dash at the motors. And Diogenes paid the penalty."

"He was killed?"

"Yes—instantly."

"I'm sorry. Diogenes! To die, after having found an honest man!" She smiled.

"I wonder." He let his gaze stray off toward the lake. "Am I honest, or do I merely think I am honest?"

Of all the unusual men! was her thought. What a beautiful head! Certainly she had seen it before. But where? She must



The solution, he supposed, lay in the fact that she was Dunleigh Mansfield's daughter; her indifference was a part of her inheritance.



Betty walked over to him and stooped. "You may kiss me for that."

The Man

and out who
about Bannis
"What ma
"A thorough
sty through
been doing o
"Pardon, b
"I dare sa
"Probabl
"original?"
"Good me
"I suppose
"Indeed, a
an nt city,

SHE
osit
him abed, t
Presently
carefully he
leave sent
Battalious a
"They se
See all thos
She gazed
hold of the
subways. V
visible. Th
had been ov
"Why, it
stones like
something her

"All citie
off the roof
used to wa
bit. Fabre
These shor
ent it?"

"Treming
beings must
She felt

"Good he
me sad.
men must
hundred ye
of hate. A

"You bel
"We are
saw in the
with a lon
full of ma
the bear s
and drage
splinters.

ing so muc
Well, when
those little
bring bligh
we investig

The Air
shock of h
chuck-holes

OS
to her bra
own sort,
ently he l
not in the
not introd
free to re
by. She
Bannister.
clothes nor
their studi
and what
knew ever
Doubtless
still retain
him before
Cathew

and out who he was. No man so odd as this one could wander about Bannister without being known.

"What makes you dodder?" she asked.

"A thoroughly honest man ought not to be putting his honesty through the mill of self-analysis; and that's what I have been doing of late."

"Pardon, but I really want to know. Have I ever met you?"

"I dare say you have seen me from your car."

"Probably that is it. Fabre. You are reading him in the original?"

"Good mental exercise."

"I suppose the ant's life must be very interesting to you."

"Indeed, all life is interesting. Come along: I will show you in an ant city, a Canton of the insect world."

SHE ought to have thanked him and declined; but her curiosity was of the most compelling kind. So she followed him as he led the dog at her heels.

Presently the philosopher came to a broad flat stone. Very carefully he put his fingers under the edge, and with a quick shove sent the stone over. The cavity was aswarm with ants. Battalions and regiments scurried about.

"They seem panic-stricken, but they are not. Now watch. See all those white eggs?"

She gazed fascinated at the black atoms. They were taking hold of the eggs and drawing them rapidly into innumerable subways. Within two minutes there were but half a dozen ants visible. These crossed and recrossed the city to see if any stores had been overlooked. At length they too disappeared.

"Why, it is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "And I have passed stones like this all my life, and never dreamed of what was occurring beneath. Thanks."

"All cities—human cities—would look like that, if you tore off the roofs. But this is an ancient affair to me. As a boy I used to watch these ants, and I'm afraid I poked them up a bit. Fabre only renewed my interest. Notice the grass-roots. These shore up the thousand labyrinths. Rather wonderful, isn't it?" He waved a hand toward the surrounding hills. "Teeming with life and eternal war. And once again human beings must try their hand at it. 'What fools these mortals be!'"

She felt vaguely disappointed. "You are a pacifist?"

"Good heavens, no! But it is all so horribly useless. It makes me sad. The world—the earth—so generous and kindly, and men must go on killing each other. And this war will last a hundred years. (Four or five years of war and ninety-five years of hate. And soon we shall be hurled into it.)"

"You believe that?"

"We are a white people, aren't we? But we are like a bear I once saw in the zoo. He was asleep. The attendant began to prod him with a long pole. The bear stirred uneasily. The attendant, full of malice, persisted. After a few minutes of this baiting, the bear suddenly raised his head, caught the pole in his jaws and dragged it from the attendant's hands, and broke it into splinters. Then he raged up and down the bars, wanting nothing so much as to treat the attendant as he had treated the pole. Well, when we wake up, there won't be any bars. . . . See those little white butterflies? Always exterminate them, for they bring blight to flowers. There's another flat stone. Suppose we investigate."

The Airedale, having by this time fully recovered from the shock of his accident, began to inspect sundry rabbit- and woodchuck-holes, enlarging some of them futilely.

OSTENSIBLY Betty was interested in the new ant-city, but her eyes did not convey any memorable impressions to her brain. That was busy with conjecture. A man of her own sort, because he was courteous and unembarrassed. Apparently he knew she was Dunleigh Mansfield's daughter, and was not in the least awed by the fact. That pleased her. He did not introduce himself, which was another good sign. It left her free to recognize him the next time they met, or to pass him by. She was now quite confident that he was not a native of Bannister. An out-of-doors man and a scholar; the shabby clothes now fitted into the scheme of things. Men did not pursue their studies in natural history dressed as for a tea-party. Who and what was he? Nancy Maddox would know; for Nancy knew everybody in Bannister. He would be very easy to describe. Doubtless she would be meeting him during the winter. She still retained the vague impression, however, that she had seen him before, and not in Bannister.

Cathewe discoursed lightly and fluently and interspersed his

impromptu lecture on natural history with a few happy jests. He talked like a man who was intensely interested in his subject. And yet, back of this ready flow of words, back of the knowledge that impelled them, was another thought. She was lovely and unspoiled. Somehow he wished she had been a bit offish, a little more artificial; this would have confirmed the opinion he had formed of her. Lovely and unspoiled—and yet she could dance. He could not stifle his contempt for anyone who could frivol, these dreadful times. The young women in America would not understand. Over yonder the world was on fire; and over here, syncopated music, laughter, indifference, wastefulness.

The solution, he supposed, in this instance, lay in the fact that she was Dunleigh Mansfield's daughter; her indifference was a part of her inheritance. He must, then, crush out with all the force he possessed the sentiment which had primarily brought him to Bannister. It was all utterly impossible, however one looked at it. He was waging bitter warfare against her father, who, though powerful and ruthless, was rushing blindly to his doom. Out of a lightly spoken jest, a grim earnestness: he must not meet her again; he must sedulously avoid her. He realized now that he would be forced to tell Nancy of this chance meeting. He must warn her not to disclose his identity.

It never occurred to him that a request of this sort would serve only to fill Nancy with wonder and question. And the principal question would be: why should he care whether Betty Mansfield found out that he was seeking the political downfall of her father?

"Thank you," he heard Betty say. "It has been very interesting. I have read Maeterlinck on the bee, but Fabre is an undiscovered country. Come, Sandy; we must be going."

There was an impulse to offer her hand to this unusual young man, but she smothered it. She turned back toward the highway, the dog leaping and barking joyously.

"A lucky dog," said Cathewe, smiling. "He has defied the law of irresistible force and lives to tell of it. Good afternoon."

He crossed over to his boulder and once more reclined against the sun-warmed granite surface. He waited for a little time, then peered around. Her hat was just vanishing down the drop of the hill. He opened his book—upside down.

"The postern gate!" he murmured.

AT half after five Nancy was agreeably surprised by the advent of Betty.

"Nancy, I've had the queerest adventure," began Betty at once, and rather breathlessly. "No; I don't want any tea. I came for some information. It was so droll and unusual."

And lightly—with those Gallic gestures which came so naturally—she recounted what had taken place on top of the hill.

"Dressed like a tramp and reads Fabre in the original," mused Nancy. She was about to hazard a guess when the telephone in her father's office rang. "Just a moment, Betty. Telephone. It may be some patient of father's." Once at the instrument, she recognized Cathewe's voice.

"Nancy, I've had rather an odd experience; and I'm going to depend upon you to help me out. I've met Mansfield's daughter. She may be curious. Please do not disclose my identity. You understand? Mansfield and I are at war. I want to avoid her. Tell me, what is she like?"

"Do you think she is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes. Anybody could see that with half an eye."

"Then," said Nancy loyally, "interpret her beauty as the condition of her heart and mind. She looks upon her father as a demigod. She knows absolutely nothing. There is no one to hint, even. Your newspaper never enters the house. And she is here in the living-room at this very minute, asking about you. Your call interrupted me just as I was about to tell her. Do you want me to lie, Brand?"

"Lie? Lord, no! Only, I don't want her to know who I am."

"Sooner or later she will find out. And why in the world should you care?"

"Very well. I'm sorry. Don't lie on my account. Tell her if you must. Good-by."

Slowly Nancy set the receiver on the hook. She did not hasten back to her guest. Why was her heart heavy with foreboding? What mattered it to Brandon Cathewe whether Betty knew who or what he was? It was inevitable that Betty should learn sooner or later. Why this concern, when Cathewe was quite as ruthless in his pursuit of justice as Dunleigh Mansfield was in the pursuit of his dollars? She returned to the living-room.

"Dressed like a tramp," she repeated, (Continued on page 153)

HERE is a dog story—a collie story—of quite a different sort from those that magazine readers have become accustomed to. Moreover, in its incident and in its deeper significance it is distinctly of the moment. It is by

ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE

who knows dogs as it has been given to but few other writing men to know them. When you have read the story, you'll realize the aptness of the title—



“SOMETHING”

A DOG is only a dog. But a collie is—a collie. This is the story of Dick Snowden's collie Jock—and of something. You can believe the tale or not, as you choose. But if you know collies, you will think twice before you pooh-pooh it as rankly impossible.

It began when Dick Snowden's pretty girl-wife was lying in the center of a huge white bed, and when she was watching the world glide past her and not much caring how soon it might glide altogether away from her.

Cuddled close to her in the enormous bed was a white-swathed bundle of tiny humanity that smelled of talcum powder and of sachet and was a week old.

The coming of Baby Marise into the ken of mankind had well-nigh cost the life of Klyda Snowden, her girl-mother. There were no complications; there was nothing the learned doctors could put a name to. But Klyda had suffered much and had been through much. She was very, very tired. So tired was she that it did not seem worth while to pick up the bulky burden of life again.

It was much easier to lie still with half-shut eyes and feel herself drifting lazily out of life. Dully she knew the baby was hers, that it was the precious little daughter for whose advent she and Dick had for months been planning so happily. She knew, too, that the lean and bronzed man who spent so many miserable hours at her bedside was her worshiped husband Dick.

Yes, she was quite sane, but she was so tired that none of the real-life things, in which usually she reveled, were worth living for. Mentally she knew that the future was bright for her and for Dick and for their baby. Physically she was not interested in anything but drowsing.

It was on the afternoon of the eighth day of Baby Marise's life that Dick came into the room carrying a covered wicker

basket. Klyda had no interest in him or in what he was carrying—even when he set down the basket on the edge of the bed and lifted its cover. Sleepily she looked at him, ready to drop into another doze.

Into the opened basket went Dick Snowden's hand, to take out the contents. But the contents saved him the effort.

Out from the depths of the basket sprang a fluffy gold-and-white ball of dynamic energy. It wavered dizzily on the wicker edge, then catapulted clumsily to the counterpane, where it caught sight of Klyda's colorless little face set in a halo of tumbled sunlight hair.

With the awkward canter of a badly made patent toy, the ball of fluff danced sidewise up the counterpane until it reached the white little face, which it proceeded to lick ecstatically with a very small and very pink tongue.

By this time Klyda's weary brain had registered the fact that the new arrival was a two-months-old collie pup—also that it was doubtless the same collie pup which Dick had promised, a month ago, to buy for her.

The gift was one on which Klyda had set her heart from the day she and her husband had chanced to pass by some neighboring collie kennels and had seen a litter of month-old puppies playing with their dam in one of the wire runs. Instantly she had taken a violent fancy to this particular pup. It was then too young to leave its mother, but Dick had secured the owner's promise to sell him the little fellow as soon as the youngster should be weaned.

The promise had delighted Klyda. She had named the puppy

Illustrated by
JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

something"

and had decreed that he should be Baby's guardian and

Yet since then so many things had happened! And now the
of the once-coveted pup meant nothing to Klyda at all—
that she did not like to have her wan face licked nor to be
and at by a set of clumsy and shapeless white forepaws.

She frowned slightly and hoped Dick would take the obstreperous
away. But at sight of her frown the puppy evidently
took the slight facial contortion for an invitation to play, for
he rushed at the frowning face, accenting his attacks with fero-
cious baby barks.

In spite of herself Klyda felt a vague amusement at the pup's
antics. She reached out a weak white hand to pet him. At
touch Jock forgot he was a lion or whatever other furious wild
he was pretending to be. He remembered only that he was
very young and very far from home and mother, and that the
press of the tired hand was sweet. With a whimper of content-
ment, he cuddled close to Klyda's face and curled up for a nap.

Dick, glad to have aroused his apathetic wife's interest to even
small an extent, stooped to pick up the puppy and carry him
away. But Jock was in no hurry to go. So piteously did he
look to Klyda for rescue that she bade her husband leave him
there for the time. Whereat, by way of showing his thanks, Jock
came again to play with her hand as it lay idle on the quilt.

Up to this time everybody had moved on tiptoe about the sick-
ness, and had talked in undertones. But Jock was no respecter of
secrecy. He gamboled and barked to his heart's content. Partly
amused and partly annoyed by his bumptiousness, Klyda found
herself for the first time unable to sink at will into that dreamy
slumber of hers. It is hard to dream when a tiny furry whirlwind
is charging at one or is professing to believe that one's white fin-
gers are a mortal foe to be nibbled and threatened.

Thus it was, against her own will, that Klyda Snowden was
wakened from her semi-coma. After that, youth and nature com-
bined to keep her from sinking back into it. Probably she would
have gotten well anyhow. And certainly a noisy collie pup is not
the prescribed as a temporary roommate for a sick girl. But the
fact remained that Klyda "turned the corner" that very day and
her health grew better.

She had not discovered a new zest in life; her husband and her

whom child fur-
ished that. But
he had been de-
void of the luxury
drifting away.
tion and annoy-
ance and clownish
symbols had
served to supply
the needed impetus
bring her back to
normality.

Yet Dick and she
always attributed
the rally to the ar-
rival of Jock. And
they loved him ac-
cordingly. Instead
of living in the
dim-painted ken-
nel in the garden
and seeing his own
face for only a
few hours or so
each day, he was
brought up in the
house and with
every human com-
munion. That
sort of thing has a
very humanizing
influence on a dog,
especially if the
dog is a thorough-
bred collie.

From earliest
puppyhood Jock
learned to know
the human voice in
its phases, and

to read from experience its many shades of meaning. He learned,
too, from constant hearing, the meanings of many simple words and
phrases. He learned still more of human nature—all of which
was wholly natural and has occurred to hundreds of house-bred
collies.

From the first Jock adopted Baby Marise as his particular deity.
He would lie for hours at the foot of her crib, or would walk in
sedate slowness at the side of her perambulator in preference to a
woodland race or even a romp with Dick or Klyda.

Yet between him and Dick there was a strange bond of sym-
pathy. Dearly as the dog loved Klyda and Marise, he was closer
to Dick than to either of them. He would lie with his eyes on
the man's face, watching its every change, and seemed to be study-
ing him to the very soul. Even as a puppy Jock used to do this.
A scowl on Dick's brow would bring him forward with a rush, to
offer canine sympathy or to rub his nose consolingly against his
master's hand. He would go into ecstasies of joyous excitement
when Dick laughed or smiled. And as the dog grew older, he
seemed able to see past mere facial expression and to read Dick's
varying moods even when those moods gave no visible sign of ex-
pression. All of this seemed nothing short of magic to the Snow-
dens, though it is a common enough phenomenon to anyone who
has been much with collies.

It was when Baby Marise was a harum-scarum girl of four, and
when Jock was a stately giant in his early maturity, that something
happened of which the Snowdens never tired of talking.

Dick started at sunrise for a day's trout-fishing along a brook
which ran through a wild tract of meadow and forest some three
miles above the Snowden place. Jock, as his master set forth,
galloped enthusiastically ahead, eager for the prospective walk.
But Dick whistled him back. The man had no desire to have the
wary trout scared away by the occasional plunges of a sixty-pound
collie into the brook.

"No," he said as if talking to a fellow-human. "Not to-day, old
man! Stay here and look after the place."

Crestfallen yet philosophical, Jock trotted back to the veranda
and lay down, his deep brown eyes following pathetically the re-
ceding figure of his master, hoping against hope that Dick might
relent and summon him to follow. Then Marise came down to
breakfast with Klyda, and Jock proceeded to devote himself to
their society.



He would walk in sedate slowness at the side of Marise's perambulator in preference to a woodland race or even a romp with Dick or Klyda.

It was about four o'clock that afternoon when Klyda was awakened from a nap on the porch by the sudden rising of the collie from his resting-place on the mat near her. Jock had been asleep; yet something had startled him in an instant from his repose and had changed a sedately slumbering collie into a creature of puppylike excitability. Every hair on the dog's shaggy ruff was a-bristle. His eyes were glinting as with pain. He burst into a salvo of frantic barking and dashed across to where Klyda lay.

Catching the hem of the astonished woman's skirt in his teeth, he tugged at her dress, backing away with a suddenness that all but threw her to the floor.

"Jock!" epostulated Klyda, recovering her balance and trying to extricate the skirt from his grip. "Jock, have you gone crazy?"

Jock's answer was to release his hold on the skirt-hem, and to gallop off the porch and out onto the drive which led to the highway. There he halted, barked in imperious summons and darted back to Klyda. Catching her skirt again between his jaws, he sought to draw her out onto the driveway with him.

Laughing at her pet's odd behavior, Klyda went down the steps to the drive. Instantly Jock let go of her skirt and ran fifty feet toward the main road. There, halting again, he turned and barked.

As the woman still did not follow, he ran back, seized her skirt in his teeth again and tried to draw her onward.

This time Klyda did not refuse to follow. A queer notion had possessed her—a notion that Jock was not doing these unaccountable things for a mere lark or to lure her into a romp. It was not at all like the dignified collie to behave this way. Calling to her brother—who was reading indoors—to join her, she set forth in the wake of the dog.

The moment the two humans started toward him, Jock ceased to bark in that frantic and panic-urged fashion. He wheeled about and galloped off straight across country. Every few hundred yards he would pause to make sure the others were still following, and to let them come nearer. Then he would be off again.

A wearisome walk he led the puzzled Klyda and her grumbling brother. In a precise line he traveled, turning aside for no hillock or rock or tangle of undergrowth.

"For goodness' sake!" panted the brother once, as he looked ruefully down at his buckskin shoes which had just plodded through a corner of swamp-land. "For goodness' sake, Klyda, let's stop this fool ramble! The idiot of a dog will probably stop in front of some oak where he's treed a cat, and he'll want us to dislodge his quarry for him. On a red-hot day like this, what's the earthly sense of following a—"

"He hasn't treed a cat," was Klyda's reply. "He hasn't treed anything. He's been with me all day. I don't know why he is acting like this. But I know Jock, and I know he's got some good reason for being so eager for me to follow him. If you're tired—"

"Oh, I'll trail along, if you're going to!" grunted her brother. "Only, if he leads us over into the next county and then turns around and leads us back, just for fun—well, I warn you I'll guy you for the rest of your days for being so silly as to—Hello!" he broke off. "Here's where we'll have to wade!"

They had come out of the woods at the verge of a wide brook. Klyda gave a little start as she saw it, and lost color.

"Why, this is Snake Brook!" she cried. "Dick and I have been here a dozen times. But we've always come by way of the road. I didn't know it was in this direction. I—"

"Well?" queried her brother. "Even at that, what's the excitement? There's nothing so very dramatic, is there, in coming upon Snake Brook? It's—"

"It's where Dick came to fish to-day," said Klyda, her pallor increasing. "Jock has led us here, and—"

"And that's the thrilling end of our quest?" interrupted brother with a growl of disgust. "Jock got lonely for his and he's dragged us through marsh and brambles, all this way for a sweet family reunion! Lord!"

"No," contradicted Klyda, her voice not quite steady, "he hasn't crossed the brook. He's running along it, on the And now he's stopped again for us to follow him. Come!"

She set off at a run along the pebbly and winding margin brook. Jock, as she started, wheeled again and vanished into a copse of shrubbery which ran down from a steep bank to the of the water.

Ten seconds later the two heard the collie's voice up more, this time in a quavering wolf-howl of anguish. And did the undergrowth crackle at his charging progress. He came to a halt somewhere.

"The cur's stumbled into a hornets' nest," guyed the laughing loudly to subdue a prickly feeling that ran along at sound of that eerie cry.

But Klyda did not answer. She was plunging headlong the bushes, panting and gasping with her own violent to reach the spot where Jock awaited her.

Out in a little beside the brook, the base of a cliff-bank, she found the dog. He was ing guard over a that sprawled half in the water cliff-foot, broken rod at its side.

There Jay Dick den, his leg broke two places by his from the bank. ing, his head had against a water boulder. The impact caused concussion brain. Nor did the tim recover consciousness until an hour after had gotten him back.

People who did understand collies to smile politely at their brows when

Snowdens told how Jock had brought aid to the stricken man whose plight the dog could not possibly have known through explainable channels. Some of these people agreed with the brother, who always insisted there was nothing mysterious about the matter. They explained that Jock had waxed lonely his absent master and had tried to coax Klyda into going with to meet the returning fisherman, and that the accident to Dick been a mere coincidence, quite outside the dog's calculations.

They did not explain how Jock knew the precise direction which Dick had gone that day, nor why, during Snowden's past and succeeding absences from home, the collie made no such to go with him.

Klyda and Dick did not bother to argue with these slip. They knew Jock; other people did not.

"It wasn't coincidence," was all Klyda would say when siders sought to convince her. "It was—something."

AND so the years went on at the Snowden home, antly and uneventfully. Baby Marise was a large big-eyed girl of nine, and Jock was in the full hale prime of middle age. Dick and Klyda were sweethearts as ever, and their child and their huge gold-and-white dog formed a corporation that made home life very beautiful for all in them.

Then over the smugly complacent land rang a bugle-call the world was sick unto death with the Hun pestilence, and alone could stay the hideous disease's assault on human America alone could cure a dying world and could make world safe for decency and liberty. To achieve this heroic miracle, the lives of thousands of brave men were needed at the terrible blast of the bugle-call these men responded millions.

Dick Snowden was one of them.

There were tears at the Snowden home when Dick first

A MAN WHO KNOWS DOGS

THAT'S what Albert Payson Terhune is, as most readers of this magazine, in which his greatest stories of man's closest friend in the animal kingdom have appeared, have discovered. And especially does he know collies. For instance, four of his collies were awarded every blue ribbon and trophy in the collie division of the animal show recently held at Rutherford, New Jersey—fifteen blue ribbons, two silver trophies and two special prizes being the symbols of their victory. One of his dogs—Sunnybank Goldsmith—was put through his ring paces without the use of leash or collar, being guided entirely by his master's voice. All of which is merely supplementary evidence that Albert Payson Terhune's dog stories are the real thing.

Something

interrupted
for his
all this

ready, "I
it, on the
Come!"

g margin
vanished
ank to the

e upr
And
gress.

ed the
along

adlong
violent

a little
brood,

of a
she can

He was
over a

awled
the water

broken
side.

y Dick
eg broke

by his
ank

ad had
a water

be impu

cussion
r did the

conscious

ur after

him how

who did

colliers

lately m

s when

ten mil

throug

with K

ious or

ed long

ing with

She came upon the dog standing guard over a body that sprawled inertly. There lay Dick Snowden, his leg broken in two places by his tumble from the bank.

thence to the officers' training-camp. There was dire loneliness after he had gone.

But there were no tears when, at the end of his last furlough, Captain Richard Snowden said good-by to his family and embarked for France.

There were no tears, then; there was a hero-smile on Klyda's drawn lips. Baby Marise tried to smile too. And at least she did not cry—which was very brave indeed. Jock looked long and gravely up into Snowden's forcedly gay face and laid his splendid head against his master's khaki knee as Dick said to him:

"Good-by, old chap! Take care of them till I come back. You're the man of the house, remember, while I'm gone."

No, there were no tears when Captain Dick Snowden sailed gallantly away to fight the gray-clad pests which were engulfing the world. But there was a deadly and bitter loneliness that swooped down on the once-merry little household and gripped it by the throat—a loneliness that deepened and grew more cruelly hard to bear as the dreary weeks sagged on.

Jock, with his queer collie sixth sense felt acutely the changed atmosphere of the place. He sought in a thousand unobtrusive collie ways to console and cheer his mistress and Marise. And he seemed to have understood Dick's parting charge to him to assume the responsibilities of "the man of the house." Always Jock had been a fiery guardian of the home in the matter of warding off intruders. Nowadays his jealous guardianship became an obsession.

Voluntarily abandoning his lifelong nightly resting-place on the rug outside the door of Klyda's room, he took to sleeping on the veranda. Nor was his sleep heavy. A dozen times a night the wakeful Klyda could hear the big dog get to his feet and start off on a thorough patrol of the grounds.

This sentry-go accomplished, he would circle the porch and return to his doormat bed for another fitful snooze. But the very slightest sound was enough to awaken him and to bring him at once to fierce alertness. The step of a belated wayfarer on the highroad beyond, the faintest stir of one of the sleepers within the house, any of a hundred negligible noises of the night, sufficed to rouse him to his duty.

In the daytime Jock was seldom more than arm's-length from Klyda or Marise. With cold suspicion his melancholy dark eyes would follow the motions of each casual visitor or tradesman. Yes, Jock was taking his job seriously.

On the rare occasions when a letter from France reached the Place, he knew its arrival before the mail was sorted. It would thrill him and set him to barking wildly and to scampering about the house like a joy-crazed puppy. He seemed to know the occasion was one of rapture for them all.

"The minute the letters are handed in at the door," Klyda boasted to her brother, "even before any of us have time to look them over, Jock always knows whether or not there's a letter from Dick."

"Why shouldn't he?" demanded the skeptic. "A collie has a wolf's power of scent. He can smell the touch of Dick's hand on the envelope. It's perfectly normal."

"No," denied Klyda musingly, "it isn't normal. It's—it's *something!*"

Then, late of a September night, the household was jolted from slumber by a clangor of barking from the porch. To one who understands collies, there is as much difference in a dog's various modes of barking as in the inflections of a human voice. For example, there is the gay bark of greeting, there is the sharply imperative bark of challenge, there is the noisily swaggering bark of sheer excitement, and there is the acute and agonized bark that tells of stark emotion.

Jock's bark to-night had the timbre of that with which long ago he had summoned Klyda to the aid of her injured husband at Snake Brook. And the sound went through the lonely wife's soul like a knife-thrust.

She sprang out of bed and in dressing-gown and slippers ran out to the porch. As on that earlier day, Jock

was awaiting her in fevered excitement. Catching the hem of his wrapper, he tugged. Then, dropping the wrapper, he galloped the driveway and wheeled about to face her with a bark of summons.

To-night Klyda needed no second invitation to follow him, wildered, trembling, yet trusting to the collie's intuition, she followed him along in the direction Jock led. And leaving the driveway he was traveling due northeast.

Well did Klyda know she was moving northeastward, for the dint of compass and maps she had long since figured out for herself the approximate direction of France in relation to her home. And always she faced in that direction when she knelt to pray for Dick.

For perhaps half a mile the dog continued his progress, at times in mad eagerness, but presently in growing indecision and hesitation.

At last he stopped, sniffed the air through vertically held nostrils, then trotted back to Klyda. Head a-droop, tail drooping, every line of his grand body expressing the utmost misery and dejection, he crept up to Klyda and crouched before her, head on her foot. He shuddered as if in pain, and then whined softly, lifting his head for a moment and peering to the northeast.

He had failed. He had awakened with the sudden knowledge of his master's peril, he had followed the urge of the call; and at once he had realized that for some reason he could not hope to lead his mistress to the man who so sorely needed her aid. He was plexed, heartsick, he had crawled back, helpless to do more.

Again Klyda's brother scoffed at his sister's certainty that something was amiss with Snowden. So did all others to whom the unhappy woman told the tale. They still scoffed at the idea of a premonition on the part of the dog—but there was an awe behind their scoffing when, a few weeks later, a shaky scrawl received from the absentee, a scrawl written in a base hospital:

I am laid by the heels for a day or two by a handful of nasty little shrapnel-bites that Merr Fritz sprayed me with three nights ago during a reconnoiter. Nothing serious—so you're not to worry your dear self. I'll be as good as new in a week or so. The surgeon says so. He says I'll be lucky if I'm able to claim a wound-credit on the strength of such a piker injury.

Here is a funny bit of mental delusion that may amuse you: When I toppled over and lay there in No Man's Land,—before my eyes could find me and bring me in,—there was an ungodly lot of noise from the Hun batteries. It almost deafened me. But through it all I believed I could hear—as distinctly as ever I heard anything—wild barking of old Jock.

Wasn't that a quaint trick for a wounded man's brain to play? Jock has a pretty thunderous bark, but his echo could hardly travel three thousand miles and reach me above the roar of the boche batteries. Yet I heard it. It wasn't his usual bark, either. It sounded the way it did the time Marise fell down the well, and as it sounded when the house caught fire in the night and I roused us barely in time to put out the blaze.

I must have been a bit delirious, of course. But it gave me a queer little feeling to hear the dear old fellow's voice—even if I didn't hear it.

Klyda looked at the date on the letter. Then she subtracted three days therefrom and computed the time of difference between her home and northern France. Then she turned to the little desk-calendar on which, superstitiously, she had marked with a cross the date of her awakening by Jock. And that she showed her brother the letter and the calendar. As I have said, he still scoffed, but there was something of awe in his manner.

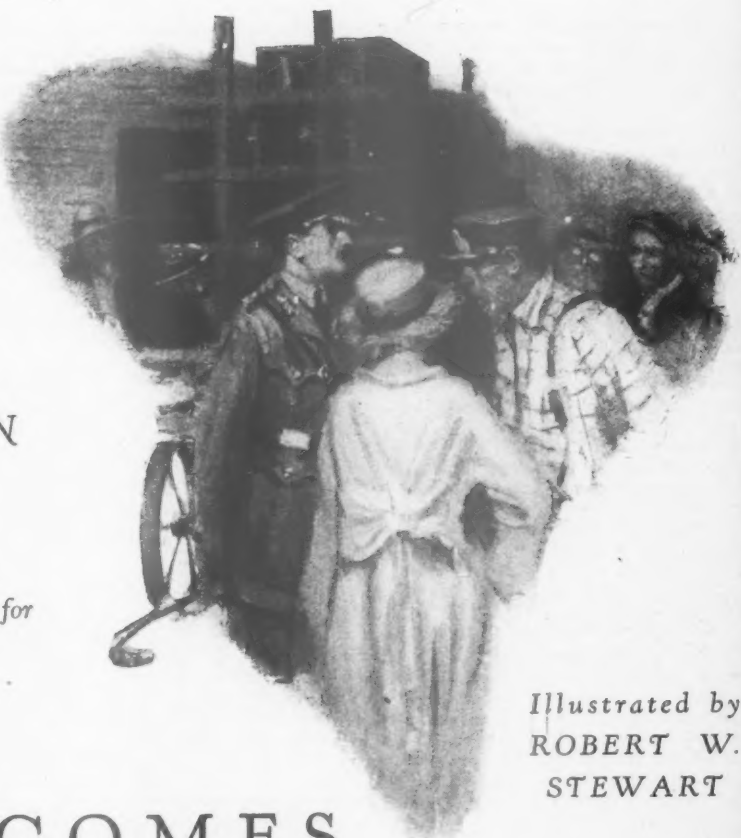
It was a shock to Klyda to learn that her adored soldier was wounded. Yet it was also a joy to know that he was not only in no danger from his wounds but that he was kept perforce out of battle for a time. This knowledge and the relief (Continued on page 61)



AN observing foreigner is quoted as having made the naïve comment on the American girl that you never can tell what she'll do. Well, well! It is earnestly hoped he may read this story

By
DANA GATLIN

After which it might not be good luck for him to meet the hero of—



Illustrated by
ROBERT W.
STEWART

JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

JEANIE LIGHT, the prettiest girl in Louisburg, tripped down the front walk of her home, the most imposing residence in Louisburg, and with quickly lifting and quickly falling glances that told their own story, greeted the decoratively accoutered male being waiting in a "snappy" little roadster.

Meanwhile Miss Letty Richfield, the maiden lady who lived across the street, stood behind her parlor lace curtains and watched the little comedy, pondering the feminine frailty of which the poet Byron sang a hundred years ago. Though Miss Letty couldn't help a thrill over the fact that Louisburg charms could lay low a Captain Noel Forrester, that thrill was not her chief emotion.

"Poor Johnny Wilson!" she was thinking. "What a homecoming it'll be! Poor Johnny!"

For that very day Johnny Wilson was due to return home from the Great War, and everybody in Louisburg was thinking—and saying: "Poor Johnny Wilson!" For everybody in Louisburg knew that, against this strange and disconcerting but indubitably magnificent Captain Noel Forrester, Johnny Wilson had not a chance in the world.

Even in Louisburg, Johnny Wilson had never in any way been an outstanding figure—save as the boy on whom Jeanie Light smiled. And Louisburg is no metropolis. It is merely one of those busy, humdrum, self-satisfied little towns that dot our Middle West: its business life—with the exception of the J. B. Light Implement Works—centers around a public square; farmers come to town on Saturdays, and the barometer of prosperity may be read in talk of "crops;" social life is dominated by the Shrimers' banquets, the activities of the Ladies' Pleasant Hour Circle and sundry card-clubs, and occasional high spots when the womenfolk get their masculine property into the dress-suits in which they were married.

J. B. Light—locally referred to as "J. B." or "Old Man Light"—got into his swallowtail no less awkwardly or grudgingly than did his less favored fellows, though he was the most prominent citizen of Louisburg. He had worked his way up from humble helper in a wagon-repair shop to owner of one of the most thriving farm-implement factories in the State. But success hadn't made old J. B. proud; he loved to make boast of his lowly start and of his hardships, and he clung to old habits and old friends and old clothes with no less tenacity than to his ungrammatical English.

But if J. B. spurned the fleshpots for himself, he did not spurn them for his only daughter, Jeanie. Jeanie was still in knee-skirts and dangling curls when he acquired the "Light mansion," that imposing residence on Locust Avenue which was rightfully the show-place of the town. It was the only domicile in town that possessed, all at once, two cupolas, an iron railing round the roof and a fountain on the lawn, where a boy and girl of painted iron took shelter beneath an iron umbrella from the up-pointed ferrule of which the water gushed.

Inside, too, the house was not an ordinary one. The visitor caught this on first entering the hall, where a skipping seminude figure in bronze had paused, precariously tiptoe, on the newel-post, to hold aloft an incandescent globe. The carpet of the hall was thick and soft and red; the carpet of the front parlor was thick and soft and green; and as if for variety, that of the back parlor beyond was thick and soft and red again. The portières and the fatly upholstered, ball-fringed chairs were also red or green, so that after an inspection of the Light mansion one might have fancied that in red and green was comprised the entire decorative gamut of the world. And indeed to Louisburg no other colors seemed somehow so "rich." That was the keynote of the whole Light mansion—richness; the upright piano was elaborately carved

and intricately fretted; there were heavy brass urns and potted palms on tabourets; and on the red and green walls of the various rooms hung large pictures in sumptuous gilded frames. One of the largest pictures was a steel engraving, "The Charge of Balaclava;" it hung above the piano in the front parlor, exactly opposite the double doorway from the hall, so that the galloping horses seemed to be headed directly toward anyone entering the room. But, as J. B. never tired of demonstrating, the visitor could move to one side of the room or to the other without escaping that impending charge. Queer thing! Wherever you went, the horses still seemed to be coming right at you. This property in the picture caused it to be considered a great curiosity in Louisburg, as well as a great work of art.

Jeanie had once tried to wean her father's affection away from "The Charge at Balaclava" when, on a holiday from her finishing school, she brought home a Whistler etching. But that was one time out of the three, or possibly four, times in her life that Jeanie had failed to cajole him. Ordinarily he loved being cajoled, and Jeanie was so pampered that the marvel was that she wasn't completely spoiled. As it was, she was spoiled enough. She was high-spirited and imperious and even as a child refused to give over the lead to another. Even then she was the princess of the town, and she knew it. She had a pony and a phaeton and all the caramels and lollypops she wanted, and a bigger, grander yard than any other youngster. Yet it was hard not to love the high-handed Jeanie. She was royally generous in her royal estate; she let the other youngsters ride her pony, crowd into her phaeton and share the lollypops at recess—for children of all degrees attended the same public school. And once a year there was a wonderful party on the big Light lawn.

But from the days of short skirts it was Johnny Wilson who got the lion's share of her royal favors. No one knew just why it was so, but it was so. Johnny wasn't a particularly handsome little boy or brilliant little boy, and he certainly was not a rich little boy. His mother was a widow; and though she didn't have to "take in" washing or sewing as widowed mothers so often do, it cannot be denied that Johnny was sufficiently the poor-but-honest lad of fiction to have a "paper-route." And in those days Jeanie used to loiter at a front window, or on the porch of her panoplied abode, so she might wave him a greeting or run out and take the evening paper from his hand.

Johnny was still her "beau" when the two of them entered high school, and still for no definable reason save that she liked him—liked him better than any of the more "eligible," more assertive boys. Perhaps; in this last, lies something of the real reason. For Jeanie loved to lead, to domineer, and she could always domineer over Johnny. Johnny seemed to like it.

After his second year in high school Johnny abandoned book education for a job. He delivered groceries for Pieker & Scheer. Once or twice a day he had to drive his wagon up to the citadel of his lady and carry baskets to her kitchen door. There were those in Louisburg who fancied that this menial service would be too much for the young princess' pride. But no. Jeanie made it a point to be in the hammock on the side-porch or at some other vantage-spot whence she could signal her gallant, and perhaps "make a date;" and once she diverted the town and scandalized her mother by taking a ride beside Johnny in his delivery-wagon.

Then, a year or so after Johnny left high school, Jeanie went away to a finishing school—down East. This event threw Louisburg into a state of envious commotion; Jeanie Light was the first girl in town to go away to a finishing school—down East. Her wardrobe was discussed everywhere a feminine group got together; and garrulous Miss Martin, the seamstress, who had spent a solid month in the Lights' sewing-room, was more in demand than since the time Frieda Scheer married that rich man from Milwaukee, whom she'd met the year she went to California. But this was even more of an event than Frieda Scheer's interesting match. A finishing school in the East had all the vague, splendid wonder of a fairy-tale. Millionaires—the Four Hundred—lived in the East and sent their daughters to those fashionable

boarding-schools. Jeanie Light would brush elbows with these exotic beings, would eat, play, work and talk with them—in time call them by their first names. She might be invited to visit in their homes and participate in the grandeur of liveried maids and servants and be-capped maids, and dine at night instead of noon, and dance and swim and skate and talk French, in the fashionable way. And she would meet the young men of that world; one of them might even fall in love with her—some sleek, suave young "clubman" who played polo and owned a yacht and lounged in white flannels, a young man like those pictured in the society supplements.

It was then that Louisburg first began to say "Poor Johnny Wilson!"

And the feelings of Johnny himself? Jeanie Light was more than the prettiest girl in Louisburg to him, more than the richest girl, the most popular, imperious, capricious girl. She was his world, his guiding star, his universe. She had always been that—always would be. And when he saw her migrating to that strange, far-off, dazzling sphere where he felt sure she must conquer, he was weighted with a great, numbing despair. Hitherto, by some miracle, he had found favor in her sight—but now! He feared desperately that when she came back she'd no longer be Jeanie.

But when Jeanie came back for her first vacation, she was unchanged so far as Johnny was concerned. She brought a trunk of wonderful clothes, and chatter of wonderful times, but the miracle of Johnny's good fortune still endured. He could scarcely comprehend it, but it was so. And during all her successive triumphant returns it continued to be so. It was then that for the first time the town began to take the "case" between Jeanie and her Johnny just a little seriously. "Funny, if with all her advantages, she should pick out Johnny Wilson, after all," murmured the local voice. "He's a good, steady boy, but he'll never set the world on fire."

Which last negation, indeed, seemed highly probable. Johnny Wilson didn't even want to set the world on fire. His ambitions were modest—excluding his ambition for Jeanie Light. He had no vague, shining dreams of battling the world and conquering it. He was now head clerk in Pieker & Scheer's, and his dream of material success was, some day, to win a partnership in the concern or perhaps to own a grocery of his own. It wouldn't take a great deal to make for him a paradise in Louisburg—a cozy home for his mother, and another for himself and Jeanie.

In the spring of that year in which Johnny reached the age of twenty-one, and Jeanie twenty, it had begun to look as though his paradise would eventually materialize; Louisburg had got in the way of already taking it for granted; steady, industrious Johnny had got another raise in salary, and though Jeanie wore no ring, everybody knew there was a sort of "understanding."

Then Fate, having diabolically lulled the world to a false sense of security, started things to happening.

To begin with, the Great War! Then the entry of America. At first Louisburg was hardly able to realize all this. Set inland, far removed from the seats of conflicting issues, Louisburg, peaceful and happy and prosperous, had blindly trusted the President to keep the country out of war. The struggle overseas did not touch the town save as a thing thrilling and terrible to read about, something having more the quality of fiction than of actuality. The one individual in Louisburg it had personally affected was J. B. Light, whose implement-works had been given an order for some machinery by the British government. But even to J. B. this was merely a business transaction—a highly profitable one—and carried with it no concrete sense of the realities of war or of the fundamental principles involved.

Thus to Johnny Wilson the struggle overseas was something vague and impersonal. He did not feel that it concerned him in the slightest. He and Jeanie almost quarreled when, prepared to be tearful but heroic, she asked if he were going to enlist.

"Enlist?" repeated Johnny in frank amazement. "Why on earth should I enlist?"

"Why?" It was Jeanie's turn to look amazed. "Johnny Wilson, where's your patriotism?"



She placed them before the Captain's door, knocked, and was quick enough to get out of sight before he appeared.

By Dana Gatlin

"I've got patriotism," replied Johnny. "If the Germans or anybody else came over here and picked on us, then I'd enlist all right. But this is different."

"This town's asleep," Jeanie said. "My room-mate at school has a brother who's been driving an ambulance in France since 1915, and her fiancé's in the Escadrille—he's been decorated! Most of the girls back there have some one who's been doing something for France. Those boys know why they went."

"Well, why did they?" asked Johnny humbly; he generally got humble when Jeanie mentioned the dashing youths of her Eastern acquaintance.

"Because they couldn't bear to idle round over here while such ghastly things were going on over there!"

"If they wanted to go," said Johnny, "why, that's their own funeral, of course."

"But think of poor bleeding France! Think of her!"

"I do think about France. But why should I hustle over there to kill a lot of men I never saw—or get killed by them? None of the Germans I know are such savages. Look at Mr. Pieker—look at Mr. Scheer—look

at any of the other Germans around here. They're among the best citizens we've got."

"A dromedary wouldn't bear the kicks and insults that America's been standing the last two years," returned Jeanie. "No wonder Roosevelt and General Wood say we must have the draft!"

"Maybe," Johnny said. "But I don't believe the draft will ever come."

"Yes, it will! And when it catches you, what'll you do then? Be a conscientious objector and go to prison?"

"Of course not," said Johnny patiently. "If the draft should

get me, naturally I'd see it through. But I hope it won't. I've got my mother to think of—and other things."

"Oh, Johnny Wilson!" Jeanie stared at him with irritation, helplessness and affection all mixed up together. "Sometimes I wish

I were not so fond of you!" she added, turning away. "Why am I fond of you, anyway?"

"God knows," replied Johnny.

As things turned out, Roosevelt and General Wood were more nearly right about the draft than Johnny was. For the draft came. It came very quickly. And it caught numberless sturdy young Americans, potentially patriotic but provincial and unaccustomed to world thought. Finally it caught Johnny Wilson in his deferred classification. And then he, just like those others, submitted his neck to the yoke of distasteful duty, went methodically through his examinations, was pronounced fit, and prepared to depart to his camp.

It was not in heroic guise that he marched away to war. True to his convictions and his character, he made no attempt to invest his farewell to Jeanie with martial glamour. It was Jeanie who supposed

plied emotion. Now that her Johnny was actually going, she was clinging to him moist-eyed.

"Oh, Johnny, I hope you won't get hurt!"

"You bet your life I won't—not if I can help it!" he assured her fervently.

For once Jeanie did not take him to task for his lack of proper spirit.

"You'll look fine in uniform, Johnny. Only I wish you'd gone into an officers' training-camp—officers look so smart. But maybe you'll win a commission."



"Sometimes I wish I were not so fond of you," Jeanie added, turning away. "Why am I fond of you, anyway?" "God knows," replied Johnny.



Poor Johnny! Just at that minute, as if Fate had malignantly planned to make his *congé* more bitter, the Captain's roadster came swinging around the corner.

Johnny
 "Not for
 says, than
 His first
 the farth
 military pla
 hundreds of
 one on
 arg nor
 Poor John
 For by t
 joyed a le

C
 oc
 scarcely less
 Chinese man
 leaving from
 ay, as imp
 danger, mor
 peculiar a
 indly uncon
 his ways.
 take him
 When Cap
 e four-twe
 ost neglig
 ert to exp
 at was, un
 w accustom
 p tilted at
 ed, belted
 ight in trim
 e a mirror;
 ight Temp
 ere nothing
 r a man to
 Public inter
 ight was seen
 "Captain F
 The magnifi
 "I'm Jean L
 would take
 something, to
 e Works, an
 her side of
 at of Louisi
 The magnif
 speak; and
 "Thanks!
 rty, clipped
 ere about?"
 e English-l
 attend care
 "Oh, Joe!"
 his cap.
 Joe came up
 eign guys co
 "Just look u
 nding him th
 "Legg
 p and scratch
 pendent bo
 "Baggage, Jo
 d driven aw
 llowed Joe to
 th two hand
 ard of a lea
 is pamphlet
 ing to visit t

THE su
 of a
 on its deali
 send out a p
 the introduc
 e stale routi
 ould be politic
 "Of course
 d even the
 mmercial Ho
 he's fust

"Not for me," said Johnny. "Officers run more risk, in some ways, than the men do."

His first martial apprenticeship was served in a cantonment the farther end of the State; but soon, following the obscure military plan of those days, he was shifted to a camp in the South, hundreds of miles from home. He was too far away to come home on furlough even could he have afforded it. Neither Louisburg nor Jeanie saw him again until the war was over.

Poor Johnny!

For by that time the splendid Captain Noel Forrestier had enjoyed a long space of uncontested opportunity.

CAPTAIN FORRESTIER'S descent upon Louisburg, occurring some time after Johnny's departure, caused scarcely less excitement than would have been aroused by a Chinese mandarin in a green-silk robe with a peacock feather waving from his hat. Not only was the Captain's regalia, in its way, as impressive as a mandarin's, but the Captain himself was no less so, more of an Adonis, and in language and customs quite as peculiar as a mandarin is conceived to be. And yet he seemed so unconscious that there was anything unusual in himself that he took himself for granted, and expected others to take him for granted.

When Captain Forrestier made his entry into Louisburg, via the four-and-twenty-seven from Macon City,—even the depot loafers, most negligent of mortals, sat up to stare at the apparition and forgot to expectorate until it had vanished. It was dressed in a way that was, undeniably, some kind of uniform. Louisburg eyes were accustomed to uniforms, but not to such as this: the little cap tilted at an unthinkable angle, the coat strapped, buttoned, belted, skirted, the trousers billowing out amazingly but caught in trimly at the knee, the tall brown boots polished to shine like a mirror; and all this—this regalia comparable with that of a knight Templar on a day of parade—carried off as though it were nothing at all, as though it were quite natural and customary for a man to go around rigged up like that.

Public interest in the stranger was not lessened when Jeanie Light was seen to approach him.

"Captain Forrestier?" she asked.

The magnificent being saluted.

"I'm Jean Light." (Her auditors were proud of her that minute. She would take something more than a dressed-up British duke, or anything, to faze our Jeanie Light!) "Papa was detained at the Works, and asked me to meet you. The car's waiting on the far side of the station." (Once more obeisance to Jeanie. The best of Louisburg would have said "auto" and "depot.")

The magnificent being bowed. He opened his mouth, began to speak; and a dozen waiting pairs of ears inclined.

"Thanks! Triflingly kind in you." He spoke with a swift, clipped yet blurred inflection. "Is there a porter anywhere about?" He was, undoubtedly, speaking some version of the English language, and that was what he said, but Jeanie had attended carefully to understand him.

"Oh, Joe!" she called to a lanky youth with a nickel badge on his cap.

Joe came up with an exaggerated leisureliness. None of them foreign guys could put it over him!

"Just look up my leggage, will you?" said Captain Forrestier, handing him the checks.

"Leggage?" Joe inserted one forefinger under the edge of his cap and scratched his head, glancing speculatively at the stranger's splendid boots.

"Baggage, Joe—luggage," quickly elucidated Jeanie. After she had driven away with her acquisition, the whole depot "crowd" followed Joe to view the "leggage"—a bulky, curious-looking bag with two handles, and a strapped sole-leather trunk. (Who ever heard of a leather trunk?) Joe had been instructed to deliver his paraphernalia at the Light residence; evidently this bird was going to visit there. What do you know about that—eh?

THE surmise was correct, although the visit was primarily of a business nature. The British government, in carrying on its dealings with the Light Implement Works, had decided to send out a personal representative; and Jeanie, not at all averse to the introduction of a British officer—presumably dashing—into the stale routine of Louisburg life, had convinced her father it would be politic to save the emissary from the Commercial House. "Of course he's fussy," she said. "The English always are. And even the drummers fix their routes so as to escape the Commercial House over Sunday."

"He's fussy, I certainly don't want him upsetting things

around here," growled old J. B., who had visions of his carpet-slippers, shirt-sleeves and other domestic comforts being tabooed.

"But he'll be busy at the Works all day—just taking his meals and sleeping here," argued Jeanie. "And Mrs. Sherman's a good cook, and the beds are comfortable, so you needn't worry about that. That leaves only his evenings, and if I'd take him off your hands then, there'd really be nothing about it to upset you."

Before J. B. could answer, she added: "I can see Mrs. J. Barton Smyth's face when she hears we've a British officer stopping with us!"

She smiled; Mrs. J. Barton Smyth was the wife of the leading banker, but she'd come from the capital of the State and felt herself above the town, even presuming to contest the Lights' social supremacy.

"He's coming on business," grunted the parent, "—strictly business."

"But business is all tied up with social strings these days," said Jeanie without a blush. "And you know it, Dad, unless you're an old fogey."

Old J. B., indeed, appreciated the fact that Forrestier, in his position as inspector for the British government, could, if he chose, make things difficult at the Works. That may have been the decisive factor. At all events he finally consented to take the stranger in, the understanding being that he should be invited to remain only until he could by degrees acclimate himself to Louisburg.

He wasn't there to witness the first impression wrought by his residence upon the visitor. The ride home had been a little triumphant progress for Jeanie, who wasn't the kind to be insensible of the necks turned to crane after them. No wonder people stared! She wanted to herself, for it was the first time in her career she had been thrown into intimate association with the buttoned patch-pockets and buckled straps and strips of breast-ribbon she had often admired in the war-photographs. And who can blame her if, perchance, she felt dawning within herself a desire to awaken a flutter underneath the strip of ribbon, to kindle something in those blank asbestos eyes?

And imagine anyone's being named Noel!

"Why there isn't any such name as that!" old J. B. said when he first heard it.

AT the Light gate, in view of the umbrella fountain, the two cupolas, the iron railing on the roof and all the other external Light grandeurs, Captain Forrestier leaped to the ground.

"Nice little gadabout you've got there," commented the Captain. He probably didn't intend the compliment to sound like a condescension; and he smiled at her as he spoke—a particularly nice, winning kind of smile.

Jeanie smiled back, under lashes quickly lifting, then quickly falling again—a trick of hers.

"I must show you what it can really do," she replied, "out on an open road some day."

"Thanks! I'm having my motor shipped out next week." (He pronounced it "ma-o-toh.")

"You'll like it. It's just a little bit of all right."

In the hall Mrs. Light was apprehensively waiting to welcome the newcomer. She was a retiring, domestic little body and her hand was trembling even before Captain Forrestier gave it an odd kind of shake, brisk and hurried. Otherwise his manner was grave and ceremonious, an admirable manner to impress a parent, if not to allay the nervousness of a housekeeper.

Jeanie, who had read modern English novels and seen modern English plays, had drilled Marguerite, the second servant, to be on hand to show the visitor immediately to his room. Fortunately the kit-bag was not there yet, for Marguerite, who had been with the Lights since Jeanie was in short skirts, would have drawn the line at toting the baggage of any man. Both Marguerite and Mrs. Sherman, the cook, were middle-aged and intensely self-respecting, sharing the *éclat* they themselves helped to contribute to the household; for with the exception of the J. Barton Smyths, no other family in town kept two hired girls.

At supper-time Captain Noel Forrestier descended from his room and met his host in the green-plush parlor. J. B. was still a little disgruntled over an argument with Jeanie, who disapproved of the alpaca coat he was wearing. She had urged him to order a "Tuxedo" in honor of the guest, but he had promptly vetoed that, and stubbornly held out for the undistinguished alpaca. "Bad enough to have to wear any kind of a coat this weather," he grumbled.

J. B. naturally led off with this guest by exhibiting "The Charge at Balacava." It was the way he always (Continued on page 168)



AMERICA to-day may be epitomized in the one word "Steel." Here, then, is a story of the sort of two-fisted men who are playing parts in the drama of that dominant commodity.

OLD STEEL SKILLET

By H. S. HALL

THE hot-metal train came puffing into the yards at the Oldtown plant of the Great Western Steel Company. Fifteen ladles of molten pig-iron, a slag-pan and a caboose made up the train. It was the ten o'clock cast from the blast furnaces six miles down the valley. The rims of the ladles glowed where the red metal lapped about them, and when the train struck the uneven tracks at the cross-overs, little spurts of flame leaped over the sides of the huge vessels. With sharp explosions like the popping of rifles the fiery globules fell into the pools of slush and water that lay along the tracks.

"Poland is bringing up a pretty good drag this morning," I remarked to Becker, the yardmaster, who was sitting at his desk, checking up his switching-orders.

He leaned back and looked through the window at the approaching train. Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of anger.

"They've put that Number Thirteen ladle into service again!" he said, going to the door of his office. "I had Wilkins mark it 'Bad Order,' the day before yesterday, and told him to see it went in for repairs. It has a cracked drawhead, and one of the truck-chains is broken. It's positively unsafe to come up that valley grade with it in a train. I'm glad they've got it next to the caboose."

The Hot Metal continued to draw slowly into the yards. Opposite the rail-mill the engineer caused a momentary checking of the train, and the caboose was cut off. The grade at that point was rather sharp, and after a moment's hesitation the detached car began to run back. A brakeman opened a switch, and it ran in on a spur behind the mill. The rest of the train moved on, swung off the main track and took the incline leading up to the mixers, where the ladles would be emptied.

It was almost at the top of the hill when there came to ears a sharp cracking sound as of breaking steel, and the of rattling chains. With a shout Becker darted out of the I followed close at his heels, and once outside, I saw what happened—ladle Number Thirteen had broken loose and running back down the steep incline. And that ladle was carrying twenty tons of molten iron!

"The switches are lined all the way through!" groaned Becker. "It will go out on the Midline crossing, and the Midline Line is due at this minute!"

He started to run in the direction of the yard entrance, the track down which the runaway ladle was coming. I after him, without knowing what he had in mind to do. Quite the yard-gate stood a switch-stand that served to open a running back into the Jungle, as it was known about the a part of the yard that was seldom used. As I saw him toward this switch-stand I perceived it was his intention to open the switch and shunt the ladle of metal into the Jungle.

But the runaway was already close behind us, and it was gathering momentum at every turn of its wheels. Becker could reach the switch ahead of it—that was clear to me. When swung from the incline to the main track, where the curve was sharp, a little wave of metal rolled over the rim. It fell a shallow pool of water formed by the melting snow. Instantly there was a report that sounded like the bursting of a bomb; snow and water rained down upon us.

"No use! No use!" panted Becker. "We can't do anything. And yonder comes the Limited!" We heard the pounding of the long train of Pullmans came around the bend.

For years the steel-company and the road-company had been wrangling and putting about the installation of interlocking switches at that crossing. No one

Illustrated by
CHARLES C. CORSON

could be reached, and nothing had been done—the crossing was a danger-spot. Two flagmen guarded it against the possibility of collisions, but they were powerless to do anything—a flagman could not wave down and stop a runaway ladle of molten metal.

Becker and I knew what was about to happen: Ladle Number Seven, filled to the brim with molten iron, would collide with the oncoming passenger train. It was impossible for either to stop the crossing in time to allow the other to pass. Perhaps it would smash into the engine; perhaps it would strike into the tender, spilling its red flood over them and their occupants.

Becker groaned aloud and wiped away the beads of sweat that had come out on his brow. "Don't go any closer!" he called to me. "There's water and slush on the crossing tracks! There'll be an accident!"

Just then we saw a man saunter in at the track-gate, his hands in his pockets. We began to shout and wave our arms, and point to the switch-stand, trying to make him understand that we wanted him to open the Jungle switch.

He stopped and looked at us for a second, then put his thumbs in his temples, wiggled his hands back and forth derisively, and seemed to go back, thinking, no doubt, we were ordering him out of the yard. But as he turned, he caught sight of the ladle; he seemed then to divine our wishes, and with a bound, he went racing toward the switch. A second too soon did he reach it and saw it open.

With a grinding and screeching of wheels, the ladle swung off the main track and entered the spur. As it took the curve, the metal danced over the rim in a shower of golden rain. There was a popping and crackling like a fusillade of musketry as it struck the water.

The man jumped back, stumbled over a cross-tie and sat down heavily in a pool of slush and water. There he remained, watching, as though dazed, the runaway ladle.

Rolling and swaying, it raced along the old rusty tracks of the Jungle switch. We expected to see it topple and roll over—the rails were so bad there; but on it went. Then it took another switch, a short one, that ended in a heaped-up pile of dirt and cinders and old cross-ties. With a muffled crash it plunged into the pile of debris. A great wave of glowing metal rolled over the side.

Boom! The explosion that came almost threw us to the ground. The air was filled with broken cross-ties, pieces of track-steel, broken wheels and trucks, dirt and cinders, mud and water; we could hear the sound of shattered glass falling from the windows of the shops about the yard, and we saw men running from their work to discover what had happened.

The man who had opened the switch, and who had not moved from his seat on the ground, now leaped to his feet and fled, with all his might, ran as I had never before seen a man run.

"After him!" shouted Becker. "Don't let him get away! There's something coming to him!"

We struck out after the fleeing figure. Down the railroad tracks and out over a vacant field we ran. Becker and I were both good sprinters, and we gained rapidly on the fugitive. He looked over his shoulder, saw us coming and redoubled his efforts, if that were possible, to outdistance us. Then he tripped over a pile of stones and fell sprawling.

"Now, looky here, gents, go easy!" he cried as we came up and took him by the arms to help him to his feet. "Doggone it, I thought you wanted me to do just what I done—to open that Jungle switch! Honest, gents, I did! I didn't know—" "Why, you great, big, two-story stiff!" yelled Becker, seizing the fellow's hand and pumping it up and down. "Of course that's

what we wanted you to do! That passenger-train that just went by, and half the people in it, probably would have been blown into Kingdom Come if you hadn't opened that switch! Come right on back to my office, and we'll talk this thing over! You'll need some dry clothes—I think I've got a suit there that will just about fit you. And say, if I've got anything else you'd like to have, just ask me for it—it's yours!"

The man lifted his hat to scratch his head, gazing doubtfully at Becker. Then he turned to look at me. All at once a smile broke over his face, and he winked.

"Well, I'll be hung for a horse-thief, if it aint my old boss from Steelburg!" he said, chuckling and extending his hand. "Boss, this little world of ours is some small place, aint it?"

That wink had placed him for me—it was no other than Bill Skillet, who had worked as cinder-monkey for me at Steelburg five years before.

"And what have you been doing for the past four years, Skillet?" I asked as we shook hands.

"Follerin' my trade—lookin' for work," he replied, with a chuckle.

"Are you looking for a job now?" I inquired.

"Oh, sure."

We walked back to Becker's office, turning off into the Jungle, on our way, to look at the wreck.

"Ever do any railroad-ing?" asked Becker as he sat down at his desk.

"Well, some," replied Skillet.

"I've trammed ore in a copper mine in Butte, and I once run a turpentine narrow-gauge in Georgia."

"How would you like a job at braking, here in the yards?"

"I know it'd tickle me."

Just then the door flew open, and a much-excited little man not much larger than a good-sized boy tornadoed in.

"Who did it? Who's to blame?"

he shrieked in a thin falsetto voice.

"Who dropped that ladle of metal into the Jungle?"

Five hundred feet of fence blown down! Every window in the shops broken! Twenty tons of good metal lost! It's a wonder a dozen men weren't killed!

Who did it?"

"I done it!"

bawled Bill Skillet before Becker could speak.

The little man whirled about. "And who are you? Who are you?" he screamed.

"Me? I'm the original Wanderin' Jew with the twentieth-century name of William Skillet, called Bill among friends. I'm a riser to all occasions, and shuntin' that ladle was my latest rise."



"He stood up there on top of that car, gazing at the scenery. . . . He landed in an empty hopper, and was hauled out with a broken rib."



"What are you hanging around here for, you big, lop-eared loafer?" Spencer yelled. "Why don't you get out and get some pig-iron for those cupolas?"

Old Ste

"Is this
moder
only! Fin
Becker
the next
Who's
the two
That
there is in
evens, con
"Wow!
"Done aga
not my fo
This mous
"Just w
We coul
the genera
Then the l
the yardm
ercent.
When th
uper walk
and into
presented
"Have a

T
He gave t
of them
ranger w
good, the
son. I b
who had,
may cost
a Havans
skillet
and smell
have a goo
I could
man's eye
her, I k
ever seen
the office.
"So I'll
ward the
"Yes.
the tre-tr
"All rig
Becker
laughed
opportunity
just
"For a
The ol
at Becker
me I had
the Meta
"What
"I hard
Wilkins t
on K. Fe
may start
side being
offer—ye
Although
work. I d
the fas
more than
the story.
"I turn
told him
Woods at
"Ride
skillet as
"Sure
the side.
"Witho
stood up
calmly ga
of the W

"Is this one of your men, Becker?" cried the little man, gulping unbecomingly at his anger. "Discharge him! Discharge everybody! Fire yourself, sir, if you're mixed up in this outrage!" Becker diplomatically drew him, stuttering and exploding, into the next room.

"Who's the small gent with the mouse-voice?" asked Skillet as the two disappeared.

"That's Harvey Spencer, general manager of about everything there is in Oldtown—blast-furnaces, steel-mills, foundries, coke-ovens, coal-mines, ore-dumps and railroads," I replied.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" barked Skillet. Then he groaned. "Done again! Done again! I never open my mouth that I don't put my foot in it! Here's where I start movin' on once more. This mouse man's got my number. Ho-hum!"

"Just wait awhile," I told him. "Becker will take care of you."

We could hear the voices of the two men in the adjoining room, the general manager's shrill and staccato, Becker's slow and heavy. Then the little man ceased speaking, and only the muffled words of the yardmaster came to our ears. I knew he was explaining the accident.

When the door opened, and the two came out, the general manager walked straight across the room to Bill Skillet. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out his cigar case, opened it and presented it.

"Have a cigar," he squeaked.

THERE were very few men about Oldtown who had ever been asked to smoke one of Harvey Spencer's cigars. He gave them sparingly. The man who was the recipient of one of them could count upon it that the approving eye of Harvey Spencer would be upon him thenceforward. If he did not make good, the blame would be his—an opportunity would be given him. I had never been asked to smoke one of his cigars. Those who had, had told me they were masterpieces of their kind—Harvey cost Spencer fifty dollars per box, and were made up for him in Havana.

Skillet took one from the extended case, looked at it critically and smelled it. "Thank you, sir, and kindly," he said. "I do love a good Virginny toby."

I couldn't tell whether the glint I saw strike across the little man's eyes betokened amusement or anger. No use to study his face, I knew. It would never betray his feelings; no one had ever seen Harvey Spencer smile. Without further words he left the office.

"So I'll come out in the mornin', eh?" said Skillet, moving toward the door.

"Yes. Come out at six-thirty, and I'll put you to braking on the ore-train," answered Becker.

"All right, I'll be here. Good day, gents."

Becker looked through the window at the departing Skillet and nodded. "This skyscraper-built friend of yours blows in most overboard," he said. "I think I can use him to good advantage just now. Do you think he'll stick?"

"For a while—maybe longer," I replied.

"The old man was up in the air on a record for altitude," went on Becker. "He wants half a dozen scalps for this accident. Told me I had to fire Foland and Wilkins, and lay off the rest of the Hot Metal crew."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I hardly know what to do. I think I'll give Foland a month, Wilkins two weeks, and Langford a week. Wish I didn't have to do it. Foland hasn't been drinking for over a year. This lay-off may start him again. I don't believe he's really to blame for that hole being put back into service, but of course somebody has to take—you know Harvey Spencer."

Although Skillet reported for duty next morning, and went to work, I did not see him again for nearly a month. This was due to the fact that an ambulance hauled Bill Skillet to the hospital less than an hour after he had started to work. Becker told me the story.

"I turned him over to Jack Ivory, conductor of the Ore, and told him to put him on. Ivory was switching empties out of the Woods at the time."

"Ride that car down, Johnny-Come-Lately," Ivory called to Skillet as an empty box was kicked out.

"Sure! Just as lief as not!" drawled Skillet, and climbed up the side.

Without making a move to take hold of the brake-wheel, he stood up there on top of that car in a Napoleon-at-St.-Helena pose, calmly gazing at the scenery. When his car struck, at the bottom of the Woods, it was going about twenty miles an hour. He landed

in an empty hopper, and was hauled out with a broken rib and a damaged ankle.

"Say, what kind of a joy-ride is this you're givin' me?" he demanded as they laid him out on the ground. "Didn't you tell me to ride her down? And didn't I do it? I've heard about obeyin' orders if it breaks the boss, but I'll be burned if you'll catch me obeyin' any more orders if it's goin' to break all the bones in my carcass!"

"Are you going to give him another chance?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, if he'll take it," replied Becker.

He came back from the hospital and went to work. Before a week had passed, Ivory would not have exchanged him for any other man in the yards.

"Best man I ever worked with," he said. And Ivory was an old-timer in the railroading business.

Four or five months went by, and Skillet was still braking on the Ore. Then Ivory asked for an indefinite lay-off and took a trip to the East. Becker gave Skillet the Ore. I seldom saw him after that. The yardmaster occasionally spoke of him, always in terms of praise. He was a good man.

ONE day I ran across him as he was doing some switching in my end of the yard. "Why, hello, Skillet! Aren't you on the Ore any longer?" I asked.

"Not no more. Promoted. Got the Coke and Limestone now."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, the mouse-man give me another one of them Virginny tobies."

"No!"

"Straight goods—he did."

"What did you do, Skillet? Tell me all about it." I knew that he had done something that had particularly pleased Harvey Spencer.

"Well, the other day I was shovin' twenty-five, hoppers of ore up through the yard, easy-like, you know, so we could drop over the hump with a grip on 'em. You know how that track drops down to the Buckeye furnaces, after you once get over the hump. We didn't have no air on that day, and I savvy'd that we'd go plumb through the old Buckeye plant if we ever got started down that hill. Goin' easy-like that way made it purty hard on my engine, and she couldn't make it over. We had tried it three or four times before I noticed the mouse-man standin' by the crossin', waitin' for us to get out of his way so he could go over. It was rainin' cats and dogs, and he was soaked like a duck."

"Say, why don't you get this train out of here?" he peeped at me as we went backin' up to make another try at it.

"Just give the word, sir, and we'll go out of here like a cork out of a champagne bottle," I said, a trifle peeved at his impatience. "But I won't say how soon we'll get stopped, or where, after we get over the hump," I added.

"Get out of here! Get your blasted train out of here!" he yelled in a voice that would have been something awful if there'd been anything to it. He was gettin' wetter and wetter and madder and madder every minute.

"I just turned around and give Ham Doty the high-ball to come on with a rush. Ham took a run-and-shoot at it, and we was over the hump."

"Did I say over? We'd just begun. Wow! Wow! Twenty-five hoppers of ore, no air, and a track runnin' downhill like a kite-string from a kite! Say, them Buckeye yards seemed to fly to meet us. We was in 'em before we'd fairly got started."

"The fireman was back on the footboard on the tender, ready to leap off; Ham had tied down the whistle and was standin' in the gangway, ready to jump off; me and my buddy was hangin' on the ladders, ready to fall off. We hit that old wooden trestle leadin' up to the bins and dumps, and up it we went, like a cat up a tree with nine dogs after it."

"Slam-bang! Into the bumpin' block like a battleship into a clamscow! One car, two cars, three cars, four, five—over they went, lickety-split, head-over-heels, and blam! Down on the ladle-house, smashin' it flatter'n a dude's opry hat!"

"And nobody hurt! Ham's whistle had brought every slant-head out of his hole, and there them sons of southern Europe was, watchin' the big show, half tickled to death."

"Then here comes the Buckeye's boss-man, old Sowders, straight for me. He was carryin' a railroad rail, or a cross-tie, or something like that, and there was blood in his eye. I slipped a chock under the wheel of the car next to the engine, to keep the drag on the hill, uncoupled, and give Ham the tip to ease off. And out of there we tore, never stoppin' till we pulled up in front of Becker's office."

"I went in to report the damage and get fired. The mouse-man was settin' at the table, listenin' in the telephone. Boss, don't tell me that he never grins. 'Taint so. He does. I caught him at it.

"I could tell that he had Sowders on the line, or Sowders had him, by a few words I overheard. Once he yipped out: 'I've been warnin' you for five years to have that track lowered, haven't I?' Purty soon he slammed up the phone, turned round and saw me.

"With that dry little grin still crackin' his leather face, he reached down in his pocket, pulled out that cigar-case and shoved it at me.

"Have a cigar, Skillet!" he chirped.

"Becker come in just that minute. Before I could open my chops, Harvey had collared him.

"Becker, take this man off the Ore and put him on the Coke and Limestone!" he said.

"Yes sir, that's what he said. Becker grunted: 'All right, Mr. Spencer.' Then the mouse-man hopped out the door. So here I am, boss, and remarkable glad to get took off that Ore."

"Skillet, you're made!" I said. "Two of H. Spencer's cigars! It's a record!"

"I don't know about that," he returned mournfully. "My sky was purty clear up till three days ago, but there's a small cloud in it now that looks kind of threatenin'. I may have to take to the cyclone-cellar before long."

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Widder Sledge—the dame at my boardin'-house, you know. She has begun to look at me in a till-death-do-us-part kind of a manner that gives me cold feet. If I turn up missin' some mornin', Boss, tell 'em not to look for me—I'll be on my way."

THE OLDTOWN STEEL WORKS was a unit of that huge agglomeration of mills, furnaces, mines, railroads and steamships owned and controlled by the Great Western Steel Company. It was not the largest unit of the corporation; neither was it the smallest. A two-vessel Bessemer plant, two blooming-mills, a rail-mill, four merchant-mills, and fourteen open-hearth furnaces were in Oldtown proper. Six miles down the valley were located the coke-ovens, ore-docks and six blast-furnaces. All were under one management, with Harvey Spencer as manager.



At Steelburg, which lay fifty miles east of Oldtown, was another unit of the corporation. In size and make-up it compared with the Oldtown plant, having two Bessemer, a billet-mill, a rail-mill, two bar-mills, two rod-mills, sixteen open-hearths, five blast-furnaces and a coke plant. Drexel Wise was general manager at Steelburg.

There was no love lost between Harvey Spencer and Drexel Wise; indeed, there was open enmity between them. It was a feud of long standing, having its inception back in their young days, when they were working side by side in a Pittsburgh chemical laboratory. What it was about, no one but those two knew.

Both of them had made good, as practical steel men, and had gone rapidly ahead. In their advancement as corporation officials they had kept pace together. Which of them, at

the end of the long race they were running, would stand higher was often a subject of speculation among Great Western employees.

During that year when the name of William Skillet had been put on the Oldtown pay-roll, Harvey Spencer had been made acutely unhappy by the fact that Drexel Wise had forged ahead of him in costs and production. Steelburg was making more and cheaper ingots, more and cheaper bars, more and cheaper billets than Oldtown. True, the Steelburg plant enjoyed certain natural advantages denied the Oldtown works, but even with that fact taken into consideration, the difference in the figures on the cost and production sheets was so much that it made Harvey Spencer wretched to think of it.

Determined to overcome that difference and put his own plant in the front rank, Spencer had been giving more and more of his personal attention to the running of the various departments of Oldtown, until the department-heads had begun to feel that they were scarcely needed at all any more, that they were simply figureheads. He fairly lived in the mills, keeping every detail of the work under his eye. Mills and furnaces were pushed to capacity; men were worked long hours; there was much talk of efficiency and economy; not one unnecessary man was carried on the pay-rolls.

It was a hard period for all of us. Cost-sheets and production records were dangled before our eyes until we were sick of them. There was a good deal of mild grumbling and growling; yet every man buckled down and did his level best. Spencer's organization, to a man, was loyal to him, and there was not one of his superintendents who was not eager to see him win out in the fight he had taken up. While he told no one himself, it was soon rumored about the plant that his efforts were beginning to show results. He had pulled his costs down almost to the Steelburg standard, and we could see on the daily production-sheets that were posted in the mills that our tonnages were steadily climbing.

In that struggle for rank the most unpleasant feature to us, the department-heads, was the almost intolerable grouching and crabbedness that had developed in Spencer. A walking bundle of nerves at all times, he had, under the strain to which he was now subjecting himself, become a sour and splenetic fault-finder.

"The mouse-man bit me to-day," Bill Skillet confided to me as I passed him in the yard one afternoon.

"Deep?" I asked, pausing for the story.

"Not exactly deep, but I saw his teeth, and they were sharp and long. You see, it was like this: One of them manila-paper gents that wears loose pants and carries a pencil behind his ear gave me a wrong car-number, and it resulted in me shovin' a car of hard coal up to the cupolas, instead of a car of limestone. The little man heard about my bull, and he paid me a call. What could I do but acknowledge that the bull was from my herd, even if I had been handed a wrong number? I ought to have been able to tell coal from stone, shouldn't I, if I'd been lookin'? He let me drop easy by informin' me that if I ever again done anything one forty-seventh as silly, crazy and insane, he'd put me on the Bessemer can, blindfold me and hire a slant-head to do my lookin' for me. He said he didn't want (Continued on page 136)

He stumbled over a cross-tie and sat down heavily in a pool of slush and water.

TODAY! That is the keynote of this story—not day before yesterday nor yet to-morrow. And that's why thousands of people all over America are reading and discussing this brilliant new novel by the author of "The Source" and "The Highflyers."



Illustrated by
R. F. SCHABELITZ

"You don't know how relieved and happy I would be if there were nobody but you, and we were going to be married. You would be just the kind of wife—"

"That your neighbors would approve of!" she interrupted.

The LITTLE MOMENT of HAPPINESS

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Résumé of the Earlier Chapters

CAPTAIN KENDALL WARE had been assigned to duty in Paris and had set up housekeeping with a fellow-officer, Bert Stanley. And then he met the girl destined to take such a prominent place in his life—Andrée.

Andrée was studying for the stage, and when Kendall had made the acquaintance of a French actor, Monsieur Robert, she asked Kendall to introduce him to her, in order that he might aid her in her theatrical ambitions. . . . That evening Kendall astonished himself by declaring his love for Andrée. And next morning he was ordered on a trip to the battle-front.

With a vivid impression of the precariousness of life, of the need for snatching such little moments of happiness as come to one, Kendall returned after some days to Paris and to Andrée—and to the brief interlude of happiness which her yielding love now gave him. For only the next day afterward he caught sight of Andrée in a café with Monsieur Robert, the actor; and a quick-kindled jealousy stirred in Ware a violent suspicion of her.

Had he but known it, Robert was even then offering to Andrée her longed-for chance at the Académie if she would be "kind" to him. And Andrée was even then refusing this chance of a career for the sake of her transitory happiness with Ware.

Driven by his jealousy, Kendall broke with Andrée—and then learned from the testimony of a friend that she had been faithful to him under severe temptation. A reconciliation followed. . . .

And then Maude Knox—an American canteen-worker he had chummed with on the voyage to France and whom he had met and liked several times since—appeared in Paris and complicated the situation. She met Andrée and their encounter brought vividly before Kendall's mind the question of the future. Could he leave Andrée when the war was over? Could take her home as his wife?

CHAPTER XXI

IN the morning Paris stopped in groups to whisper and to point off to the northeastward. Paris was apprehensive. It had been awakened before dawn by the distant rumble of cannon, such a rumble as had never before come to its ears, and it wanted to know the reason for it.

Slowly, by devious channels, the news spread. The enemy had struck again, had launched such a blow as warfare had not seen up to this period. And Paris waited for the outcome. Then dull explosions were heard in various parts of the city at regular intervals. Big Bertha was at her work again; the long-range cannon was once more bombarding Paris.

Papers were eagerly snatched from kiosks and from news-vendors who ran through the crowds with such speed that it was almost impossible to buy their wares—but the news was scanty. But the guns were not heard again. After that first tremendous artillery preparation there was no sound from the direction of Château-Thierry and Rheims. The silence, the pall which the censorship threw over events, was portentous, threatening.

Then tidings of a more encouraging nature filtered in. The boche had advanced a little here and there, had been checked at this and that point. There had been no breaking through, no headlong rush upon Paris—no marching down roads in columns of four with guns over shoulders.

On the sixteenth the apprehension was less, but the tension was still present. The seventeenth saw Paris again almost at the normal of war-times. It was reassured. It was rumored that Foch had given his word that Paris was safe. The magic of one man's name was potent to reassure the millions of citizens of the metropolis.

Then came the eighteenth. History may well set it down as the Day of Days—for it marked the beginning of the end, the first note of the finale of the crashing, discordant Germanic opera. The Allies had counterattacked, and fear was dead. That was the significant thing. The eighteenth of July, A. D., 1918, marked the death of fear in the heart of Paris. From that date onward there would be no news but good news.

The Hôtel Elysées Palace knew by night that our first and second divisions had struck at the base of the German salient about Rheims, and that our twenty-sixth division had battered the apex before Château-Thierry—and at last the American Expeditionary Force was in the war. The Americans had come! The Americans were ready! The Americans had started! Number Ten Rue Ste. Anne knew these things, as did the American censorship high up in the Bourse. It was a day of exultation for Americans in Paris.

In spite of censorships, in spite of military secrecy, in spite of minute precautions, rumors circulate through armies which have an undeniable basis of fact. Rumors were a plentiful harvest now; and among them, circulating through the officers of the Intelligence Department in Paris was the whisper that some officer or officers were to be sent back to America either on a mission or to undertake permanent work.

KEN heard this prophecy early in the morning, and it troubled him. He had no cause for imagining that he would be selected; yet he might be selected. It was very far from his desire to be returned to America to run down German sympathizers in Hoboken, or to take a desk in some crowded bureau in Washington. While he was in France, there always was the hope that he might be transferred to active duty with some regiment at the front. Like all men in the American Expeditionary Force, he wanted to serve at the front, and he did not want to return to America—at least until the work was done.

But he had a stronger motive than most for wishing to stay in France. It was Andrée. Suddenly and very poignantly he realized what it would mean if he were compelled to part from Andrée. It seemed to him that she had become a part of him, an essential part without which he could not continue. She had brought an essence into his life which was sweet and desirable and wonderful. He knew that no other woman could bring to him what Andrée had brought so unconsciously, yet so generously. She was Andrée—Andrée! The world could show but one.

What was to be the outcome? It was a question he had evaded time and again, well knowing that it must some day be faced. He did not face it now, though it urged itself upon his attention. He did not believe the world had seen a more precious thing than their love—and yet, because of his training and the imprint of heredity, that love was questionable, tainted with irregularity. It was good, sweet, pure—but it was irregular as the Middle West and Plymouth Rock perceived irregularity.

He had never known Andrée to utter an immodest word or to

think a thought that was not clean and good. He had wondered at a certain diffident loftiness in her thoughts. She was a woman whose soul was to be regarded with awe, as any virtuous soul is to be regarded with awe. He did not believe he saw her falsely, or that love blinded him to defects which should be apparent. He knew he saw her truly, and that she was worthy of all his love. And yet his friends, his neighbors, above all, his mother, would despise her as a woman of light virtue, as a thing of evil. He could see the seething among the gossips if Andrée were to be set down in their midst, and he despised them. But—

Again he evaded. He had not the courage to ask himself what he would do when the moment for doing arrived. He could not give her up. That was the thought that came now—that she was indispensable. But would he have the courage to face the vestibule of the church with her? He did not ask.

One of those moods of depression to which he was subject when his reflections were troubled settled upon him. He was acutely unhappy. Those moods possessed a physical sensation, not a pain so much as a consciousness of the existence of his body, which was very disturbing. It was as if his arms and legs had suddenly become vivid. At such times he did not want companionship, could not have answered conversational advances. The life within him seemed to become as putty—a dead mass. The only relief was to walk and walk and walk.

HE left the office to trudge to the apartment, meaning to eat lightly and to wander about Paris until the obsession was ejected. At the entrance to the building the concierge was standing, waiting for him.

"Oh, monsieur, monsieur!" she said, and broke forth into weeping. He was not surprised. Such scenes were to be expected in those days when every mail brought word that some loved one had been demanded of his country. He patted her shoulder awkwardly.

"You have had evil news, madame," he said. "I am so sorry." Through her tears rage flared. "The boche!" she exclaimed. "Why is it that the good God allows such creatures to be? What good can it do them? But they would laugh and be joyous. It is so. I have read. These killers of babies!"

"What is it, madame? Your son? Have you had the news?" "My son, monsieur, is gone these two years," she said, not without a lift of the shoulders. "It would not be that. When one

is a soldier, one must march. To kill the men—that is war. But the babies—the helpless little babies! They are not men, monsieur, but monsters!"

"Yes—yes," he answered, not knowing what to say.

"And Monsieur loved her, did he not! It was Arlette who declared it to be so. Always she spoke of the fondness of Monsieur for the *petite fille*, the tiny Arlette."

"Little Arlette! What do you mean, madame? What has happened to little Arlette?"

"The long-range cannon, monsieur. Again it began to fire this day. It is that you have heard its explosions. This Big Bertha of the boche that murders babies! *La pauvre enfant!* She is playing in the street before her home. Out of the sky comes the shell of this so wicked cannon. There is a noise of great frightfulness." She covered her eyes. "When the smoke makes to lift itself, and one can see—there lies little Arlette!"

"Killed!" Kendall felt something that was rage and grief clutch his throat. "Have they killed that child?"

"She still lives, monsieur, and asks for you. It is so. But she will die. It is dreadful. Yes. Both legs, monsieur, at the knee. They were swept from beneath her as with a scythe. And she still lives—asking for Monsieur."

"Where?"

She told him the hospital, and without a word he turned, running, to search for a taxicab. The thing was incredible. Little Arlette, that mite from fairyland, maimed and bleeding and dying! Such things could not be. This was not war. He raged, though tears were wet upon his cheeks. As he rode, the dainty figure of

THE STORY OF JOHN CARVER

HE lived in a little Vermont town, and there among the acquaintances of his child- and manhood the great drama of his life was worked out. His story, written by William Dudley Pelley, will be one of the ten stories of distinction in the next number of The Red Book Magazine.

the child st
wise to sing
that scene i
a sudden ru
saw it all,
Arlette stan
of the explo
her little
bleeding
before top
to the pa
ment. He
tered a bi
groan of
test. He cov
back int
corner of
taxicab and
his eyes, a
that could
out the pic
of his ima
tion.
And now
was calling
him! . . .
It appe
that he
expected a
hospital, fo
was escort
mediately t
little bed
which Ar
lay. He
dreaded to
her, fin
from a si
which he a
bended mig
horrible.
forced hi
to look—an
horror pe
The little
upon the p
was bloo
her eyes cl
She seeme
alive, b
thing of f
loveliness c
from some
terial br
into being
the fairies
this very
pose. Thr
no trace of
—only m
lessness, a
terious grav
and peace.
Arlette sat
eyes fixed
waveringly
the little
the child's
shoulder.
The nur
"Speak
has asked
"She is—
"And co
"It will
"Nothing"
Kendall
he had be
moment o
"Mignon
She ope

the child stood before him, chin upraised, mouth opened bird-like to sing. He saw her as if she were real. And then he saw that scene in the street: children playing, the sun daring to shine; a sudden rushing in the air above, a tremendous detonation. He saw it all, even to the most minute happening. He saw little Arlette standing erect, stricken with sudden fear—saw the burst of the explosion—saw the child diminish suddenly in stature as her little legs were flicked from under her and she dropped upon bleeding stumps before toppling to the pavement. He uttered a hoarse groan of protest. He covered back into a corner of the taxicab and shut his eyes, as if that could shut out the pictures of his imagination.

And now she was calling for him! It appeared that he was expected at the hospital, for he was escorted immediately to the little bed upon which Arlette lay. He had dreaded to see her, flinching from a sight which he apprehended might be horrible. He forced himself to look—and the horror passed. The little face upon the pillow was bloodless, her eyes closed. She seemed not alive, but a thing of fragile loveliness carved from some material brought into being by the fairies for this very purpose. There was no trace of pain—only motionlessness, a mysterious gravity—and peace. Old Arlette sat with eyes fixed unwaveringly on the little face; the child's mother cowered with her face against Arlette's ample shoulder. Ken stood in silence.

The nurse touched his arm. "Speak to her," she whispered. "It will make no difference. She has asked many times for you."

"She is—alive?"

"And conscious."

"It will not—harm her to arouse her?"

"Nothing can harm her."

Kendall understood. Little Arlette was past hurt now, and he had been brought there to give to the child her last little moment of happiness. He knelt by the cot.

"Mignon!" he said softly.

She opened her eyes and stared at him, and then smiled.

"He is come. Regard him. I said he would come." Her voice was so faint as to be almost no voice at all.

"Of a certainty I have come," he said. "What could keep me away from my little sweetheart? Does—does it hurt?"

"Hurt?" She seemed vaguely surprised. "What should hurt, monsieur?" She did not know what had happened to her.

"May I kiss you?" he asked.

"But yes! Is it not that I am to be your wife? I wish you to kiss me."

"Do you love me very much, mignon?"

"Oh, very much. We shall be very happy, monsieur, in this America of the North. I am too little to be married yet, is it not? But it will not be long. My grandmother says I grow very fast."

"I have seen it myself."

She sighed. "I am glad. I had fear that you might grow tired of waiting."

"I would wait for you forever, mignon."

Again she smiled. "I shall sing for monsieur. One should stand up to sing—but Grandmother says I must not stand up to-day."

"Will it harm her?" Kendall asked quickly of the nurse.

"Nothing will harm her," she repeated.

"Then sing, dear! Sing 'Madelon!'"

The birdlike lips opened and the song came forth, faint as a morning breeze—that song of the little barmaid who stands to the poilu for the wife or sweetheart at home—the little barmaid whom he kisses in his loneliness, and in kissing her feels that he is touching the lips of one far away. It was a song which to Midwestern ears would sound strangely on the lips of a dying child, but it did not offend Kendall. It sprang from the soul of France.

There ceased to be any semblance of an air to the song; it became a faint whisper, halting, coming now a word at a time. Arlette's eyes were closed. . . . Now her lips moved, but there was no sound. . . . Presently the lips ceased to move. . . .

Kendall turned to the nurse, who nodded. He arose suddenly, looked down upon the child and then rushed from the room. And as he traversed the corridor, he found himself repeating again and again: "With a song on her lips—with a song on her lips!"

For two months experiences had been jostling each other to



"Monsieur Bert and I, we do not deceive ourselves," Madeleine went on. "We tell each other that there is not for always. It is play."

enter Kendall Ware's life. It seemed as if there were a conspiracy among events to modify him, to change the fiber of him and to break down the structure that had been himself when he landed in France. As compared to these past sixty days, the previous ten thousand days of his life had been colorless and without life. It had required twenty-seven years of personal existence, and more than one generation of predecessors, to make him what he was—and now a mere fraction of time, a handful of minutes, was striving to undo all that had been accomplished, and to create a new being. The question to be answered was: Can the present overcome the past? Can events master the fiber-growth of heredity? It seemed an experiment to determine if individuality is a fixed quantity or if it is subject to revolution. So far it might be asserted that Kendall had been modified—but no more.

Little Arlette had been a bit of humor in his life—no more. He had been unconscious that she was anything more. But now in her catastrophe she loomed larger and assumed significance. His was a world of symbolisms, a religion of symbolisms. As his mother saw the hand of God in every event,—the hand of God interposed with direct reference to herself,—so Kendall, in a minor degree, and perhaps with something of unconsciousness, was subject to the same obsession. He looked for the lessons of events. He was apprehensive of the warnings of events. An implacable God regarded him under lowering brows, and now and then caused an event to occur for his guidance. So he looked for the significance of Arlette's murder.

He had an uncomfortable feeling that innocence had been caused to perish for his benefit—as a lesson to him. It made him a sort of accessory after the fact. He rebelled in a vague way, feeling dimly that God had no right to implicate him in such a crime. Old catch-phrases came back to him as he walked toward his home, phrases such as that one must search for the Divine purpose behind the event; that the ways of God pass human understanding; that it is all for the best! There was no comfort in these. He could descry no Divine purpose. For that matter, he could find no Divine purpose back of the war. Yet God permitted it, furthered it, as it were. And because it was, because Divinity permitted it to occur, it followed indisputably that it must be *right* for it to occur. He would not have dared to define his creed as stating that his God was one who committed wholesale crime that a remote benefit might accrue. Yet that was his creed and the creed of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen. It was strange that he should remember Andrée's attitude toward God at that moment—her saying that the eyes of the good God must be wet with tears to see a wickedness. But he did remember, and he was filled with gratitude to her for the saying.

He wandered in a maze of gloomy theorizings—a maze which was nothing but a maze, which led to no desired center. It was the struggle between Present and Past, and it was a drawn battle. It only left him bewildered and gloomy, treading a bog and miring at every step. . . . Then he became aware that he wanted Andrée, that she was necessary to him because there was some-

thing simple and sure about her. She gave him a hand-holding. He felt that she *knew*, and he wanted the security and uplift of her knowledge. The universe was toppling, and he could stabilize it again—but Andrée was not coming. He would never need her more than at this moment, but she was residing in her land of mystery, and he had neither her name nor address.

The stark fact was that little Arlette was dead—and was singing on her tiny lips. He would never again think of France without thinking of Arlette—without seeing Arlette as a symbol of something at once pure and ruthless.



"Little Arlette! What do you mean, madame? What has happened to little Arlette?"

CHAPTER XXII

NOW began the phase of Kendall Ware's life which was to continue for a matter of six weeks, a period full of conflict between anomalies of indecisions, of procrastinations. There stood the high moments of happiness and there were dark shadows of self-distrust. He questioned everything, doubted everything, and most especially did he doubt his own ability to weigh even and to choose between the better and the worse. He almost doubted if he had the power of choice and felt a dour leaning toward predestination. Much of this was self-deception and conscious self-deception. He was becoming increasingly aware of a time when he would have to make a choice and take a decision, but he was afraid of that day. He knew the choice was his and could belong to no other individual or force. He must choose. The event was in his keeping.

Three major questions presented themselves. First, what was he going to do about Andrée? Second, what was he going to do about Maude Kean? And third, which was interwoven with the first, what about the

bule of the church?

Ken had not the least doubt that he loved Andrée. That was the one sure fact in the whole confused mass. He loved Andrée and Andrée loved him. To many young men, perhaps to most, this alone would have answered all his questions. Perhaps an ordinary young man would have thought of nothing else but perceiving that Andrée was essential to him, he would have taken her and made her his own in permanence with due forms of marriage. This would have been the natural step for youth to take—disregarding consequences and challenging the future. But Ken was not an ordinary young man. He was a young man who was afraid of the future, who had been brought up to have a lively fear of the opinion of the community in which he lived. "What will folks say?" was a question he had heard propounded from his earliest childhood, until the thing that "they" would say had assumed a place of importance in his affairs second to nothing. It had almost confused his perceptions of right and wrong, even as a small boy it had been made to appear to him that his mother was concerned less with the righteousness of an act than with the effect of that act on her neighbors. Undoubtedly this was a mistaken notion, but it had at least the color of truth.

He recalled vividly how a certain prominent member of the church had become an absconder, and the coming of the

of it into
"Mother,
more sinn
had been
him! It's
church!"
"What
young mi
it had be
altered so
tongues d
—not hell
So his
force him
be answer
fourth qu
to all, and
has had su
could be,
This ques
but it was
yet he wa
would do
aspects.
Matters
informed
ministrati
frequently
seemed u
remain in
would dis
Maude Ki
if she wo
what wou
"You d
"I'm gl
I wish yo

of it into his household. He remembered how his father had said: "Mother, we don't know all the ins and outs of it. Maybe he's more sinned against than sinning. We don't know." His mother had rejected that view harshly. "Whatever will people say about him! It'll be terrible oh his wife, and him so prominent in the church!" She had not said, "What will God say about him?" but "What will people say?" His sin, so it had seemed to Ken's young mind, had not been so much in absconding with money, as it had been in creating adverse talk. This attitude of mind had altered somewhat with years, but never had his fear of clacking tongues diminished. It stood for the supreme punishment of evil—not hell, but gossip.

So his first and third questions stood together, and he dared not force himself to answer them. The second question could not be answered until he had satisfied the other two. There came a fourth question, upon which, ultimately, must hang the answers to all, and that was: "Can a man marry a woman with whom he has had such a relation as I have had with Andrée?" In other words, could he, by his own act, unfit Andrée to become his own wife? This question did not present itself poignantly for some time, but it was beginning to formulate in the back of his mind. As yet he was considering only the expediency of matters; later he would doubtless find trouble with their moral and sociological aspects.

Matters further complicated themselves when Maude Knox informed him that she had been assigned permanently to an administrative position in Paris. He would be compelled to see her frequently. He would want to see her frequently. Somehow this seemed unfair to Andrée, but he knew that Maude could not remain in the city without his seeing a great deal of her. Andrée would discover this, and what would Andrée do about it? With Maude Knox absent, her importance receded, was held in abeyance; if she were here, she would grow increasingly important—and what would come of it?

"You don't seem overjoyed," she said.

"I'm glad you're going to be here," he said, "but just the same, I wish you weren't."

"Why? You aren't compelled to have anything to do with me if you don't want to."

"That's it. I am compelled, and I don't know whether I want to or not."

"W-e-l-l!" She drew the word out to its full value. "I must say you're frank."

"Please don't be offended. I don't mean to be offensive, but things have gotten so rottenly complicated with me that I'm afraid of another complication."

"And I'm a complication?"

He nodded. "You know it," he said. "Sometimes I think you know more about what a complication you are than I know myself."

"You are thinking Andrée will be jealous."

"I'm thinking she may have cause to be jealous."

"And you don't want her to have?"

"That's just it. I don't know. I don't want anything ever to happen to make her unhappy. You and I have talked pretty frankly, haven't we? Somehow you seem to understand things over here, though you are as American as I am—and you, well, you don't make a fuss. But even at that, you don't know how I feel about her. Maybe I'm going to be in love with you, and maybe I'm in love with you already. I don't know. But I do know that I love her."

"If you are by way of making love to me, you've invented a new method."

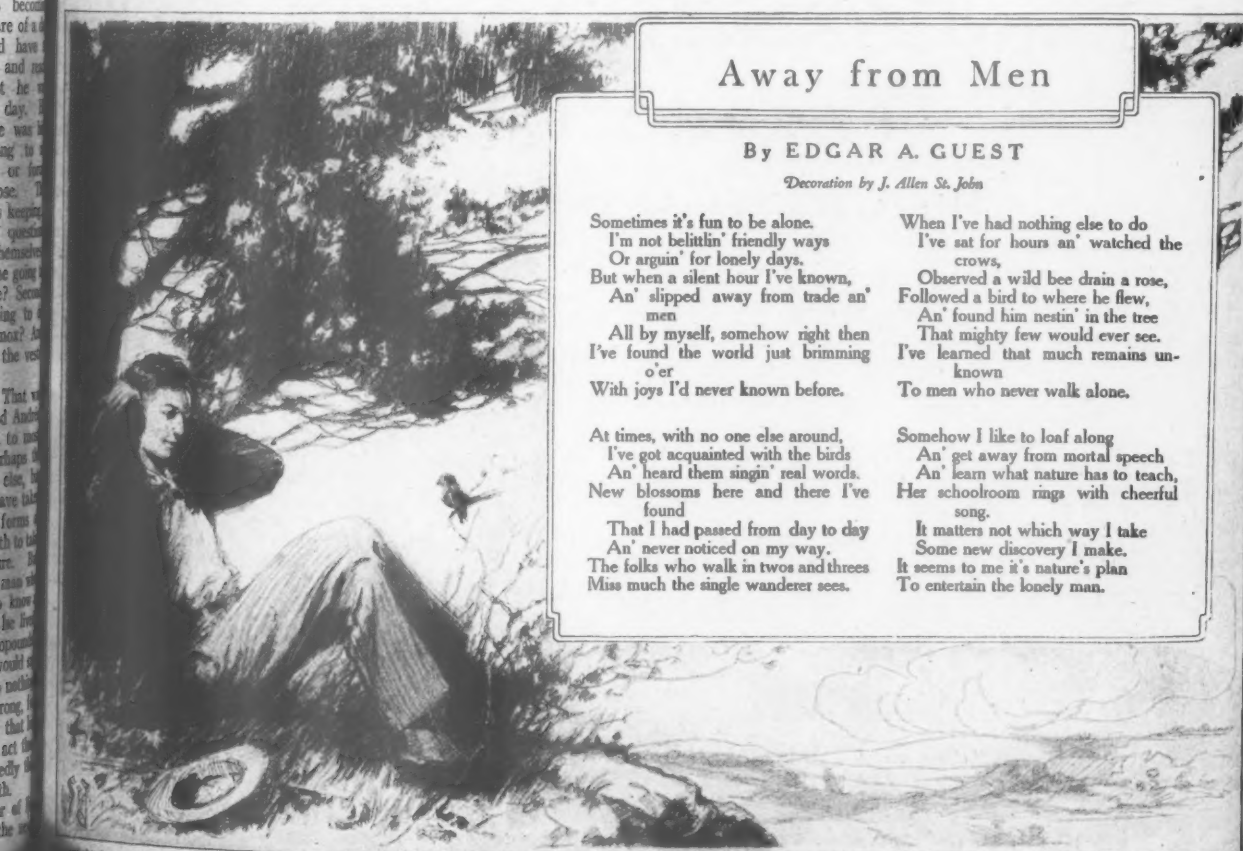
"I'm not making love to you. I guess I'm trying to reason things out aloud."

"Using me as a wall to bounce your ball against."

He smiled without mirth. "Something like that. I know I love Andrée, but yet I can see myself in love with you. I've asked you before if a man can be in love with two girls at the same time."

"I don't know. Not in the same way, anyhow."

"It would be different. If I did love you, I would be thinking about marriage all the time. It would mean marriage. I would want you for my wife. But Andrée— (Continued on page 142)



Away from Men

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Decorated by J. Allen St. John

Sometimes it's fun to be alone.

I'm not belittlin' friendly ways
Or arguin' for lonely days.

But when a silent hour I've known,
An' slipped away from trade an' men

All by myself, somehow right then
I've found the world just brimming o'er

With joys I'd never known before.

At times, with no one else around,
I've got acquainted with the birds
An' heard them singin' real words.
New blossoms here and there I've found

That I had passed from day to day
An' never noticed on my way.
The folks who walk in twos and threes
Miss much the single wanderer sees.

When I've had nothing else to do

I've sat for hours an' watched the crows,

Observed a wild bee drain a rose,
Followed a bird to where he flew,
An' found him nestin' in the tree
That mighty few would ever see.

I've learned that much remains unknown

To men who never walk alone.

Somehow I like to loaf along
An' get away from mortal speech
An' learn what nature has to teach,
Her schoolroom rings with cheerful song.

It matters not which way I take
Some new discovery I make.
It seems to me it's nature's plan
To entertain the lonely man.



Eddie struck out wildly and furiously until a heavy right landed squarely on his chin and took him off his feet.

The REINCARNATION of EDDIE LIST

By ROYAL BROWN

Illustrated by ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN the show-window of the pawnshop was that motley array of flotsam and jetsam the ebbing tides of fortune cast up. The geometrical center of the haphazard display was a set of false teeth which Hagan, the pickpocket, swore that he had lifted from the mouth of the proprietor of a country hotel as he slept on his porch. This was grave risk for small gain, but Hagan was a virtuoso with a pure love for his art. Also he had humor.

The rear of the show-window was shut off from the shop by panes of glass set in small frames. One of these opened, and the skinny hand of an old man reached beyond the false teeth and picked up an automatic revolver. This, old Berger, the pawnbroker, passed to a youth standing at the counter.

The youth wet his lips. "How much?" he demanded.

"Eight dollars," said Berger, his keen old eyes watchful behind his bowed spectacles.

The youth turned the automatic over and over in his hands. He wet his lips again. "I'll take it," he mumbled.

The pawnbroker smoothed out the bills tendered in exchange, examining each with swift but expert scrutiny. Then as his customer withdrew hurriedly and with a suggestion of furtiveness, he shut the small window and shuffled to the rear of the shop. His conscience did not trouble him—he had none. In order successfully to pursue his none too savory or successful vocation, he must mind his own business—and let other people mind theirs.

Nevertheless it was his business to know something of other people's business. He knew that the youth who had bought the automatic was Eddie List, and that Eddie was a member of Hagan's gang. He also knew that pickpockets and their assistants

eschew weapons. Aside from that, Eddie's purpose was written in his eyes, blackened and bruised and smoldering with the thought of vengeance to be consummated.

In the neighborhood somebody was always out to "get" somebody else. A quarrel,—often as not over a girl,—a feud, and a murder! One ungoverned passion developing another! A flurry of excitement and a carelessly cast police-net which far oftener failed to mesh the murderer than it caught him! And thereafter the murderer became a gunman, a bully and a braggart, with a reputation to be lived up to until sudden death capped his efforts.

This was the environment in which Eddie had been born and bred; he knew no other. He was evil, but there was some clean blood in him. His mother was an honest, hard-working scrub-woman. She feared God but had no illusions concerning man created in His image. She had always been pessimistic about Eddie's future, but for him she had found excuse in the undesirable traits that his father had likewise been worthless. Of her late husband Mrs. List spoke her mind with a fine unconsciousness of Latin platitudes concerning the dead.

Until Eddie was eighteen, home had been a place one might visit when he was broke. At all other times it was a place to be avoided, if he valued his skin—as he did. His mother had discovered that he was not only worthless but worse. If there were any Spartan in her, it was overlaid by other race affiliations; yet she disowned Eddie with a thoroughness of which the mother of Lycurgus might have been proud.

"Get out," she had commanded, and though Eddie was not a philosopher, full of maxims regarding the futility of reasoning with an aroused woman, he got.

He knew better than to stop and argue when Mrs. List had slipped in her hand.

The choice he was offered, that he mend his ways, he declined. At twenty he had gone from worse to the borderland of crime. He had the thin, pasty, oversophisticated face of the late youth, and he was a "classy dresser"—which meant that the clothing he affected was the last cry of a fashion done to death. The expression of his eyes, alert but quick to shift before steady gaze, the precocity of the lower part of his face, even the darkness with which his black hair was brushed back from his forehead, suggested one of those rodent animals that live by stealth.

His intimates were pickpockets, strong-arm guys, second-hand workers, boxmen and cadets. Among these Eddie enjoyed the same good-natured, kindly tolerance that a bat-boy does among his play-mates. A bright boy—and he had the reputation of being bright—might be an asset some day.

Eddie, conscious of their appraisal, struggled manfully to acquire whatever degree of viciousness he naturally lacked. He lived in a lopsided world where men received or were denied distinction for the measure of bad that was in them. His first wound came when Hagan lost—through processes of the law—the member of his gang whose duty it was to jostle a victim while he, the master-dip, set his facile, furtive fingers to their work.

Eddie was offered the job, and he snapped it up. Unfortunately his fingers were neither facile nor furtive; they lacked that early, intensive training that great musicians and pickpockets must have to achieve success. Never would he attain Hagan's intimacy. But his affiliations with Hagan gave him standing.

In appearance Hagan was as negative as a successful pickpocket would be—a small man with not a single physical characteristic that would make anyone look at him twice. Nevertheless he was a man of substance and a prophet with honor in his own country. When he gave counsel, it behooved a youth like Eddie to present respectful audience.

"The thing for you to do, Eddie," advised Hagan, "is to get a job. Then you'll have something steady."

While he spoke, Hagan's eyes watched the boy's face with cold interest. That Eddie, with his sophistication, his style and general smartness had not availed himself of a recognized means of getting easy money was a matter of surprise and, in some respects, of suspicion. The inference was that Eddie was not as good as he might be.

"Take a slant at that red-headed skirt who lives over Sullivan's. She's a ripe un," Hagan went on. "A guy with your looks will win her. Talk a little love to her—she'll fall for it."

The logic of this was unanswerable. Eddie offered no objection, and Hagan chose to interpret his silence as assent. Word was passed that Eddie was after the red-headed girl; the field was cleared for him, and the gang awaited the outcome of his still hunt.

This was, in itself, a tribute to Eddie's increased importance as a member of Hagan's "mob." The red-haired girl was a newcomer in the neighborhood. She worked as a chocolate-dipper in a cheap candy-factory and lived with her mother in a two-room tenement. She had a certain youthful beauty of feature and coloring and an alluring roundness of figure that malnutrition and long hours at work had not yet marred. All this made her an object of interest among Eddie's friends.

At Hagan's behest these gave way. Yet Eddie remained miserably inactive. For all his supersophistication, there was a strain of shyness in his make-up. This, rather than any moral sense, proved an obstacle until Hagan, becoming righteously indignant, demanded that Eddie get busy.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "What you hanging back for? Are you waiting for her to make love to you?"

Eddie swallowed hard and tried to find words to answer. Be-

fore these came, the red-haired girl appeared. She walked with rapid, nervous step, her eyes watchful, as if she knew of the net being woven for her entrapping.

"There she is now," said Hagan.

Hagan's eyes were hard and compelling. Eddie started forward, though his heart was hammering. The girl cast a frightened glance over her shoulder. Had she turned upon him and faced him, Eddie would have been disconcerted. But when she fled, some lesion within him snapped; he forgot his shyness and obeyed an age-old impulse.

The girl ran well, though hampered by her skirts, and she had all but gained the doorway that led to sanctuary before Eddie captured her. The zest of the chase was still on him, and he held her fast. He was a little breathless and vaguely exultant. She struck wildly at him with her small fists. Suddenly the girl paused, and her gaze passed beyond him. The next instant some one gripped Eddie roughly by the coat-collar and gave him a vigorous shake.

Eddie wriggled free, and turning, faced the interloper. He was no taller than Eddie, but broader and sturdier, plainly the product of a different environment. Eddie, however, wasted no time in gathering impressions. He struck out wildly, furiously, but without avail, until a straight left having come in violent contact with his eyes, his nose and his mouth, a heavy right landed squarely on his chin and took him off his feet.

Eddie sat up and considered the advisability of rising.

"Had enough?" suggested his vanquisher, smiling pleasantly.

Eddie's eyes were bruised, and the taste of blood was in his mouth. He was beaten and grudgingly admitted it—with mental reservations. As he walked back to where Hagan waited, a cynical smile about his thin lips, Eddie swore he would "get that guy."

"That's one of the high-brows that hang around the settlement-house nights," said Hagan, eying Eddie satirically. "His name's Hollis."

"I'll get him," said Eddie, almost sobbing. "Leave 'im to me; I'll get him."

"Sure you will," commented Hagan sardonically. "Even if you have to go to the chair for it!"

A chill crept down Eddie's spine. "There's an automatic in old Berger's window," went on his tormentor. "Get that, and I'll begin to believe you intend to make good."

And Eddie knew that there was only one way in which he could save his face.

At nine o'clock that night he waited outside the settlement-house. In spite of the soft south breeze, which made the April

murk as warm as June; he shivered as he stood in the shadow, his back to the board which announced the topic of the Sunday evening service. The big letters were legible even in the dusk:

"THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL"

The settlement was reached by a flight of a dozen stone steps illuminated by a grimy electric bulb. Eddie kept his eyes fixed



The youth turned the automatic over and over in his hands. "I'll take it," he mumbled.

on these. His cap was pulled down over his eyes. One hand, thrust into his trousers pocket, gripped the gun.

People were continually passing in and out of the doorway. Whenever one emerged, Eddie's body became tense and his heart beat suffocatingly. The hope that Hollis was not inside lurked in his consciousness, unauthorized and unrecognized.

"I'll get him," he murmured, striving to renew his flagging purpose.

At that moment Hollis came out. He paused for a moment under the light with a glance in either direction. Then he descended the stairs and with quick, certain stride, began to walk westward. He passed within two feet of Eddie, casting a curious glance at him.

In spite of a recurrence of the shivering, Eddie managed to draw the automatic. Miraculously, the street seemed to have cleared itself for his purpose; there was not a witness in sight. The back of his adversary presented an easy target. But as Eddie attempted to take aim, he made a discovery.

He had a yellow streak.

Hollis passed out of sight unharmed. Eddie slipped the gun back into his pocket and slowly retraced his steps toward his usual haunts. As he walked, he sought instinctively for rehabilitation in his own eyes.

"I'll knock his block off. I'll beat him up until he croaks," he promised himself passionately. A fantastic compromise, but Eddie clutched at it. It served to cloak his "yellowness" from himself—and the gang.

The possibility that Hagan would refuse to accept the explanation—perhaps cast him off, confronted him. But Hagan, whom he found in Sullivan's saloon, seemed ready to believe him.

"I'd 'a' shot him, myself," he said. "No man ever laid hand on Hagan and got clear. But if you want to beat him up instead, go to it. Mike O'Donnell"—Hagan's lips flickered briefly—"is your man. He'll make a boxer of you in no time."

As has been said, Hagan had humor. The thought of Eddie under the tuition of Mike O'Donnell amused him.

Left to his own devices, Eddie would have delayed action, battenning his pride with threats until it became normal once more. Hagan, however, kept at him until he found himself actually mounting the stairs to Mike O'Donnell's studio. It was located over a saloon. On the East Side, saloons then took the place of clubrooms, hotel foyers and even offices in which to transact business, and they abounded and flourished accordingly.

Mike O'Donnell was a broken-down pugilist who taught boxing. His dream was that some day a boy would enter the door whom he might make a champion. For Eddie he had exactly as much sympathy as a battered old bulldog (to which he bore a startling resemblance) has for a rat. When Eddie persisted, he countered by feeling the applicant's muscles with a relentless vigor that made his victim wince. At that Mike laughed without mirth.

"Ye haven't the muscle to hurt a gur-rl," he said, his battle-scarred eyes scornful. "Me sister's son Mickey, who's just after

turning twelve, could lick ye with one of his hands tied behind him."

Eddie colored. "All I want fer you to do is to show me how to hit. See!" he said sullenly.

"And he wants to hit!" commented Mike ironically. "Wid? Look here: if ye had as much science as Jim Corbett, his palmist days, ye'd be as good as a round of thim blank tridges in a cop's gun. It aint enough to know how to hit; ye got to have something to hit with. Git that?"

"You wont teach me?"

"It's a gymnasium ye need; not a boxing-teacher. If ye be a boy of mine, which the saints forbid, I'd put ye at the weights and keep ye there if I had to lick ye ivery twenty minutes. Get some muscles on your ar-rms before you waste me time."

This was final. Eddie withdrew with such dignity as he must. But as he retreated down the stairs, he glowered. Muscles? Little Mickey could lick him, could he? The thought stung him. He made many rash promises as to what he yet do to people like young Hollis and Mike O'Donnell.

In the years he had lived, the idea of self-development never entered Eddie's head. Now he considered it, as woven with a searing desire for vengeance. The thought of a barroom fight which one of the older men had described had come to mind. The hero of this epic was an imported election thug who became engaged in dispute with a longshoreman who questioned his vaunted prowess. Whereupon the thug proved right to renown by battering his inquisitor to the floor and the kicking him to death.

This inspiring picture reeled itself off before Eddie's inner vision with satisfying detail. It was he who played the part of the hero, and the young Hollis—or Mike O'Donnell—as the villain.

Hagan demanded a report. "He told me to go to a gymnasium," said Eddie sulkily.

"Well," observed Hagan with cold eyes, "I was you, I'd do something and do it on my own. They're saying you're a fourflusher and a fake. I'm alarm. Pretty soon they'll be pasting you with just for fun."

Hagan let that sink in. "I'll have no more working for me who has a yellow streak."

Thus was it made clear to Eddie that his prestige, even his livelihood, was menaced. He told Hagan, passionately, that anybody who tried to "paste him" would "get his head knocked off."

"But if Mike O'Donnell wont—"

"I'm goin' to the gymnasium," Eddie said.

Hagan eyed him reflectively. "Well, I'll see," he commented.

After that there was but one course. Eddie went, not without misgiving, to a municipal gymnasium where he was advised to purchase a gymnasium suit and present himself to the physical instructor.

The physical instructor was a political appointee, but he had a passion for his profession. His name was Erskine. He was tall, thin, broad-shouldered. Every movement he made his muscles rippling. The sight of Eddie, shivering like a shorn lamb in athletic shirt and dark trousers, filled him with joy. Here was work for his experienced hands. Eddie's undeveloped arms and narrow chest were not merely neglected but human mechanism to him; they were possibilities.

"We'll have you fit as a fighting cock before long," he promised with enthusiasm. The stock phrase fell for once on grateful ears.

Sticking to a thing had never been one of Eddie's virtues. But now he had the satisfaction of being impelled by an inexorable force. He went to the gymnasium, while suspending open comment, and secretly. Eddie began to avoid them, and strengthened Erskine's hold on him.

He was lavish with encouragement; he spoke admiringly of Eddie's improved condition; and then, having sugar-coated the pill, put him back at the chest-weights once more.

This was pure drudgery, from which Eddie's every muscle rebelled. But basket-ball, at which Erskine soon gave him a chance, was another thing.



"What's the matter?" Hagan demanded. "Are you waiting for her to make love to you?"

At the age most boys begin to take an interest in baseball, Eddie had been selling papers—and shooting craps. The challenge of physical contest was a new and bewildering sensation. The greater part of that first game he played uncertainly and poorly. Once, however, toward the end of the second period, he found himself close to his opponent's basket, with the ball resting, miraculously, in his hands.

"Shoot!" shouted his team-mates as he hesitated.

Eddie threw the ball just as a member of the opposing team crashed into him. He almost fell, but he kept his eye on the ball. It hung, interminably it seemed, on the edge of the basket, before it finally flopped in.

In the gallery were several girls, sweethearts or sisters of the frequenters of the gym. One of these clapped her hands vigorously.

Eddie glanced up, and she blushed. He immediately dropped his eyes and trotted back to his position.

But he had conceived a new ambition. He would become a member of the regular basket-ball team!

In all this time Eddie had never set eyes on the red-haired girl.

She and her mother had left the two-room tenement over Sullivan's the day after he had chased her. Nor had chance brought him into contact with Holli's. Accordingly the motive behind all this preparation might have been forgotten in the flux of new experiences and emotions, if Eddie hadn't had Hagan at his elbow.

Hagan was becoming impressed in spite of himself. A vengeance so long delayed and achieved only with such effort was difficult to understand, but it had picturesque elements. And there was no overlooking the change in Eddie.

"All I ask is that you tip me off when the time for the beating comes around," he said. "I want to be there."

That same night Eddie surprised Erskine with: "Do you think I could learn to box? Have I got anything to hit with?"

Erskine, with no inkling of Eddie's purpose, took joy in this new evidence of progress.

"I'll start teaching you to-night," he promised.

The first lessons were discouraging. But as time went on, Eddie learned to smile when the blows came hardest and fastest—and to give as well as to take. And there came a joyous night in August when he pushed Erskine to the limit, as the latter was quick to admit.

"You know all I can teach you," Erskine said. "That last one was a lallapallooza."

It was on that same night that Eddie saw the red-haired girl again. As he walked homeward, still glowing from his shower, she passed him. She had, as the light of an electric arc revealed, grown thinner and seemed to have less color. The light, coming from behind Eddie, kept his face in shadow. She did not recognize him, and for that Eddie was thankful.

Somehow the thought of their first encounter was tinged with shame. He could not have explained this; for though he knew that he had broadened and that his cheeks were no longer pasty, he did not realize that the change in his physical condition had not been accomplished without other changes no less decided.

It was just before ten; the sidewalks were as yet unencumbered by the throngs that the moving-picture houses would soon pour forth. Eddie walked along a few steps and then paused, irresolutely, in front of a brilliant show-window. He felt

a desire to follow the red-haired girl, to explain something not intelligible even to him. But the old shyness was heavy upon him.

His inspection of the show-window was only superficial; he glanced self-consciously in the direction she had gone. At that instant a man stepped out of the shadow in front of her. As she attempted to pass around him, he caught at her wrist.

The speed and ease with which Eddie covered the intervening forty yards were splendid testimonials of Erskine's efforts. He did not recognize the red-haired girl's tormentor until he had swung upon him. As his fist was traveling toward its destination with all the force and snap he could muster, it was too late



"Take it—and take what's coming to you!" Hagan said. Eddie swung about. As he did so, Hagan leaped into the barroom entrance. Under the arc-lamp stood Gazone. Before Eddie could move, he fired.

to stop it, even if he had had a desire to do so. However, he had no such desire.

Nevertheless he was launched on serious business. His adversary was a slim, wiry young Italian named Gazon. He was known, in the underworld, to have been responsible for a particularly brutal murder which had furnished agreeable diversion for everyone except the victim (a well-known sneak-thief) and his friends. Several of the latter had threatened to avenge the dead man but had shown no undue alacrity in setting about the task.

The blow was another lallapalooza. It took Gazon off his feet, but he came up quickly, and Eddie caught a glimpse of a weapon that chilled his spine. It was a banana-knife. Incidentally, it had been with a banana-knife—perhaps the same one—that Gazon had committed the particularly messy murder.

Eddie didn't stop to think twice. He simply shot his fist out once more, and Gazon went down again, the knife slipping from his grasp and clattering across the sidewalk. Eddie pounced upon it and then turned back to the Italian. The latter was rising slowly this time, and warily. Then suddenly he stood up and ran. At the corner, however, he stopped and, waving his fists, volleyed threats at Eddie.

As for the red-haired girl, fearing the issue of the battle, perhaps, or perhaps having as little faith in her champion as her assailant, she had already fled. Eddie stood for a moment, considering the banana-knife.

"Anyway," he thought, "he won't stick me with this one."

Nevertheless he was not unconcerned. He knew that the Italian had promised to "get" him. And that meant either a knife or a shot in the back.

ANY lingering hope that Gazon would "forget it" was dispelled the next day. Gazon had spread the news of the attack broadcast, adding that nothing less than Eddie's sudden demise would satisfy him.

"What did you want to butt in between him and the dame for?" demanded Hagan. "That guy's a bad un."

"He had it coming to him," said Eddie, his jaw tightening.

Hagan stared at him. "Well," he said finally, "it's *your* funeral, but if you'll take my advice you'll beat him to it. But lay low to-day. I'll need you to-night."

This meant that Hagan had a job for Eddie, and Eddie acquiesced. He felt no more compunction against aiding in removing a roll from some well-dressed gentleman's pocket than that same well-dressed gentleman might have in aiding in milking a corporation. At midnight he was in the subway at Forty-second Street. Near him were Hagan and Maxon, the "stall."

The three stood apart. Eddie, apparently intent on the sporting page of his final extra, actually had his eye on Hagan. The latter had his extra too, but his interest in it was not undivided, for as a portly man, in whose extreme tie there glittered a big, showy diamond, came through the stile escorting a showily dressed woman, Hagan gave an almost imperceptible nod toward the newcomers.

Eddie moved up. A local stopped, and the fat man boarded it, with Eddie, Hagan and Maxon just behind him. The train was crowded; they all clung to straps.

"Y'see," Eddie heard the fat man say, "y'ought to have let me call a taxi."

"Gee," said his companion, "I aint one of them dames that want a guy to spend his roll every time he takes me out."

The fat man beamed approval. "You're about the savin'est doll I've run into this side of the Rockies. I tell you what, it isn't often a chap runs into a girl like you. Now—"

The train canted sharply. Eddie, running true to form, lurched against the victim. As he did so, Hagan's facile fingers secured the scarfpin. Eddie had performed his part so many times, without being implicated, that all sense of danger had left him.

"Ugh," grunted the fat man with a laugh, and Eddie saw his fingers go mechanically to his tie. His expression changed swiftly; he glanced at Eddie and then laid violent hands on him. "Thief!" he bellowed. "Thief!"

For the first time in his experience Eddie was called upon to play a part in which Hagan had repeatedly rehearsed him. All that he need do was to keep his head. The scarfpin had already passed from Hagan's hand to that of Maxon, and the latter, moving toward the end of the train, was in readiness for the next stop. Even if Eddie were arrested and taken to the station and searched, there would be no evidence against him.

This fact Hagan had drilled into Eddie's mind. But Eddie's mind was not functioning. His heart gave a frightened leap, and he struggled, with incriminating energy, to break his captor's

hold. An instant later, he saw Hagan sidling away with a gleam in which disgust and fury were blended. At that Eddie remembered and subsided. But the damage was done.

Passengers had risen from their seats; there were loud demands for a policeman. A pert girl with an enameled nose saw the fat man that she "seen him take it with her own eyes."

In the midst of the commotion Eddie heard a familiar voice break in: "There is a mistake, I am sure. I know this man well."

The fat man turned around without relaxing his grip.

"The man who took your scarfpin was a little chap with a nose like a ferret," continued Erskine. "I saw him distinctly."

At that the "savin'est doll" cut in: "Don't you let him go, Jameson," she advised. "This other guy is probably just a 'cop' plice." She turned to Erskine and added: "Why did this guy—pointing to Eddie—"try to get away if he was innocent?"

ERSKINE took up the charge, addressing not her but her companion.

"If somebody suddenly laid hands on you and called you a thief, wouldn't you put up a battle?" he asked. "That he is so is proof that he's innocent. As a matter of fact, you're laying yourself open to a suit for damages, if you only knew it."

The fat man's expression changed. He let go of Eddie's coat. But: "If you saw the man take my pin, why didn't you nab him?" he blustered.

"I wasn't close enough, and he's probably at the other end of the train by now. I'd know him again, though. Here's my card—"

The fat man took it hesitatingly, and then at Erskine's request gave him his own. Erskine glanced at it.

"If I were you, Mr. Jameson," he said, "I'd notify the police at once. I tell you what you do: we'll get off here and get the nearest station-house on the line, and I'll talk to the man at the desk. I know most of them in this part of town."

This the fat man decided to do. He left the train, followed by his still skeptical companion. In spite of himself he was convinced when Erskine spoke to the sergeant who answered the call and asked that the robbery be closely followed up. But the savin'est doll stood to one side, nose in the air and one foot tapping the platform.

"All I got to say," was her parting shot, addressed to the fat man but aimed at Eddie and Erskine, "is that it's probably up to the perlice stand in with the crooks."

Erskine smiled at Eddie. "Let's go up to the street," he suggested. "I'd like to talk with you."

They had reached the sidewalk before he spoke again. "Of course we'll have to get the pin back to him," he said abruptly.

It took Eddie by surprise. Erskine's intervention had been timely, and he had believed it was gratuitous, assuming that Erskine, if he knew his part in it, had merely done for him what he would have done for Erskine, without thought of the moral element in the action involved.

"It's the only decent thing under the circumstances," pleaded Erskine.

Eddie's perturbation deepened. Hagan, of course, would never surrender the scarfpin, at least not without a battle. He also knew that any attempt to coerce him into doing so would result in himself being black-listed by the gang. He depended upon Hagan for his livelihood. If he broke with Hagan, it would be useless to seek for similar work, because a crook has no use for a man discharged for dishonesty. In a crook's business one such slip is fatal.

It would be equally hopeless to search for honest work. He could hardly refer to Hagan as his last employer.

AS they turned off Broadway, on a darker, less crowded street, Erskine broke the silence. Placing one hand on Eddie's shoulder he said persuasively:

"I want you to be square, Eddie. All I ask is that you go to Hagan and ask him to give the pin to you. If he won't—well, we'll have to figure out some other way of getting it."

This, Eddie knew, was not as simple as Erskine seemed to think. Yet he felt a desire to meet Erskine's expectations. So:

"I'll try," promised Eddie huskily.

"I knew you would," said Erskine. There was a brief silence before he added casually: "I've got a chance to take on an assistant, Eddie, and I've had you in mind."

Eddie stopped short and stared at him. "Me?" he exclaimed frankly incredulously.

Erskine nodded. "It's only fifteen a week to start, but—"

"I'll get the pin," Eddie broke in. (Continued on page 81)

IN the elderly heroine of these stories the author shows a keen consciousness of the change that has come over the industrial world. Here a woman heads a great business and in the case of her son strives to combat the ancient maxim anent—

SATAN and IDLE HANDS

By

IDA M. EVANS

Illustrated by

CHARLES D. MITCHELL



Rosy Kuntz had lost her sales-book and one patent-leather pump.

great plate-glass front doors of the Greenman wholesale house leisurely but with relief.

Wabash Avenue outside presented a blistering pavement to feet. It was comforting to him to think that in this same world were northern pine woods, cone-carpeted, cool-wind-swept, where his friend Haff Meadows had a shack to which even then, after bidding his mother a filial farewell, he was on his pleasant way. At the moment, Haff was waiting for him at the Lake Shore Station.

Young Mr. Greenman appeared rather cool, in spite of the day; his summer light flannels and the enviable air of detachment that marks a pleasant journey-starting offset the faint, imperceptible moisture on his temples.

This annoyed some people, in spite of their busyness. Rosy Kuntz sniffed bitterly as she hustled across the ready-to-wear salesroom, her arms, on which her pink crêpe sleeves lay dankly, filled with purple velveteen toques.

"Look at him! Mamma's boy! Off for a cool spot! Nothing to worry about but will the dining-cars have plenty of iced sherbet! And the rest of us niggerin' here for his old calculating, sharp-eyed parent and him!"

Jeff Gerbaum, who was hustling across the same salesroom, his arms—on which his dotted madras sleeves lay dankly—filled with mauve-and-russet plush tricorne, agreed with kindred bitterness with what Rose said.

"Oh, yeh! Some folks get all the ice-cream in this world, and others get the salt and sawdust. But there's one thing sure," he added, his glance going contemptuously over the distant trim-flannelled form of his employer's son: "business will go on just as usual whether son Oswald is here or not." He nodded with a cold grin at a good-looking young woman, bronze-haired, with eyes between violet and gray, whose blue-and-gray-striped satin sleeves were rolled up high above a pair of perspiring shapely white elbows. "That so?"

Annemay Doppy, chief artist for the Greenman semiannual catalogue, turned a languid and bored glance from the winged grosgrain sailors over which her pencil and pad had paused se-

IN August, time, tempers, temperatures and tenements are ugly things to think about; city streets and country roads are dust-caldrons, while Canadian woods and iced-roads are dog-days and white-duck trousers. In August, the sun burns clingstone peaches red and bakes cobblestones hard. And in August, summer-resort chefs, furriers and millinery-makers plumb the lowest depths of busy misery. For in that eighth and warm month, while half of the world is wearing sports-silk sweaters and eating fresh huckleberry pie at vacation-hotels, the other half is feverishly sweating in a workshop to get the winter styles on display.

Especially, in this month of dog-days and white-duck trousers and fresh fruit, does the wholesale millinery business grow wild-eyed, run its perspiring fingers through its hair till that hair stands up, and snarl at anyone and everyone who gets in its feverishly busy way—except, of course, the customers, city and out-of-town, for whom there is nary a snarl, but instead the continual sweet, soft smile that turneth away remembrance of other whole-male houses' styles, smiles and, perhaps, lower prices. . . .

Oswald Greenman, only son of old Catharine Greenman, who was known along Millinery Row as the coldest, canniest hater between Bar Harbor and San Diego, turned in between the

lectively, and made a faint assenting grimace after the dapper-garbed young man.

"Quite so," she yawned. Her glance shifted with faint scornful amusement toward the adjoining display-room where a woman of sixty-odd, with a powerful old Roman nose and a long, dark-mustached upper lip, was holding obviously grim converse with a small group of salesmen of obviously submissive countenances. "Oh, I think Mother can worry along part of a season, even the busy part, without her only child."

But neither Annemay nor the others lingered to exchange further comment. Rosy had a woman from northern Iowa waiting restlessly to pass opinion on the toques; three buyers from his Minnesota-and-Dakotas territory were waiting restively to pass judgment on the tricorne hats that Jeff Gerbaum bore; and a printer was restfully waiting for Annemay Doppy's sketches of late street hats for the mid-season leaflet ads. In August, in the Greenman and all other establishments along Millinery Row, conversation waited on business, lord of the days.

Especially did it wait when Catharine Greenman, dark-mustached, sharp-eyed, grim as her old Russian namesake, was around. That old personage had come up from the industrial bottom. Forty-odd years ago she had run errands in this same establishment that she now owned. Her eyes had been sharpened by years and by an innate great acumen. She often remarked publicly and loudly that when she paid a person for work, she liked to get as much work as she paid for. Now, when from the adjoining display-room, she stretched a grim head—

"I'm on my way," said Rosy under her breath, and was on it.

"Me too," assented Jeff, mopping a sweaty brow. "But I sure earn my daily dough." And he cast a second coldly envious glance at the flanneled young man who presented an excellent picture of care-free leisure. And Annemay, though languidly, cast a third.

OSWALD GREENMAN, however, was not so free of industrial care as his well-groomed and careless appearance seemed to indicate. Haff Meadows' shack in those far pine woods lured him. He knew it. Four Harvard Augusts had been spent agreeably in it. Then, owing to a large Hohenzollern dream,—or nightmare, perhaps, should you question one of the Hohenzollerns,—his last two summers had been spent at dutiful drill in an officers' training-camp which was not north nor in any cone-carpeted woods. So this month at that shack would have the zest that an absence had added, and for several weeks the young man had watched a calendar with pleasant anticipation.

It had not dawned upon him till to-day that his mother's—and incidentally, his—business establishment for several days had been taking on hustle and bustle as a ship takes hurried cargo. In school, Harvard and training-camp years, this wholesale house, however, had not been much more than a background in Oswald Greenman's young life. When the grand Hohenzollern waking-up, some months back now, rendered training-camps superfluous in the daily life of young America, he had carelessly attached himself—as had been expected since his childhood—to his mother's business wing. But since that attaching, business had not whirled excitingly; since the armistice a post-war torpor had been conspicuous. The young man, being uninformed,—since no one took the trouble to inform him otherwise,—had supposed that this torpor was the usual thing. He had stolidly taken it for granted that orderly aisles, uncrowded salesrooms and unmolested hat-pedestals were customary.

But to-day, when he turned in those plate-glass front doors, it seemed that several thousand people, more or less, turned in simultaneously. Women in tailored pongee, women in smocked satin, women in shirred taffeta, women in tucked dimity, charmeuse, poplin, tricotine, organdie, khaki kool, flannel, messaline, georgette or the ever-on-hand serviceable serge fairly surged in—women from Illinois, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri, Indiana, Minnesota and other states. And a good many men came too—pushing, alert-eyed, nervous, hasty men who presumably had made a bet with themselves to get through the Greenman doors as soon as anyone else with the same start could.

Oswald Greenman, as has been said, turned in leisurely. But before he got three sevenths of the way over that door-sill, he bewilderedly found himself pushing frantically for space for his soles, for space to breathe, for mere space to hold his own personal pair of light-flanneled shoulders. When finally he was almost catapulted past old Matt, the red-faced, perspiring door-man, he ejaculated:

"Anything the matter?"

Old Matt eyed the young man a bit disdainfully. He did not exactly dislike him; but having tended those front doors for twenty-odd years, he could not be expected to grovel in respect for a person unfamiliar with their seasonal rush.

"This is the second Monday in August," he said solemnly. John Stenn, Matt later said acridly: "His father wasn't running with brains—I dunno as he needed to be after he married Catharine Solinski; but I dunno what old Henry would have said if he'd lived twenty years longer an' heard a boy like his ask, 'cause there was a crowd in August, 'What's the matter?'" Matt's mimicry was wry.

In the elevator Oswald Greenman was surprised to find not only a crowd and a crush than at the front doors. Halfway to the corner of that elevator he was held as though in a vise by a quill from the hat of a lady from Denver and a jet aigret from St. Louis met amidships of the bridge of his nose and engaged in silent warfare. He managed to extricate his nose and went off further use of it as a No Man's Land by covering it with his light Panama, while at the same time he politely endeavored to keep his two tan heels on floor-space sufficient only for one, in order to give more foot-room to folks trampling him all about him for such room.

He got out as soon as he could, which was at the ninth floor, and rearranged his tie, brushed off his trampled shoes and pulled straight his pulled-crooked coat—frowning the while back toward the departing elevator.

His frown increased a moment later when, while he was straightening his coat, the Fenway sisters, of Keokuk, Iowa, two doughty business damsels, unceremoniously pushed him out of their impetuous way toward the plain felt shapes. And it increased more when, a moment after that, George McMersey, salesman, towing three bulky customers in Ohio-made mens line gowns toward the ready-to-wear velvet pokes, almost pushed him out of his, McMersey's, way.

"Beg y'pardon," briefly muttered McMersey, going rapidly on with: "I assure you, Mrs. Butwer, our line of pure silk velvet pokes beats all hollow every other line—I don't care whose line it is—"

"Don't mention it," returned the young man, frowning even harder as he deftly, to escape a third push in a third moment, flattened himself against a wall out of the way of a Greenman hand-truck.

BUT frowns, like smiles, political platforms and peace treaties, have their own peculiar gamut of meanings. Oswald Greenman might have been frowning because of the discomfort which the discomforts of front doors, elevator and salesmen aggravated. Or he might have been frowning for some entirely different reason. Sometimes the code-book of intimacy is needed to decipher a person's frown.

Certain it is that he frowned decidedly harder than before when presently on a lower floor—which he made by stairs rather than by any elevator—he watched Annemay Doppy, his mother's chief catalogue artist, as she sat sketching a trimmed hat for the purpose of making one of her nifty little advertising illustrations.

Possibly Annemay emphasized the heat of the day; her hair which was the same bronze shade as a pheasant wing much used for trimming by the Greenman house the previous season, was pinned back tight and uncurled from perspiring white forehead over small, warm white ears, and her blue-and-gray striped suit sleeves were rolled high, obviously for comfort and coolness. It is significant, however, that though there were numerous other toiling young women of perspiring and uncomfortable appearance in the crowded sultry room, their employer's son watched no frowning attention upon them.

"But that's always the way," sighed Rosy Kuntz cynically, neglecting a resentful lady from Omaha who wanted advice on assorted plush mushrooms. "To them that already have plenty—There are five men in this town now who keep the same frown for Annemay Doppy and their income tax."

"While others," with sweet sympathy began Jeff Gerbaum, neglecting a lady retailer from Tennessee who resentfully yanked his coat-tail to get information on the most salable *jaquette* among "poor others cannot even—"

"Oh, I don't know!" snapped Rosy, bestowing a cold frown of her own on the insolent Gerbaum. "Some of us others don't exactly have to pay for our own dress-circle seat Saturday night. But—"

"Betcha Annemay turns him down in the end," said

infully. He
 those front
 to grovel
 rush.
 and solemnly.
 her wasn't
 after he
 and Henry
 heard a boy
 What's the
 ed to find
 Halfway
 in a vise
 jet aigret
 and engaged
 ose and was
 covering it
 politely end
 efficient only
 trampling
 the ninth
 shoes and
 ile back to
 while he
 Keokuk, In
 ed him on
 es. And it
 e McMersey
 o-made men
 pokes, abse
 ping rapidly
 pure silk
 care whose
 frowning
 third momen
 of a Green
 ms and pa
 meanings. O
 e of the d
 and sales-
 ne entirely
 acy is need
 r than bel
 e by stair
 y Doppy, h
 a trimmed
 vertising il
 ay; her h
 ng much
 s season, w
 white foreh
 striped su
 and coolne
 umerous o
 table appo
 s son wast
 ntz cynica
 ed advice
 dy have p
 who keep
 ax."
 ff Gerban
 fully yank
 faille tan
 cold from
 others don
 urday night
 " said



CHARLES D. MITCHELL

He watched Annemay Doppy, his mother's chief catalogue artist, as she sat sketching a trimmed hat.

thoughtfully. "Betcha a new Hudson seal toque for these nice August days!"

"I don't bet," said Rosy, "unless I know I'm going to win."

She turned to the lady from Omaha; Gerbaum turned to the resentful information-seeker from Tennessee; and Oswald Greenman turned into an adjoining display-room, where he finally found his mother.

"Dropped in to say good-by," he began abruptly. "And—"

Catharine Greenman half looked around from the small group of submissive-countenanced salesmen to whom she had been talking.

"Good-by, Oswald," said she. And: "I don't care"—grimly—"what old Klifton on Michigan Boulevard does with his sales-systems. The Klifton Hat Works isn't the Greenman Hat-house. I don't know as old Dave Klifton can teach me much—"

"I dropped in to say good-by, Mother," again said Oswald Greenman. "But—"

"Good-by," said his mother. And: "And when I find myself taking pattern here from old Klifton—"

"I dropped in to say good-by," persisted Oswald, "but perhaps I am needed here. Business certainly seems rushing—"

Catharine Greenman turned, at that, and looked quizzically at the speaker. Her longish, dark-mustached upper lip seemed to lengthen with a sort of grim impatience.

"Huh?" said she.

"I said perhaps—" The intonation of her son's voice may have been fearful, hopeful or thoughtful. Intonations, like frowns, have their own peculiar gamut of interpretations. But—

"Good-by, good-by, Oswald," said his mother again with brusque haste, and she turned abruptly from the group of salesmen. "I got some letters to get out right away—"

The day, as has been explained more than once, was warm. Many faces were flushed. The group of salesmen, for instance, were quite red of countenance. So possibly there was something significant in the dull brick hue of young Oswald Greenman's as his mother walked away.

He walked away also, making as swift and uncrushed a way as he could down to the main floor. Aisles, elevator and main-floor corridor, however, finally yielded him as a sausage-mill yields a link. He emerged on the street somewhat breathless—and frowning. Ten minutes later at the Lake Shore Station he greeted Haff Meadows, a blond, plump young man, with abstraction.

Haff desisted from browbeating a baggage-man and being browbeaten by him, and wiped a hot, genial face. "Well, we're off. Out of this soot-hole by the lake."

The abstraction on Oswald Greenman's face took on a tinge of wavering decision.

"I don't know, Haff. I really don't know as I ought to go off with you. That wholesale house is certainly a buzzing hive."

"What of it?" demanded Haff Meadows, puzzled of eye.

"I don't know as I can be spared. I felt rather guilty, slipping off—"

"Oh, oh!" Oswald Greenman's friend—friend of preparatory school, of Harvard and of training-camp—gaped at him.

And then Haff Meadows put his plump hands on his also light-flannelled hips, arms akimbo, and laughed—laughed loudly and rudely.

"Oh, that's the richest thing I ever heard!"

"Oh—is that so?" Oswald Greenman reddened. "I—"

"Oh, oh! Say!" Haff put away mirth for ironic candor. "Say, Os, pull that on a stranger; but not on me! Member, Os, I've known you—and your mother—for some years! And I guess, son, your capable parent and her two or three hundred employees can pull through a busy week or two without you. Leastways, they've pulled through a good many years unaided by your gray matter and energy. Oh, oh!" Haff guffawed again.

Oswald Greenman, with a very red face, regarded him with an expression that began by being cold and ended by being disliking.

"You think you know a lot," he remarked with dignity. "But—"

"I know what I know," said Haff blithely. "And I guess—"

"Guess (Continued on page 100)"



"Oh, I don't know!" snapped Rosy. "Some of us others don't exactly have to pay for our own dress-circle seat Saturday night."

FROM his sole to his soul the Southern negro is an open book to the man who wrote this story (and others to follow), and you can believe what he tells you about the Black Man who did his share in making "the world safe for democracy," even though in the beginning, as this story suggests, he wasn't just keen to go.

CONTRABAND

By
HARRIS DICKSON

Illustrated by
GEORGE WRIGHT

"BUBBER, I'm skeered!"
"Shet yo' mouf, nigger! Folks kin see dem teef, plumb across dis canal."

Coke's gleaming teeth disappeared, while his eyes showed white like marbles against the pitchy background. Blacker than the night, and less visible than specks of ink in a barrel of tar, the two young negroes crouched on the Louisiana side of the Yazoo Canal, watching the terraced lights of Vicksburg, which sent their flame-tipped dazles across the water.

"Dar he is!" Bubber pointed to the railroad station directly opposite. "Dat's Mr. Langston. He knows his fidgety walk."

"He aint no mo' fidgetier dan what I is. I'm prophesyin' dat us is fixin' to git pinched."

With a kick of his pessimistic foot Coke disturbed a silent bag that lay on the ground before him, and which had hitherto emitted no hint of its presence. Now it let out a guilty jingle.

"Look out, fool! Somebody's comin'."

Five men were coming up behind, straggling along an illuminated path from the "Island Saloon" to the ferry. Each of these pilgrims returning to Vicksburg carried more or less of a load, three country negroes transporting contraband in valises, while the white man and a wabby colored brother toted theirs within. One by one, as they filed beneath the lights, Bubber sized them up.

"Rest easy, Coke. Dem country niggers don't know us; an' de others is too pickled to squeal. We'll risk it, an' cross back on dis next trip o' de ferry."

A small gasoline ferry had left the Vicksburg side and was now coming *put-put-put* toward the Island. Coke lifted his sack with care that it did not rattle.

"Say, Bubber, 'pears like to me it would ha' been handier to tote dis stuff in a verlees."

"Den s'posin' a deputy seen us comin' over here wid a verlees. He sho would grab us when we 'rived back wid de stuff."

Coke gave a contemptuous snort. "Polices don't 'mount to shucks."

"I never say polices; I specify *Unity States* deputy. Niggers can't prank wid Uncle Sam."

This idea of pranking with the Government scared Coke afresh.

"Why didn't he come hisself? Polices wouldn't 'rest no white man."

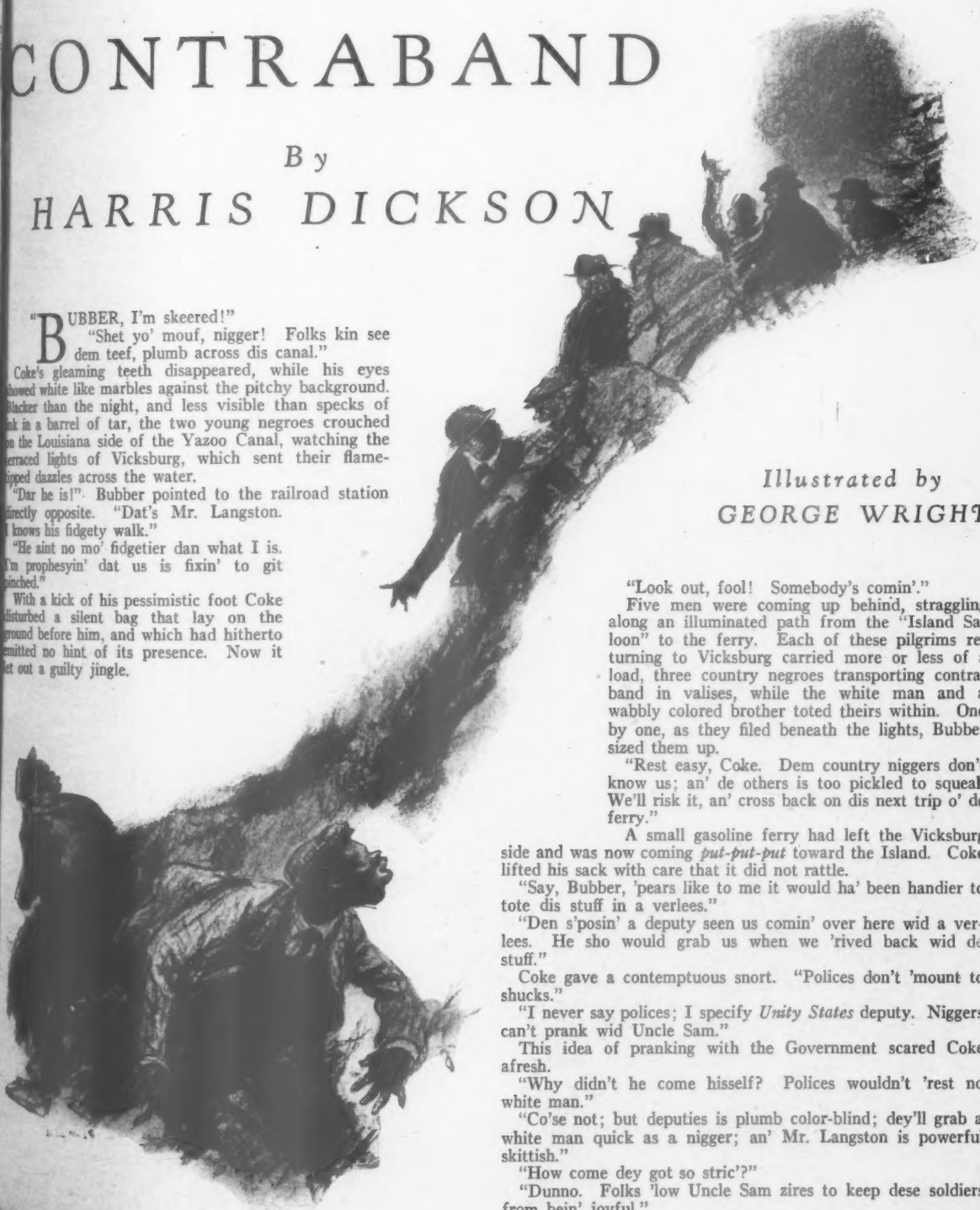
"Co'se not; but deputies is plumb color-blind; dey'll grab a white man quick as a nigger; an' Mr. Langston is powerful skittish."

"How come dey got so stric'?"

"Dunno. Folks 'low Uncle Sam zires to keep dese soldiers from bein' joyful."

The gasoline boat drew nearer, while Coke considered this other important subject which Bubber's remark suggested:

"Halt! Drop yo' booze!"



"Say, Bubber, is dey called yo' number for fightin'?"
 "Not me. In war-times I'm a citizen."
 "Dey got yo name reddished in de book?"
 "Sholy! But dat don't spell reddished in de army. I'd ruther stay home, when a five-spot is dis easy to pick up."
 "Us aint picked up dat five-spot—not yit. Maybe us'll git picked up. I prophesy—"

"Quit prophesying trouble, an' fetch yo' sack."

The gasoline ferry was making fast at its wharf, bringing customers to the saloon which stood in unassailable wet territory at the desert's edge. With those who thirsted and who transported stimulants on the inside, the local law manifested no concern, and it had heretofore exerted itself but perfunctorily as to commercial importations—until war had spurred the flank of law, and Uncle Sam began to meddle.

"Bubber," Coke questioned nervously, "dis must be terrible risky for dat man to pay us ten dollars."

"Nigger, can't you soak nothin' in yo' skull? When a white man craves whisky, he don't ax whether it's ten dollars or two bits. He jes wants de booze."

"I wishes he had it; I don't hanker after dis job."

With jerky haste Coke set his triggers to emerge from darkness and sneak aboard the ferry, but the experienced Bubber held him back.

"Wait. You an' me gits in last."

Seven passengers climbed into the gasoline boat, with Bubber and Coke on the rear seat. Excepting the possibility of a capsizing, no dangers lay in crossing the canal. But when the others began scrambling ashore in Mississippi, Bubber nudged his pal and whispered:

"Let dem country niggers go up de hill fust. Ef anybody bothers 'em—jes burn de wind, an' meet at Ma's house."

"Drop dis sack?"

"No, fool! Fetch it wid you."

On the Vicksburg side the canal-banks were higher, overgrown

with weeds and washed into gullies. A tortuous path rose steeply up the hill in erratic zigzags which exactly suited the passengers' method of progress. The lower slopes were shrouded in darkness and safety, but topping the higher level stood a lighted railroad station toward which the country negroes were climbing in silence, and showing their increased anxiety to catch the northbound express.

"Lie low, Coke, an' see if dey gits by."

Up and up the vanguard mounted, their heads bobbing above the weeds. Nobody spoke a word. The three foremost figures rose into the zone of light and peril, while Bubber hugged the ground and held his breath. They had almost gained the station when two formless shapes sprang up beside them and shouted command:

"Halt! Drop yo' booze!"

"Hustle, Coke!" Shoving his pal to the right, Bubber vaulted into a gully at his left, and crawled to where he got leg-room in the operations.

A TINY creek meandered past the back steps of Lissa's house, where the panting Bubber now waited for Coke.

"Wonder who was dat limber-legged feller what chase me brief. Huh! He sho got a run for his money."

It was too dark to watch for anything as black as Coke, and Bubber kept his ears tilted forward like a suspicious mule until he caught a rustle among the cockleburs.

"Who dat?"

"Me."

"Did you fetch de stuff?"

"Uhuh!"

"Den come 'long—taint nobody at home."

Under the steps Bubber found his key. A square of blackness yawned for an instant as he opened the door and dragged Coke within. Breathless, they stood together in the

and silent room.

"Where's yo' wife and Sis Bessie?" Coke inquired cautiously.

"Gone to de bar. Cross speakin'."

Without clatter they slipped down their sacks on the floor. As a man who knew his business, Bubber laid the table to a certain spot, planted a chair on top and climbed while Coke passed him the two sacks.

Then Bubber stepped to the floor again, moved the chair and lighted a smelly lamp. Coke glanced upward at the ceiling, which betrayed no evidence of a plank having been pushed into and fourteen quarters of a contraband secreted.

"What us gwine to do now?" Coke died on the edge of the bed.

"To-morrow mornin' you's ramblin' de hotel, kinder less-like, and tell Mr. Langston whar come for his whisky."

"He'll be gone away."

"Him? He mought be gone widout no train, but he want widout no booze."



Snatching up coat and hat, he followed the fleeing Coke, then wheeled back into the house. "I'm 'bleeged to have some pants."

ous pain
suited the
es were sh
level stood
ry negroes
anxiety to
s bobbing
foremost
ber hugged
gained the
and shout
"Shet up whilst
hunts some
Bubber van
not leg-rom
steps of
ubber now
t chase me
s Coke, and
s mule un
are of black
the door
er in the
nt room.
re's yo'
is Beulah
quired
to de
beakin'."
ut clink
r they
their sacks
As a
w his
bber
to a cert
anted a ch
climbed
ke pass
two s
ber steps
or again,
e chair
smelly
ced upwa
tiling, wh
no evid
ank hav
he d as
een qu
rabad s
es gwin
Coke
e edge
row mo
amblin'
inder ke
nd tell
what
s whisky
e goul
He moug
ridout
e wont
oose."



"Bubber, stick out your tongue. — See, Mammy, it's red. His symptoms indicate pickers' tonic, elbow-grease and exercise—until they draw his number for the army."

"Jes look at dat! Hoover sho is a horrisome white man. Did you ever see sech skimpy bottles?"

"Whar's de meat?" Coke growled at his friend.

"Dey don't buy none 'cept once a week; an' den it's only a tickle's wuth o' liver. Used to be plenty when three Rutherford boys had to fed, an' all of 'em man-size eaters. But Preston went to de war an' got shot, which made bofe his brothers mad, so dey's likewise gone to fight."

"You aint goin' to fight, is you?"

"Me? I aint mad at nobody."

MORNING broadened, but Coke had never taken off his shoes nor switched his mind from a plank in the garret ceiling. Bubber still slept the peaceful sleep which passeth all understanding. Sis Beulah had gone to cook the Rutherfords' breakfast; Mamma Lissa had glanced in at the back room and swiftly, without disturbing his slumber, had closed the door again. Thereafter Coke listened to the splash of water and the rub-rub-rub of clothes on a washboard as the strong black woman pursued her task.

Toward nine o'clock the sleeper showed symptoms of rousing from his comatose state. He stirred, wriggled underneath the quilt, batted his eyes and rolled over, calling:

"Ma! Oh, Ma!"

"What you want, son?"

"Whar's my breakfast?"

"Keepin' warm on de stove; but rest yo'self good."

"Lemme eat," Coke whispered, "'cause I better show up at de pressin'-club."

"Hurry, Ma, hurry!"

The front steps creaked beneath her tread as the heavy woman waddled in. The door to Bubber's room was exceeding narrow and Mammy exceeding broad. She squeezed through sideways, which made little difference—there being no sidewise to Mammy

"Son, how you feel?"

"Po'ly, Ma; but a cup o' coffee mought set me straight."

"Lie still, jes a minit. Coke, it sho was nice o' you to fetch Bubber home. Did he ha' one o' his bad spells?"

"No'm, jes dizzy in de head. He'll git well."

Mammy bustled into her kitchen, where the fire got punched and stove-lids clattered.

"Listen," Bubber grinned, "Dat breakfast-cow is now proceedin' to give milk. I'm hongry."

"Me an' you bofe!" Coke nodded toward the ceiling. "Is dat stuff safe?"

"Safe? I'd like to see any fool deputy come rummagin' around Ma's house. But us better pack for movin'."

Bubber sprang up in his bare feet, pulled a suit-case from under the bed, set a chair on the table, thrust aside the board, passed down two sacks to Coke and brought the chair with him to the floor. His movements were slightly quicker than instantaneous.

"Now, Coke, I'll stuff dis satchel wid newspapers so de bottles wont rattle. You'll take 'em to de pressin'-club—"

"Who? Me?"

"'Twont make no 'spicion. Ev'ybody's used to seein' you tote clo'es in a suit-case."

"Nobody wont see me tote no booze in dis'n."

"Den you'll telephone Mr. Langston at de hotel—"

"Bubber, you's corntrivin' to tangle me up wid a co'thouse scrape."

"Den he'll call at de club, an' pay you ten dollars—"

The glib-tongued manipulator could always outtalk Coke if he got the bulge and kept it. So Bubber never halted his stream of persuasion as he packed the bottles against a tattling clink.

"Come 'long, Coke, eat yo' snack. Den take dis an travel."

"Travel? I wont no more'n step off dat car befo' some deputy say: 'Nigger, travel wid me.'"

"Hush yo' predictin'. Nobody wont say nothin'."
 "You mighty nigh got me kotched last week; an' now dey's watchin'. What's dat?"

An automobile stopped in front of the house, and both negroes heard the white man's voice calling:

"Bubber Jones, come out o' there."

"Lawd Gawd!" Coke gasped, dropped his contraband and leaped through the back door. The bottles rattled, and so did Bubber's teeth. He saw the other negro darting like a rabbit among the cockleburs, and that stampeded Bubber. Snatching up coat and hat, he followed the flying Coke, stumbled when he was halfway down the steps, then wheeled and went back into the house.

"I'm 'bleeged to have some pants."

A swift kick *en passant* shot the suit-case under his bed as he rushed to a window and peeped out. He could see nothing, could only hear the throb of an engine, a man crossing the front gallery and the peremptory voice:

"Bubber, I've come for you."

Hopelessly trapped, he slammed the intervening door and leaned against it while scuffling into his pants. The invading white man never waited to knock, but strode through Mammy's room.

"Come out of there!"

Bubber braced himself desperately to hold the door, but a powerful shove from the other side sent him toppling, with a foot caught in his breeches - leg. The negro hopped and whirled as a tall white man angrily confronted him.

"What do you mean - sleeping until nine o'clock?"

"Cap'n Marley!"

Next to a deputy marshal with handcuffs, Bubber least of all desired to encounter Captain John T. Marley with a cotton-patch. And, expecting to parley with handcuffs, he had no repartee for the cotton-patch. The planter towered above him and glared down.

"I'm tired fooling with you. Put on your clothes."

"Yas suh."

Pan-clamor ceased in the kitchen as Mammy Lissa trundled herself around and relieved her son of all conversational responsibility.

Captain Marley was Mrs. Rutherford's brother and Mammy's lifelong friend. She held out a hand, her face radiating kindness.

"Mornin', Cap'n John. How'd you leave Miss Ellen and chillun?"

"All well, Mammy, thank you. I'm taking Bubber to the plantation with me."

"Cap'n, please, suh," she begged, "let him off dis time."

"Can't do it."

"Jes for me, Cap'n."

"Aunt Lissa, I'd do anything for you, but I'm responsible Bubber to the Government."

"Huh! Gov'ment's got mighty little to do—all de time passin' Bubber."

So Captain Marley had to defend the United States, and plain:

"He drew his work-card through me, as an agricultural laborer and has never had a single day's work punched out of it."

"Now, Cap'n John, you 'preciates how Bubber say it in his head swim to ben' over an' pick cotton."

"Bubber says plenty besides his prayers," the planter laughed.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He got a misery."

"Have you consulted a physician?"

"Dat's jes it." The motherly face showed her bewilderment and solicitude.



The disaster caught Bubber unprepared. "Mister," he stammered, "I don't know nothin'."

Having shifted the discussion to a more competent authority, Bubber sat on the bedside lacing his shoes, without daring to meet Captain Marley's eye.

"He does look paler than usual," the Captain observed.

Contraband

The Red

and solicitude.
 "Dese do
 can't stin
 zackly wh
 ail-Bubbe
 'twas tel
 or yaller f
 I could do
 him mysel

John T. Ma
 ley had n
 been for
 years a pla
 for nothing
 had not st
 gled to p
 duce sicc
 cotton wh
 learning
 groes from
 ground up
 glance at
 ber showed
 the triffi
 symptoms
 only the C
 tain's tes
 feeling
 Mammy na
 him gentl

"Aunt L
 you ought
 to be spai
 a good fe
 hand-w
 soldier. W
 report did
 army sup
 make whe
 examined B
 ber?"

"Never pu
 no 'tentio
 my chil"
 thumped
 an' 'low he
 fits like
 fiddle."

"No - y
 mean fit
 fiddle?"

"Moun
 to de nam
 thing. He
 hardly h



"Here is an outfit grand
I'm keeping right on hand.
Everyone in it will jump in a minute
To cater to your demand."

Use Campbell's Kitchens

Let them save you
labor and expense.

Let them bring you
the enjoyment of choice
Jersey tomatoes direct from
the farms, the expert services
of *Campbell's* skilled chefs,
cooks and blenders.

Our improved labor-saving devices and our
wholesale buying at the height of the season, too.

You get the benefit of all this in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You get the best part of the tomato, the solid fruity
part and pure juice, blended with other wholesome
ingredients in a soup which cannot be excelled for nutritive
value and appetizing flavor.

You save labor, fuel, waste, and the expense of
repeated haulings and handlings.

Remember, too, the many tempting ways
you can use this nourishing soup in which
you ordinarily use either fresh or canned
tomatoes. Get the full advantage, by
ordering a dozen or a case.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



just stick out your tongue. —See, Mammy! It's red. His symptoms indicate pickers' tonic, elbow-grease and exercise—until they draw his number for the army."

"Army! Hol' still, Cap'n John; you can't send my baby boy to no war."

"All the young white men are gone; negroes must go too."

"But Cap'n, dey drafted my oldest boy, an' I aims to keep dis'n at home."

"One of your sons has already gone? That's Albert?"

"Yas suh, Albert marched wid de fust. I couldn't 'strain him back."

The white man laid his hand upon her shoulder and spoke very seriously:

"Mammy, this is our country; we all live here together, and all our men must fight for it—white and black alike. Twenty-seven young negroes left my plantation, glad to do their duty. Our negroes are behaving splendidly, *splendidly*."

"Say dey is, Cap'n?"

"Yes, we are proud of them—buying Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, and fighting at the front."

"Fightin' is nice for dem what's able. Bubber's a sickly chil'."

NONE of the Rutherfords could resist Aunt Lissa. Her face was the beaming incarnation of good humor, which always won what she wanted. The Captain's severity with Bubber melted to sympathy for Mammy at having such a worthless progeny. Yet her progeny was feeling more and more uneasy as the Captain kept glancing at that suitcase under his bed—on the end of which was painted "J. T. M." His quizzical expression gave Bubber a genuine chill until Captain Marley stooped and pulled it out. Bubber sprang up nimbly and regained possession.

"Yas suh, Cap'n, dis is yourn. I borrowed it whilst I was up dere. I been layin' off to return it back—"

"He sho is, Cap'n," Mammy promptly corroborated. "He say to me jes now: 'Ma, I aims to carry back de Cap'n's ver-tees this very day.'"

"Very good! I'll take it with me in the car."

"No suh!" Bubber clung to the handle. "Lemme tote dis my own se'f."

"Give it to me."

"But Cap'n, I got some things in here!" —the same being fourteen quarts of tanglefoot.

"I'll dump 'em out—"

"Please don't, Cap'n—dey belongs to a white gemmun. I'll fetch dat grip to de train to-morrow mornin'."

"Here! Look at me, Bubber— No; look me straight in the eye. If you don't come to the train, the chief of police will come to you. Empty that suit-case and carry it out to Miss Elizabeth's car."

"Yas suh." Bubber hustled out, but not to the automobile. Instead he sneaked into the kitchen and trusted that Captain Marley would forget.

Then it was that Miss Rutherford helped Bubber mightily by calling from the front:

"Uncle John, don't keep Mammy all day. I must go to the canteen and serve the soldiers. —Mammy, come here."

From that very first night, as a babe in her cradle, Elizabeth Rutherford never

had to call twice for Mammy Lissa. Mammy always heard the first whisper.

"Dar's my honey-chil'!" And she waddled down the steps. A smiling girl leaned from her seat in the auto, extending one slim white hand which Mammy smothered in two huge black ones.

"Mammy, here's your bag of pecans that Uncle John brought."

"Thankee, Cap'n. I sho do love pucks-corns."

"And remember," laughed Captain Marley as he climbed into the car beside his niece, "remember I sho' do love pralines."

"On de fire, Cap'n John!"

Never a chirp came from Bubber behind the kitchen door. The car started, and he grinned; the car stopped and he listened anxiously.

"Oh, Aunt Lissa, I forgot," Miss Elizabeth was saying. "Just as I left home, a man rang up and asked where you lived. He wants Bubber."

"What man was dat?"

"Don't know. He tried to locate Bubber last night, and will call here this morning. Good-by."

With a sinky feeling in the knees, Bubber Jones leaned against Mammy's kitchen door and shouted when the auto passed out of hearing.

"Ma! Oh, Ma! I got to go downtown—quick."

HASTILY brushing his trousers, Bubber removed every speck of evidence that he had been crawling through gullies, then hurried in to inspect a pile of laundered linen on his mother's bed.

"Ma, I needs a clean shirt. I'll jes try dis'n."

"No, son, you snagged Mr. Ferguson's best shirt at de festerval. Dem clo'es is ready to sen' home."

"I wont hurt his ol' shirt. You kin wash it to-night. I got engagement wid white folks at de hotel, an' you don't want me lookin' like a tramp?"

"Son, can't you make out wid one o' dem others? Dat's a silk shirt."

"Now, Ma, you knows how I loves dat crinkly feelin'. I'll make dem niggers' eyes pop, wid dese green-checkered socks an' dis red-speckled handkercher. Aint it becomin' to me, bein' dark complected as I is? Ma, I wishes you'd do de washin' for Mr. George Williamson."

"For who?"

"Dat slim young white gemmun what owns de Fust National Bank. I tuk partickler notice of him yistiddy. Us stood side an' side. We's 'zackly the same size, an' he wears good clo'es, believe me. Mr. Ferguson's gittin' too stout."

As Mammy proudly confided to her friends, "Bubber tickles me so," and kept her tickled while acquiring a shirt, hosiery and handkerchief to suit his fastidious fancy.

"Now den, Ma, fer a bite o' nourishment."

After cleaning up every scrap of breakfast that had been intended for himself and Coke, the invalid casually suggested:

"Ma, you kin lend me 'bout a dollar."

"A dollar?"

"Yas'm. Doctor 'scribes some medicine for dis misery."

"I loant you a dollar Sadday."

"Cough syrup cost six bits, and two bits

went for ridin' on de street-car. I ain't able to walk so overly fur."

From the cavern of her pocket Aunt Lissa mined the money in quarters. "Son, don't spend no more'n what you kin help, 'cause I'm savin'."

"Savin'?"

"Uhuh! I craves dat green plush rockin'-cheer in de furniture-sto' window."

"Rockin'-cheer? You don't never set down."

"No, but when de wash is gone home, I'd love to spread myself on de gallery an' watch niggers go traipsin' by in de hot sun."

"How much do it cost?"

"Eighteen dollars."

"Dat aint no money. I'll give you dat cheer—for a present."

WITH a grin of bountiful generosity, and a suit-case in his hand, Bubber limped painfully to the corner and climbed aboard a street-car.

"Now, son," his mother called, "don't git overhet."

It was a "one-man" car; the motor-man received fares in his box at the front, which saved man-power for the army and wages for the company. So Bubber must pass through that part of the car reserved for white passengers and sit behind the sign "For Colored."

Upright at the extreme rear sat a spruce young negro wearing the khaki of a private soldier. Bubber casually glanced toward him, for he was not making new friends or seeking old ones until he had got rid of his contraband. But the soldier beckoned:

"Hello, Bubber!"

"Hello, Junius!"

"All packed up fer camp?"

"Not me. I believes in runnin' a war same as dey runs dese street-cars—white folks to de front an' niggers to de rear."

"Dey called yo' number."

"Never heerd 'em. I'm kinder deaf."

"Den you aint fixin' to march?"

"Can't march—got flat feet."

"Huh! Ev'y nigger is."

With apparent carelessness Bubber hid his suit-case between two seats while Junius talked of camp life. To uncomprehending ears the language of Junius would seem grotesque, and his ideas muddled. And even those who understand negroes might have been surprised at his rather fine conception of duty, and a loyal standing-by his government. White folks whom Junius respected had perhaps told him that he should go, and had proved their sincerity by sending them their own sons. Of course, Junius could never fathom the underlying causes of war; he did not try. The President had called him, and the President knew.

And now the happy Junius, at home on leave, was pumping Bubber full of enthusiasm; yet Bubber failed to enthuse. All of Bubber's faculties were now concentrated upon a squatty white man, with soft black hat and red tie, who got aboard at the second corner. He suspected that man from the minute he set eyes upon him and caught the flash of a silver badge fastened inside his coat. And if the stranger were a deputy marshal, then Bubber had blundered into a most particular fix. The deputy did not get into the car but remained stand-

How to
Apply ho
reddened.
up a heavy
and rub it in
an upward
hot water, it
face for the
Dry the skin
To remove
minute a fle
treatment a
a handker



To remove skin blemishes use the successful Woodbury treatment described on this page

You can rid your skin of blackheads. Read about the famous Woodbury treatment on this page

Three famous skin treatments

DO you know what makes a man or woman have an oily skin? A shiny nose? Blackheads? Skin blemishes?

You ought to know these things! Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and healthful coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin you long for.

Examine your skin carefully. Find out just what is the matter with it. Then, in the famous Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," study the causes of your troubles and learn the special Woodbury treatment that will correct the condition of your skin, and make it soft and clear. You will find this booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment, persistently

used, will give your skin the smoothness and clearness you wish it to have.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale everywhere. A 25c cake lasts a month or 6 weeks.

Sample cake of soap—booklet of famous treatments—samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury special treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1709 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1709 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Oily skin and shiny nose How to correct them

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Blackheads

How to keep your skin free from them

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Skin blemishes—how to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and clear your skin.



platform, where he questioned the motorman, while Bubber paid heed.

"Do you know a young colored man named John K. Watts? Lives on this line?"

Up went Bubber's ears like a startled rabbit's, for John Kinney Watts was his legal title, although the negroes called him Bubber Jones.

"John K. Watts? Lemme see. No." The motorman shook his head; "I've only been on this line for two days."

With his handiest leg Bubber shoved that suit-case farther underneath the seat, as the motorman suggested:

"I'm meeting another car at the next switch; that motorman's been on this line for ten years—he knows everybody."

So Bubber had to separate himself from that car right now. And he could not escape by the front.

"Say, Junius," he whispered, without taking his eyes from the deputy, "I got to drap off an' see a man. Here's two bits. Can't you leave Cap'n Marley's suit-case at Coke's pressin'-club?"

"Shore. I don't want yo' two bits, but I'd do anything for Cap'n Marley."

"I'm mighty thankful." Bubber was already departing.

"Twont be none out o' my way. I gits off at dat corner."

FOR a crippled ducky, Bubber acted mighty spy. Noiselessly, and watching the deputy, he backed down the aisle, scrambled through the rear window, hung a moment, dropped, and lit on his feet like a cat. Junius might get off at Coke Wesley's corner, but Mammy Lissa's boy got off right there in the middle of a block—and hit the ground running.

It was no reflection upon the Vicksburg car-service that Bubber pretty nearly broke even with Junius in a race to the pressing-club; cars must tarry at switches, while Bubber's schedule called for no stops. He flashed through the alleys, took nigh cuts and dodged into Coke's back door—generally used for strategic exits.

The industrious Coke bent over his work and gave the "all clear" signal, with a nod toward an overturned barrel under which he had concealed the liquor.

To make sure that no white man with a red tie had shadowed his messenger, Bubber reconnoitered up and down the street. Everything was normal, and the country seemed quite safe for democracy until Coke whispered:

"Keep yo' eye skinned. Strange white feller come squintin' round here two or three times dis mornin'. I'm oneasy."

"What he look like?"

The sizzling iron moved back and forth; the cloth sputtered and the steam arose, as Coke supplied the personalities:

"Chunky-built, red necktie, slouch hat."

Far be it from Bubber to frustrate the already nervous Coke, but this tallied with the man who had been making inquiries on the street-car.

"Bubber, put dat stuff out o' my shop, an' put fi' dollars in my hand—quick."

"Jes soon as I change dese clo'es."

A row of neatly pressed garments hung on their stretchers ready for delivery, and Bubber examined them with snarling disappointment.

"Why aint you pressed dat gray suit o' Mr. Raworth's?"

"Never come in dis week."

"What ail him? He sends dat suit ev'y Chuesday, jes reg'lar as a duck goin' bare-footed."

"Don't rile me, nigger. Move dat stuff: I aint no more'n three seconds ahead of a fit."

"Hol' yo' hosses, Coke; I'm seekin' for sumpin' to wear."

"Travel 'long wid what you got."

It would be coquetting with calamity for Bubber to show up on the street in what he wore. Unless white officers know a negro, they rarely identify him by his face. From the description which that second motorman must have given, the deputy would be searching for a plaid cap, a brown cross-barred coat and a pair of flannel trousers. Bubber meant to shuck these signboards.

"Coke, I'm fixin' to call on quality folks."

"Go like you is. I can't lend you nothin'."

"Den I stays right here." He sat down mulishly, and Coke wheeled with the iron in his hand.

"Roust up from dere, nigger, an' hustle."

"Not in dese clo'es."

"Den here! Quick! Wear dis blue suit o' Lawyer Robbins'. He's gone to Jackson."

"Dey wont fit me nigh as neat as Mr. Raworth's."

A NATTY blue serge, with somebody's derby hat, wrought such external transformation and internal bravado that Bubber strolled from that smoky pressing-club as a butterfly emerges from its dull cocoon. He fluttered out into the glad, glad sunshine twirling his cane instead of limping like a cripple. An extra inch rolled up at the bottom of Lawyer Robbins' breeches exhibited the checkers on Mr. Ferguson's socks.

"Hurry, Bubber, hurry!"

Why hurry? There wasn't a stingy bone in Bubber Jones' body, and he hadn't the heart to deny those grinning negroes who gazed upon him. Slowly he sauntered for half the length of Washington Street and then returned in glory, sitting on the front seat of a touring-car beside Mr. Langston.

Langston halted at the pressing-club and went in—which was strictly according to Hoyle, for many planters affected creasy trousers and patronized Coke Wesley.

"Where is it?" The swamper itched to depart from Vicksburg with his lubricants.

"Here 'tis, fourteen quarts—case goods. Leave dis grip at de hotel, an' I'll sen' my boy for it."

In the process of splitting two fives—fifty-fifty—with Coke, Bubber felt exceeding prosperous.

"Here, Coke, set dis in de car."

"Do it yo' own se'f."

"I don't aim to git my pants mussed."

"Huh, yo' pants!"

The stuff being delivered and paid for, neither negro wanted to handle that package. Mr. Langston hovered impatiently at the threshold, when a quick-stepping white man—red tie and slouch hat—darkened the doorway. Behind him

stood Junius Fetter, colored warrior of the Republic.

"Dat's him, Mister." Junius pointed. "I seen him when he driv up."

"This man is John K. Watts?" the deputy asked, blocking all chance of escape.

"Yas suh. Niggers named him Bubber for short."

"All right! —Watts, come along with me."

The disaster caught Bubber unprepared. "Mister," he stammered, "I don't know nothin'. It was right here when I rambled into de club. Ax Coke."

"What a liar you is!" Coke instantly cleared his own skirts: "You fetch it here. I never teched it."

The two negroes glared at each other.

"Never mind," interposed the deputy.

"Watts, why didn't you appear when they called you?"

"Called me?"

"Sent two notices through the post office that your number had been drawn."

This altered the map of Europe, and a glance of crafty caution passed between the glowering confederates. Each negro shied off from the incriminating suit-case and never glanced that way again. Mr. Langston sat in his car with a foot on the starter. It was Junius who spoke:

"Bubber, I heerd de deputy 'quirin', an' led him to you. Warn't nothin' underhand. You ought to go an' fight wid de balance of us."

"He'll go, all right," nodded the deputy.

"Den who'll take keer o' Ma?" Bubber demanded. "I'm her onliest suppot."

"What's yo' business?" asked the deputy.

This stumped Bubber, and Junius answered with a grin:

"He sup'intends de big laundry."

"Steam laundry?"

"No sub—his ma: she's the big laundry."

A good laugh furnished the opening for Mr. Langston to gather up his wet goods, climb back into his car and bear down on the accelerator. With fourteen quarts of peril eliminated from the pressing-club, Coke Wesley found tongue to express himself:

"Peel, Bubber, peel! You can't jine nary war in Lawyer Robbins' brand-new clo'es. Peel, nigger."

Pending a shift of costume, Coke stood over him with uplifted iron.

"Tried to blame it on me, did you? Well, I feels sorry for you. Done grabbed you for a soldier."

"Dat's all right."

"Well, well, you wont never do no fightin'?"

"How come?" Bubber glanced up.

"Hear me, nigger." Coke laid down his iron and rose like an oracle. "I aint prophesyin' nothin', an' don't wish no bad luck. But dey's gwine to ship you on one of dem army boats. An' when you gits smack in de middle of de big water, —in de middle o' de middle,—dem Hummers is gwine to tarpidder yo' boat—pikker it, jes like I say. Sho will! She's gwine to sink, an' you can't swim. Niggers is gwine to scuffle 'bout in de water, till de little boats pick 'em up. Ev'y one o' dem niggers is gwine to git saved—'cept you. Now, I aint prophesyin' nothin', an' aint wishin' no bad luck."



"The pretties, the dainties, the flimsies"

*"La, la, my dear, their washing is an art. It requires wisdom, genius and discretion fine as the clothes are fine." **

HOW did women ever keep their fine things dainty before they learned of Lux? In those old days—when cake soap was rubbed right on to fine fabrics, and particles of soap became firmly wedged between the delicate threads!

Today, you can cleanse these things yourself—keep them new with Lux. Lux comes in delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt the instant they touch hot water and whisk up into the richest, foamiest suds that gently free the dirt! For silks or colored fabrics

you simply add cold water to make the suds lukewarm.

No ruinous rubbing of cake soap on fine fabrics. You just squeeze the delicate suds through the garments again and again. Then rinse in three lukewarm waters.

Laundry your loveliest things in bubbling Lux suds. You will say you never dreamed your finest, frailest things could be cleansed with such delicacy!

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. — Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

"The Valley of the Moon"
New London, (The
MacMillan Company)

NO SUDS SO WONDERFUL AS LUX FOR DAINTY THINGS

You can wash these things
yourself with Lux

Laces	Batiste
Chiffon	Fine Linens
Georgette	Woolens
Crêpe de Chine	Baby's Flannels
Washable Satin	Sweaters
Washable Taffeta	Silk Underwear
Vollies	Silk Stockings
Organdies	Silk Gloves

Copyrighted, 1919, by Lever Bros. Co.

LUX





The Pawn Ticket Clue

She was the one woman in all the world he loved—and she was married to another man. She was famous now, and rich—beyond all hope of his attaining.

Yet, here in this obscure pawn shop, he found a token—a clue that told him a startling story.

Here is a man who knows that love is the savior of souls—that it levels all ranks—that rich and poor are as one under its magic spell—

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

(First Uniform Edition)

Whether it be the blinding heat of an African desert—a lonesome island in the Pacific—or the deep mystery of a London fog—Davis always had a breathless story to tell. He knew that Romance was not dead. No man ever knew so many different kinds of people. No man ever visited so many strange lands or saw so many wars in so many different places. He was at the Boer War—he was in Cuba—he saw the Russo-Japanese War—he was in Mexico—he was in the Great War. More than ever before Americans love him. His heart flamed against cruelty and injustice—he typifies the spirit with which America went to war.

**For One Month Only
FREE John Fox, Jr.
5 Volumes**

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Crittenden
The Kentuckians
Christmas Eve on Lonesome

Across John Fox's stories sweep the winds of the Kentucky mountains. Stark and aloof they stand—a massive, fateful background for the passion and romance—the hate and the love that make his stories so rich in feeling—so distinctive in beauty.

John Fox knows the very heart of these mountain men and women as no other writer can know them. Of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" almost half a million copies have already been sold. And if you don't delay you can have his best work absolutely free of charge. But the offer holds good for one month only. After that it will be too late, and you will have to pay for your set. Don't let this chance slip. Act now—at once—before the offer is withdrawn. Send the coupon to-day.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Richard Harding Davis, in 12 volumes. Also send absolutely FREE the set of John Fox, Jr., in 5 volumes. If these books are not satisfactory I will return both sets within 10 days, at your expense. Otherwise I will send you set at once and \$1.00 a month for 18 months. 20% added in Canada because of duty.

Name
Address
Occupation E. B. - 9-29

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

(Continued from page 41)

side, and moving once more toward the smell of water.

But he had not gone far when he caught another scent, the pungent, unpleasant scent of men. Turning, he went back to the fence and made sure of a place where he could leap it from this side in case of need. Then stealthily, craftily, keeping covered by shrubs and undergrowth, he stalked back, impelled by his hunger and his curiosity.

It was dawn now. But though he heard distant shots, very far away, there was no gun fired on this side of the wire fence. Once or twice a deer went past him, but he didn't dare give chase, because the men were always somewhere about. Dodging them, keeping them to windward, he finally got near the water—a small pond, half frozen, half open. On the frozen side, inside a wire fence which stretched out over part of the ice, were the wild geese, the very same birds he knew from his early days in the far north. Fat and good they were, too! His mouth watered at the smell of them—but here they came in and out of a strange box-like structure evidently built by the man creature, and only two hundred yards away, over a knoll, smoke was rising, with that pungent smell which comes from the fires the man creature makes.

Swiftfoot slunk cautiously into the blueberry bushes on the farther shore and lay down to await the coming of darkness. He had to have one of those geese!

AT last, as the sun set behind the low evergreens to the west and twilight stole down through the gray beeches above the goose pen, he saw one, two, three men come from different directions and move over the ridge toward the thin woodsmoke that curled up in the still, cold air like the wraith of a twisted column. He waited five minutes more. No other men creatures appeared. He smelled none. The ice on the pond, covered with a light snow-powder, gleamed white. A big gander was walking out over it, behind the wire. Swiftfoot rose, circled the pond swiftly but keeping well to cover, and came silently down through the gray beech-grove, himself the color of the beech trunks, and ghostly in the twilight.

Skirting the fence rapidly and cautiously, he came to a place where a good leap would carry him to the top. Here he clung till he could get a grip with his hind paws, and draw himself up and over. As he dropped to the ground, there was a great flutter and squawking and cackle of ducks and geese. Quickly he sprang out on the ice, straight for the great gander, a fifteen-pound bird, and dived for its throat. The gander, with a loud noise, half rose and tried to escape over the fence, but Swiftfoot had its tail, and pulled it down. Then the bill struck at him, the big wings beat powerfully in his face, and he was busy enough for the next two minutes before he could finally get that throat into his jaws. He had it at last; he felt the bird's resistance cease,

and he started to pull the heavy burden over the ice toward the spot in the fence where he had climbed over. He had, meanwhile, been only vaguely aware of the tremendous uproar in the pen. Indeed, his back had been toward the bank.

Now, as he faced about, the body of the goose dangling from his jaws and trailing on the ice, he suddenly saw the gate of the pen open and a man-creature dash in, armed with one of those flame-spitting sticks. Swiftfoot didn't wait to sling his prey over his shoulder or even to make for the low part of the fence. He dropped the goose and sprang, with a lightning turn, back toward the nearest piece of fence, on the ice, and leaped.

His powerful leg-muscles would have taken him over too, had he been springing from ground. But he leaped from ice, with only an inch of powdery snow on it. His feet slipped as he sprang, and he hit the fence only halfway up, falling down on his back. With a snarl he righted himself and turned for another dash. But now the man was upon him. He was fairly cornered. All his savagery, all his rage, boiled up. Baring his fangs, with a loud, deep, snarling growl, he sprang full at the man creature, his blazing eyes fixed on the patch of white throat.

Had Swiftfoot but known it, this was the last thing the man creature expected him to do, and the stick in his hand was not a gun but a piece of oak wood he had snatched up. The man's gun was back in the house; he himself had been out at a woodpile on the path to the pen, loading a sled, when the wild fowl began their uproar, and he hadn't stopped to go back for it. Till Swiftfoot sprang at him, he thought the intruder was a gray fox. Never in his life had he seen a wolf before, nor known anybody who had seen one in all that region. It was he, really, who was cornered, and fighting for his life.

But he was a powerful, active man, and he met the wolf's charge and leap with a tremendous swing of the oak stick. It caught Swiftfoot a glancing blow across the head and sent him spinning to the ice. If it had struck him squarely, it would have crushed his skull. He rolled and writhed for a second in a convulsive daze, and the man-creature, with one spring, was out of the pen, slamming the gate behind him, and as Swiftfoot rose staggering to his feet, his mouth foaming with rage, he saw his opponent rushing up the path toward the place where the wood-smoke came from. He was going to get his gun, of course, and nobody can blame him for preferring a gun to an oak club as a weapon against a wolf, especially as the gun can be fired through a wire fence. But Swiftfoot didn't propose to await the man's return. Other things being equal, he invariably preferred the better part of valor. His rage cooled instantly. Though he was still dazed and staggering, he made another leap at the fence, at a point where he could get footing, caught the top, scrambled



Eyes are attracted by moving objects. Eyes follow each motion your hands make. People are appraising you — appraising you by the appearance of your nails. Be sure they are well groomed.

Does it make you nervous to have people look at your nails?

YOU cannot get through a single hour without being judged by the appearance of your nails.

Look at them! Are they discolored? Is the cuticle overgrown, cracked or uneven? If so, you do not understand the proper care of your nails.

Busy women the country over are keeping their hands always well groomed by giving them just a few minutes' care by the Cutex method once or twice a week.

Specialists agree that cutting the cuticle is responsible for a great deal of the ragged, ugly cuticle one sees.

Remove the surplus cuticle safely, gently with Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover.

Follow the manicuring directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised to find how charming one Cutex manicure makes your hands. You will be amazed, too, to discover how much it adds to your ease of manner to have beautiful nails.

A complete little manicure set for twenty cents

For twenty cents you can give yourself six or more of the most perfect manicures you have ever had — can make your nails lovelier than you have ever before seen them. Mail the coupon and two dimes today. After your first Cutex manicure you will realize how easy it is to add this new charm, how astonishingly it increases your general attractiveness.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 609, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 609, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 609, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name

Street

City..... State.....



REMOVE OVERGROWN CUTICLE

Gently work around each nail base pushing back the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped with a bit of cotton and moistened with Cutex. Wash the hands pushing back the cuticle as you dry.



NOW WHITEN THE NAIL TIPS

Apply a little Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath each nail. Spread evenly and remove any surplus Nail White with the orange stick.



TO HAVE BRILLIANT NAILS

Put a little Cutex Nail Polish on the palm of the hand and rub the nail-briskly over it.



and slunk away at a rapid lope into the depths of the beech-wood.

TWO minutes later he heard the man back at the pen behind him, and the voices of the other men, coming faintly. He pricked up ears and nose for warning of a dog, but there was none. Still, he couldn't be sure that a dog would not be procured. Though his head hurt, and the blood was freezing on one cheek, he went on and on through the night, headed north.

Toward morning he could go no more, and denned in among some warm leaves. He slept hard and long, but woke while it was still broad daylight, roused by a faint far-off bay which to you or me would

have been inaudible. His ears went up, and he waited a long moment to be sure that the sound was approaching. Then he shook himself, lapped snow (for he was hot with a touch of fever from his battering) and headed again into the north.

It had come on to snow; and now, as day declined, the flakes were falling ever thicker. Swiftfoot traveled fast, sure that by dark his trail would be so obliterated no dog could keep it at his pace. Still he went north, all night long through the white darkness, driven by a sudden, overmastering impulse to reach, somewhere, somehow, his kind again. Swiftfoot had had enough of loneliness, of being an extinct animal in Massachusetts.

The way was long before him, but it was northward that he had last seen his own people, and it was northward he trotted now, steadily, warily, a slinking gray ghost through the flake-filled dark and the gray-white dawn.

And he never knew that the man-creature and his two friends who had joined in the fruitless chase told of their encounter with a timber wolf, and were laughed at as "nature fakers." He was the all-important "Exhibit A" in the case, and he was putting the court behind him as fast as his legs would allow. But Swiftfoot was not the first of us who have come back to the land of his fathers, there to meet with loneliness and hostility.

THE AFFAIR IN THE RESTAURANT

(Continued from page 50)

platform when the song is over and ask for them."

"No! No! You must not."

"I am rather afraid, considering the fella's character, that otherwise he will walk off with your pearls and you will never see them again. Nor will our friend Meurice see him again."

"Yes! Yes! Oh! I must have them to-night."

LOOKING at her with the utmost sympathy, the young man plied her with suggestions.

"I will follow him out when he leaves, and ask him quietly for the pearls, saying the lady has changed her mind."

"He may refuse to consider you responsible."

"So he may."

"Or—or he'll deny having them."

"And then?"

"I don't know!"

"But I do. My dear girl, then I hand the Johnny to the police and say—"

"No! No!"

The young man looked at her with eyes wide open and perplexed.

"I assure you the police are wonderful fellas. Great friends o' mine."

"Please! If you understood!" She bit her lips. "I have a husband."

"I think perhaps you find that a misfortune."

"He watches me continually. I—I can't account to him for the pearls. He is watching me to-night."

"By Jove!"

"Look over in the corner in front of you—a stout, red-faced man; that's he."

"By Jove!"

"He's watching; and he'll see if there is any fuss in here."

"By Jove!"

"My God! Say something else."

"I wonder what he thinks of my coming to your table."

"Oh, that! I shall say you're a dancing acquaintance. I'm dancing crazy."

"By jove, yes! We must do some dances. Will you?"

"My pearls! My pearls!"

"By Jove, we're getting away from the matter in hand. I'll get 'em for you in whatever way you like."

"Follow him out. Ask him. If he won't give them up, follow him anywhere. But—not the police, please—because, you see, they'd make a formal investigation; they'd see my husband; and—"

"By Jove! Tight fix! But I'll get you out. I swear it. You tell me your pearls are on that man? I'll get 'em."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes—within an hour."

"And you'll bring them to me?"

"Where do I bring them?"

"To Gray's Hotel, Albemarle Street. I am in Number Twenty-eight."

"I hand them over to you personally?"

"The hall-boy would—"

The blood rose in the young man's face, and she knew his temples were beating.

She smiled. "Bring them to me if you like."

"And my reward? Can I kiss you good night?"

She looked at him. "Yes," she said slowly. She smiled again.

The young man looked toward the orchestra dais. "I shouldn't be surprised," he confided, "if that fella doesn't stay the course. He may get an idea that it would be as well to clear. —Waiter!"

Unobtrusively he gave a waiter a cloak-room ticket and an instruction.

The red-haired man sang:

And dreams of delight shall on thee break,

And radiant visions rise,
And all my soul shall strive to wake
Sweet wonder in thine eyes.

Silence fell for just one moment, and the babel of tongues started again.

The red-haired baritone spoke to the conductor, and passed a handkerchief over his forehead. Some one handed him quickly a glass of water, and rather limply he sat down.

The fair young man spoke softly to Gina.

"Soon, dear lady, I must bid you a temporary farewell. For look!"

"THE GOOD LITTLE VAMP"

MODERN WIVES—and modern husbands, too—will find much of special interest in "The Good Little Vamp," by Corinne Lowe, which will appear in the next, the October, issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

Jocelyn was helped up from his chair, descended from the dais and passed from the room.

Some one near guessed audibly: "He is ill."

The young man rose from Mrs. Vellella's table, followed on Jocelyn's heels, and was met at the door by an attendant holding his hat, coat-muffler and stick. He was into these like lightning, and threaded his way in the wake of the rapidly vanishing red head.

Jocelyn cast a glance over his shoulder. It was immediately evident to the pursuer that he was in for a hot chase.

Jocelyn slipped out ahead of the hunter and walked almost at a run up the street. The young man followed.

Jocelyn looked over his shoulder.

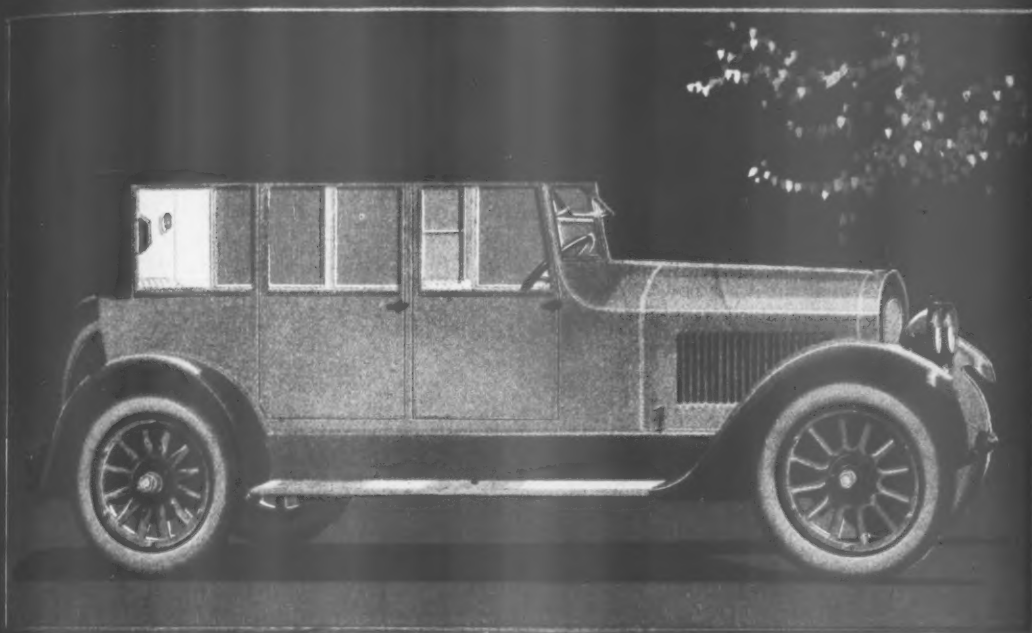
The pace quickened. They came out at a flying walk into Piccadilly. Breaking into a run, Jocelyn caught an omnibus as it went by at full speed, boarded it and vanished inside.

The pursuer had the number close to the glaring street-lights. He dashed into the Circus in the wake of the great vehicle, and caught the eye of a constable who swung round, nodded, and at a word stopped a passing taxicab whose driver, refusing fares, was wending superciliously. The young man leaped in. "Tell him to catch up to that Number Eleven bus and keep close behind."

IN the neighborhood of Warwick Street the quarry alighted without checking the omnibus and swerved up a narrow turning. The young man had rapped to his driver in an instant, thrown him a half-crown and was again on foot after his fox. As he went at a flying walk, he felt for something in his hip pocket. It was there. And then he saw that Jocelyn broke into a run.

He doubled after.

So they reached the door of a dirty house halfway up the street within a few seconds of each other. By the time Jocelyn had fitted his latch-key and flung in, the other's foot was over the threshold, his shoulder thrown against the resisting door, and it was slammed behind them, both standing in the hall. There was a gas-jet burning, but instantly Jocelyn put up an



Sportousine

Cole Aero-EIGHT

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS-ADVANCED ENGINEERING
GREATER PERFORMANCE EFFICIENCY



COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Car Designs

WE could spend hours telling you how wonderful Armand Complexion Powder is—of its exquisite fineness, how it blends invisibly into the tones of the skin and clings there till it's bathed off, of its rare perfume and purity, but even then we could not do it justice!

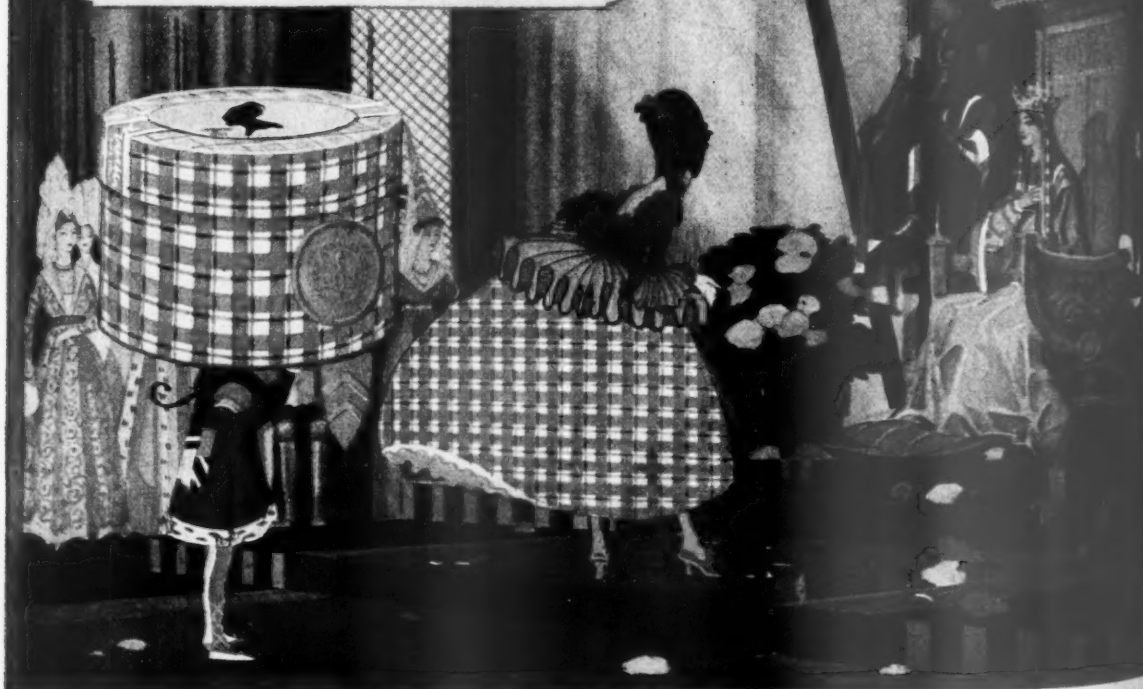
Letters come pouring in to us from women every where—satisfied users of Armand Complexion Powder. But there's just one way for you to realize that Armand Powder is truly different—and that is to try it.

Send us 15c for three sample guest room boxes of, Armand. It comes in white, brunette, creme, pink and Armand's own Tint Natural, in Bouquet, Amabelle or Aida fragrance. The Bouquet is a medium Powder, the Amabelle a lighter Powder, and the Aida is a cold cream powder, very dense, and possesses wonderful covering and lasting qualities. All are Armand quality—one trial will convince you that Armand Powder is all we claim for it.

For Sale at all the better stores. Canadian readers please send for guest room boxes to the Armand Co. St. Thomas, Ont.

ARMAND,

Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A.
and St. Thomas, Ont., Canada.



The H
turned i
knocked
hand, an
with just
them fro
Jocely
tremend
for quick
as soon
with a p
lyn dep
be most
were all
and his
constant
and then
rushed i
ounce o
and Joco
there h
dropped
like eyes
He ha
the man
or won b
Sudden
mighty
was on h
not befo
ning up
clammed
and quick
The y
that dus
revolver.
of sight,
stairs—m
opened th
ly, and
DRIVE
his t
knuckles,
bruised,
the pearl
in his hea
able, and
eyes. H
was youn
dow, hum
At Gr
elevator
lella, said
tions. A
knocked
"Come in
He we
quickly t
She wa
the fire,
beside he
She go
clasped
"You've
He sto
produced
the neck
them.
"Oh, y
He clo
ber hard
to laugh.
ly on his
The sil
looked u
little.
She m
ner of a
emotion.
looking d

threw it out, leaped upon his pursuer, knocked the revolver spinning from his hand, and they closed in the dark hall, with just a faint beam of light shining on them from a jet somewhere up the stairs.

Jocelyn had opened the fight with a tremendous rush as if he were going in for quick victory; but the younger man, as soon as he broke free, stood him off with a precise and perfect coolness. Jocelyn depended on swinging blows, which he mostly missed, or short punches which were all parried; his breathing grew short, and his footwork was bad. Soon he was constantly ducking weakly, and covering; and then, after a feint, his adversary rushed in with a magnificent left, every ounce of reach and weight behind it, and Jocelyn went down like an ox; and there he lay, with the younger man dropped on top of him, feeling with hands like eyes for the case of pearls.

He had it out of a breast pocket before the man under him had opened his eyes or won back his breath.

Suddenly the quiescent Jocelyn with a mighty heave had him sprawling. He was on his feet again quick as a cat, but not before Jocelyn was on his, and running up the stairs. He vanished; a door slammed; there sounded a voice, hoarse and quick, talking.

The young man wheeled about, but in that dusky gloom he saw no sign of his revolver. It was hurled somewhere out of sight. Feet began running down the stairs—more than one pair of feet; so he opened the front door quickly and quietly, and quickly and quietly vanished.

DRIVING to Albemarle Street, he felt his tie and his collar, his face and his knuckles, but he was practically unbruised, and quite presentable. He had the pearls in his pocket, a woman's voice in his head, a little voice, husky and adorable, and a woman's mouth before his eyes. He thought several things. He was young. He looked out of the window, humming softly. He swore.

At Gray's Hotel he went up in the elevator to the second floor. Mrs. Valletta, said the hall-porter, had left instructions. A page took him to her door, knocked and left him when a voice called "Come in."

He went in with his heart beating more quickly than it had beat during the fight. She was sitting on a small divan near the fire, with the dog Violets on a cushion beside her.

She got up and stood with her hands clasped on her breast.

"You've got them?"

He stood close to her, and for answer produced the case, opened it and showed the necklace. A reek of violets rose to them.

"Oh, you wonderful boy!"

He closed the case slowly, looking at her hard. She looked down and began to laugh. She put her fingers hesitatingly on his wrist. There was silence.

The silence checked her laughing. She looked up at him. Her face changed a little.

She moved away from him, in the manner of a woman driven by some sudden emotion. He followed, and again stood looking down on her. She put her hands on her breast.

The young man sighed; he looked round, saw a little table behind him with a chair drawn up to it, and he tossed the case down there. She followed his movements with eyes large and bright and soft. He turned to her again and took her in his arms.

"Look at me," he said. She looked into his eyes, and saw that though they were passionate they had become hard. They searched her. "Listen," he said. "I'm listening," she whispered.

"It is not the pearls you are going to pay for with a kiss," he said.

She remained in his arms, looking at him, and slowly her face blanched.

"You are too sweet for what might happen to you," he said.

"It is between you and me. I can't do it! God, I can't! I sell you your freedom for a kiss."

For just a second she hung there looking up at his hard face. And a knock fell briskly on the door.

They started apart. "Who's that?" he said curtly.

She answered: "A waiter, I suppose, with a drink I ordered for you."

Before he could demand, "Send him away," she had reached and opened the door. The young man glanced round and saw a waiter standing there with a whisky and soda on a tray.

It was a large room. As she stood at the door, taking the tray into her hands, the young man caught fragments of what she said:

"I forgot to order my breakfast nine-thirty sharp. Because—" Then came part he did not hear. It was: "George, do you sing? Don't reply. Wink for 'Yes.' Ah. Do you know 'I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby'?" Ah! For no reason at all except to please me, George, will you in one minute from now walk down this corridor singing it? . . . And the biscuits? Oh, you've brought them!"

She shut the door, came into the room, staring at the young man, put the tray down on the table and walked about with emotional little spasms of movement.

"What—what did you mean?"

She gasped this. She moved to the divan, caught up the very restless little dog, murmured, "Oh, Violets! Violets! Violets!" and put the animal down again. She walked tragically from end to end of the room, thinking, with her hands against her breast, forlornly sweet, and helpless at bay. The young man moved swiftly after her, and held her to him as she stood near the window-embasement with her back to it while his back was to the door. "Pay!" he said. "And go! Pay and go!"

She put her arms up round his neck and drew his head down tight. Her breast heaved; her red mouth trembled in her blanched face. "You're good to me," she whispered. She shut her eyes. He kissed her. It was an eternity of a kiss. He felt her sigh, and held her tighter.

She started violently, opened eyes wide with fright, looked round his shoulder. "The door! Who shut the door? I heard it shut just now—while you kissed me!"

Holding her in one arm, he shot round. "The door?"

Down the corridor traveled a voice, rather low, with a bit of a chuckle in it:

"I'll sing thee songs of Araby—"

She pointed to the table. The case was gone.

The young man dashed to the door, opened it and looked into an empty corridor with innumerable turns and twists to it.

"Him!" she screamed. "He followed you! He—he's cheeked you! What a workman! And he's got away with it!"

The young man darted out, ran searching for the elevator, found it, rang—curse the waiting!—was carried down—fruitlessly. He questioned the hall-porter, telephoned, set his teeth, laughed a bit, hustled for a taxi—damn everything!

The little woman in Number Twenty-eight lifted the valance of the divan and hauled out the dog Violets with the case of pearls between his teeth, growling tinnily, having usefully performed his one trick.

A hat, a cloak, a handbag and a wee dog—the lady was equipped, and she walked out.

THE very young detective, immensely thoughtful, entered a famous portal and was taken at once to a room where sat the stoutish and debonair man who could so discriminately enjoy a good dinner.

"Got the Barraclyde pearls, Harry?" said the stoutish man. "Eh? No? Indeed! I thought we had the whole thing very prettily set. The pearls were on her. That's a thing I stake my whole reputation on. A guess or a divination—which you like. A pretty woman—all I told you, eh? Well. Let us know how we stand now. When she came into the restaurant to-night, she knew me. She spotted me straight off. I saw her fix me in the glass, the little devil! And she knew at once she'd got to play hide and seek with those pearls. That she gave them to Jocelyn is now a dead cert. And then—" Screwing up his eyes, and slowly enunciating, he gave a nutshell summary.

"Jocelyn she didn't know. She was playing the woman-game with him. Imagine she passes the pearls to him with some story. Then Miss Fenton—whom also she doesn't know—gets busy. She is searched for a bogus case of notes which naturally isn't found. Nor are the pearls. Failing Fenton and me, then you got busy. She took you for a pigeon? Of course! However, I'm delaying your story."

"I tested her by telling her straight off Jocelyn was a notorious crook."

"She bit?"

The very young detective told a lame and simple tale soberly, down to the fight and the call at Albemarle Street.

But there he paused.

The stout man drew little diagrams of a furnished room on a table with a forefinger.

"We understand, Harry: the table was here, the door here, the fireplace here, you—and the lady—here. For how long did you take your eye off the pearls?"

The very young detective replied slowly: "For the length of a kiss."

"Long enough for anything then?" said the stout man, cocking a wise and sorrowful eye.

The very young detective did not reply.

THE DOPE DOCTOR

(Continued from
page 35)

ordered. "Keep still till I find out what you can do."

For a little while his fingers probed over Chandler. The other man moaned as they pressed some injured spot. "Bring me my bag," Weldon told Marcia. "It's in the car." She took it to him, glad of an excuse to come nearer to Chandler. "What is it?" she whispered. He told her, briefly, baldly.

"It's up to you, then, isn't it?" It was Chandler who spoke.

"Yes," said Weldon. "It's up to me now."

"Then I suppose," he said, "it's good-by."

"Oh, I'm not as stupid as that. There was a time"—his fingers groped over the base of Chandler's skull—"when I was a pretty fair chap at this sort of thing. I haven't practiced it much lately. South Clark Street doesn't run to these highly specialized operations, but I haven't altogether forgotten. Want to take a chance, Chandler?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your chance lies in a quick operation. I can do it. There aren't five men in this country who can." Subconsciously he had straightened as he talked. There was a fire in his eye and a thrill in his voice that Marcia had not heard for years. He himself wondered for an instant at its recurrence. Then his thoughts went back to his professional problem of work. "Two of them are in New York. One is up in Minnesota, and one is out in San Francisco. Murger knew the trick, and he taught us. Want me to try it?"

"Is this on the level, Weldon?"

"Why shouldn't it be?"

"But—"

"But what?"

"But your wife—and I—"

"I know all that. This has nothing to do with those circumstances."

"But if you succeed, how can I take my life as a gift from you?"

"It's not from me. And we can talk about that afterward. Want me to try?"

"What do you say, Marcia?"

"I—I don't know."

"You could leave me, couldn't you, Weldon? And I'd die?"

"You'd die, yes. But I'm not going to leave you. If you don't trust me, I'll send Marcia for help."

"And leave us alone?" His voice was growing almost indistinct, but it held a tone of amusement. Suddenly it gathered strength. "I believe you're pretty much of a man, Weldon," he said. "Go on and fire. I'm ready."

"Can you save him?" It was Marcia's voice.

"I'm going to."

AT his bidding she brought him the lamps of his car, which had stayed alight, setting them at an angle that gave him vision. Then she opened his instrument-case and held for him the ones he designated. He worked with strange intensity, delving into his task with a concentration that excluded from his mind

everything but the immediacy of the operation itself. There came to her, as she watched him in trembling fear for Chandler's life, the certainty that Harry Weldon had a great gift. Why hadn't he used it? Few men had his surety, his skill, his power of shutting out every thought but the job of the moment. He could have been a great surgeon, if he had but tried. And instead he was—what he was. Her anger against him surged up again as she obeyed his nods, then died down as she realized the import of what he was doing. He was saving Chandler. "Will he live?" was her first question when Weldon had done. "Oh, yes," he said. His voice was curiously impersonal.

"I shall always remember," she said, "that you did this for me."

She had a realization, as she spoke, that her words were banal in expression of the emotion that shook her; but she was not prepared for Weldon's answer. "I didn't do it for you," he said, "or for him. I did it for myself." He rose, looking down on the unconscious man with the interest of a successful surgeon, and at her as if she had been a professional nurse. "We must get him to the nearest hospital," he said. "You'd better look after that."

Down the road she awakened people who listened to her incoherent story excitedly and who summoned an ambulance. In a little while after she had returned to where Weldon sat, holding Chandler, she found that other cars had come up, and that their riders were awaiting the coming of help. "My wife and I crashed into his car," Weldon was telling them, "and we felt it our duty to look after him."

He told the same story at the hospital, narrating quickly the nature of Chandler's injury. "Not much hope for him," an interne said. "Murger's operation was his only chance, and there are only—"

"I performed it on him," Weldon said.

"But—"

"I studied with Murger." Again his head lifted. "And I've done a good job."

Afterward, in the operating room, three surgeons went over the job with Weldon, at first skeptically, then with dawning admiration. "You did it!" Crossette told him. Bent held out his hand. Weldon grasped it, facing him squarely. He remembered that he had looked the other way when he had passed Bent a month ago. "Where have you been?" Kenling asked him. Kenling had been in his class at Rush. "I've been away," he said. "I've just come back."

Marcia was waiting for him outside the door. "There's nothing to say, is there?" she asked him.

"Nothing."

"Do you want me to come home with you?"

"Just as you like."

She hesitated. "I don't know what to do."

"You'd better come until the three of us can straighten this out."

She accepted his suggestion with something of relief. They walked a long way to the electric line back toward the city,

but neither spoke until they stood at a crossing, waiting for one of the occasional cars. "I'm sorry for all I said to you, Harry," she told him.

"It was all true, wasn't it?"

"I've begun to think it wasn't."

"Oh, yes, it was. But it isn't going to be. Rovitz told me I was going down a blind alley. He was right, but I've come to the end. I'm going back."

"I believe you can."

He wondered why her faith had come now that it made no difference to him whether or not he held it. "What's the answer," he asked her, "to this? When you stop wanting something, you can have it."

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Not yet."

"I wonder," she said, "what I'll do?"

"You're going to marry Chandler, aren't you?" He had the feeling that he was talking to a stranger. Could this be the woman for whom he had committed a crime against the law and his profession, the woman whom he had followed, the woman for whom he would have killed a man? What had his saving sense of honor done for him? The hour that had given him confidence in his old power had taken from him his desire for Marcia, even his old sympathy for her. That was the reward. "Aren't you?" he repeated in the face of her silence.

"I suppose so," she said.

HE telephoned Rovitz the next afternoon. The lawyer came up to the house. Marcia had gone out early, and Weldon divined that she had gone out to see Chandler, but he asked no questions. Rovitz, who must have seen the newspaper statement of Chandler's injury and remembered that Marcia was supposed to have gone to Milwaukee, had evidently been awaiting a summons, for he asked no questions when he came in. "I wonder," Weldon asked him, "if you really want me to take your advice?"

"You know I do." His face lighted. "Go ahead with the office, and the trimmings, and all the rest of it. I'm your banker." He drew a check-book from his pocket. "Say two thousand to start!"

"Too much."

"Not at all." He filled out the check.

"I don't know how to thank you."

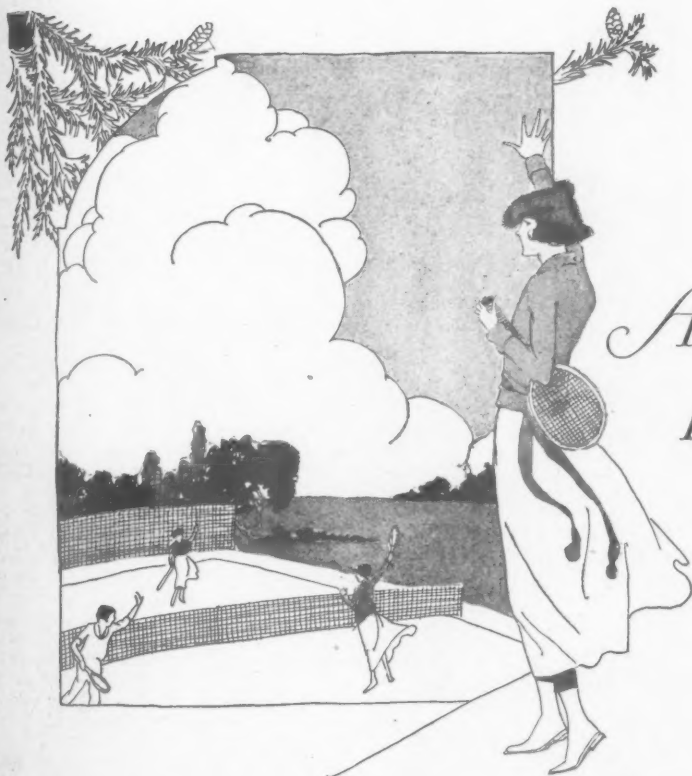
"Pass it on some day to some fool lawyer. An old fool doctor helped me once. I help you. You help some one else. That's the chain."

"But it ought to work out so that we can repay the fellow who helps us."

"The game doesn't play that way, Harry. The give-and-take in life is that somebody gives and some one else takes, and passes it on to the other fellow. How do you like that?"

He went, following Rovitz's advice and his own instincts in opening an office in one of the turreted buildings on the Boulevard. The first weeks were hard, and he swung back into despair, telling himself that he was too old for the venture, that he had not really recovered

(Continued on the fourth following page)



A Cooling Touch In Summer's Heat

AFTER a day spent in motoring, a dip in the deep, or a strenuous game on the links or court—the cool, delightfully creamy lather of RESINOL SOAP—

A lather that, despite its light and airy daintiness, possesses just the requisite properties one most needs to allay the heat of sunburn and refreshingly cleanse the pores—dissolving impurities and bringing out one's hidden beauty.

For a convincing proof—gently work Resinol lather into the skin with the finger tips. Rinse in cold water to close the pores and stimulate circulation.

Q The result will speak for itself—and volumes for RESINOL SOAP. For no matter what your complexion shortcomings, RESINOL is sure to prove nature's alleviating ally.

At all druggists' or toilet goods dealers'. For a free sample, address RESINOL, Department 4 B, Baltimore, Maryland.

RESINOL FOR
PRICKLY HEAT
AND INFANTS'
TRYING SKIN ILLS

Gently massage a lather of Resinol Soap into the skin. Rinse in tepid water, then apply Resinol Ointment.

Resinol Soap



DIANA'S DISCOVERY

By **BEATRICE
GORDON**

Illustrated by
WILL GREFÉ

FROM her accustomed place on the little porch, Diana Montgomery watched her husband out of sight on his way to the early train. But for the third successive morning, Don did not look around or wave to her from the bend in the road. Hurt and disappointed, she stood looking wistfully after him for a moment longer than usual. She wondered vaguely how many husbands stopped caring for their wives in three years—and what, if anything, these other women did about it. Then she turned mechanically and entered the house.

Every day for months there had been evidences of a change in Don's affection for her. All of them were small, of course, so small she hadn't been able to bring herself to mention them. Things were apparently just the same as ever, but Don was growing away from her, she knew. He had given up almost every little demonstration of his love. In the morning, he read the paper all through breakfast, scarcely giving her a word. Then, at the last minute before rushing from the door, he merely brushed her cheek in parting. All day long, she had just the memory of that hurried kiss.

At least two nights a week lately he had been staying down town for dinner. Usually he would phone late in the afternoon to tell her—"It's the busy season, you know," or "Got a big job that must be cleaned up tonight." And, of course, such messages meant long evenings alone for Diana—long evenings when thoughts were beginning to come that she tried and tried to push back. Was it always business that kept Don in town? Yes, it had gone that far. Suspicion, just a shade of suspicion, had begun to lift its head above the horizon of her great blind faith in her husband.

And so this morning, when again he had failed to turn and wave "Good-bye," the hurt went deeper in Diana's heart, and all that forenoon as she went about her work the change in Don was almost constantly in her thoughts. Then, in the afternoon she had an inspiration. She would surprise him that night with a real "spread," a dinner after his own heart. Every dish should be something of which Don was especially fond. He could not help but see what pains she had taken to please him and maybe when it was all over, he would take her in his arms as he used to and tell her how wonderful she was to be always planning for his happiness. The prospect of it sent her forth gaily on a marketing expedition and her plans for the surprise carried her all through a happy afternoon.



There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him . . .

And then, as the hands of the clock were falling toward six-thirty, and the snowy cloth had been spread and the very best silver laid, and the golden sweet potatoes were growing brown in the oven, and a juicy steak was just waiting his step on the walk outside to go over the roaring fire—the phone rang. Diana ran and caught up the receiver, "Yes!" and, then—"I'm at the St. James, just sitting down to dinner with Turner. Sorry. Get yourself a bite. I'll be home about ten"—and before she could really grasp the words, there was a click on the wire. He had gone.

Diana dropped to a chair, sat there a long moment trying to adjust herself to the overwhelming disappointment, then rose and half running, half stumbling up the stairs, threw herself upon the bed in her own room and gave herself up to a flood of tears.

TWENTY minutes later, fairly worn out with weeping, she was roused by the sound of footsteps on the porch below. She jumped up and rushed to the long mirror—to see how red her eyes were. Then as she listened, a familiar receding whistle proclaimed the caller only the boy

with the evening paper and she was much relieved.

But the momentary excitement had died up the fountain of tears. Diana was again herself now. She walked over to the mirror to arrange her hair, and as she stood there, her eye fell to a picture on her dressing table, a picture of herself taken the June they were married, a picture Don used to call his favorite. There was a girlish charm about it, emphasized by the dainty, becoming dress she wore. It was a dress that any one would have said must be Diana's even if they had seen it in a shop window. But what held her gaze now was not the picture itself so much as the contrast between it and what she saw reflected in the mirror. She looked from one to the other, and then, slowly, she seemed to feel coming over her a new understanding. And with it came a firm resolve. She would not submit quietly to the loss of her husband's love.

An hour later, the dining room cleared of its silver and linen, the carefully planned dinner things put away for tomorrow, she was running through a pile of magazines in the den. And, at eleven when she came up the stairs she was fast making the trace of a smile still upon her lips.

The

FOR
para
huma
work a
surely
He fro
and als
for tow

But
Diana.
the sh
During
as she
more t
have d
She see
someth
course,
or twice
but he

When
himself
never t
had to
coat an
tied, Di
she wou
ing som
prepari
had com

THEN
ing
derful
little lat
those da
all kitch
cessed w
physical

Arrivi
slowly,
home.
as he us
tured to
he had
How abo
dered.

From
that the
"Probab
he thoug
tonight
book! I
I want

Going
door, B
drawn.
So he p
the lock
amazed—

There
Diana—
waiting
in her
more bes
—and sh
ful and

Instan
within h
awaken
could no
slowly—

"Diana
never fo
tender D

IN the
fire th
watching
a new-fou
say th
I

FOR a few months things went on apparently as usual in the Montgomery home. Don was deeply engrossed in his work at the office, where he was slowly but surely winning recognition from his firm. He frequently worked till late at night and always had to hurry to catch his train for town in the morning.

But there had been a subtle change in Diana. She had somehow chased away the shadow that formerly pursued her. During the day, she sang cheery little songs as she went about her work. And on more than one occasion she had failed to have dinner ready at the appointed hour. She seemed continually preoccupied—with something pleasant. Don noticed this, of course, and it bothered him a little. Once or twice he tried to discover Diana's secret, but he got no satisfaction from her.

When he came home at night and let himself in with his latch key, Diana was never there any more to greet him. He had to get his slippers and hang up his coat and hat himself. But when he whistled, Diana was always in her room. And she would come downstairs simply radiating some pleasant secret! Could she be preparing some surprise for him—or what had come over her lately?

THEN finally one glorious October evening it all came out in a most wonderful way! Don had left the office a little later than usual. It had been one of those days—which happen in all offices and all kitchens—when everything seems possessed with contrariness. He was worn out physically and mentally.

Arriving at his station, he walked slowly, thoughtfully, up the hill toward his home. He was wishing that he felt more as he used to feel about his home. He pictured to himself the bright, attractive girl he had married three short years before. How she had changed! Had he? He wondered.

From the bend in the road, he noticed that the house was lighted brilliantly. "Probably callers—or worse still, guests," he thought. "I hope not! All I want tonight are slippers, the big chair and a book! There isn't anybody in the world I want to see!"

Going up the porch steps, he tried the door. But it was locked and the curtains drawn. He listened, but heard no voices. So he produced a bunch of keys, turned the lock and entered. What he saw amazed—transfixed him!

There stood Diana—yes, it surely was Diana—but a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him with a strange, glad light in her blue eyes! She was younger—more beautifully alluring than ever before—and she was wearing the most wonderful and becoming dress he had ever seen!

Instantly he was conscious of a change within himself. Under the magic spell of reawakened love, he tried to speak, but could not. And so he came toward her slowly—both arms outstretched.

"Diana!" he cried in a voice she could never forget. He was the old, proud, tender Don once more!

IN the big leather chair before the open fire that night, Don and Diana sat watching the dancing flames and talking of a new-found happiness. They had so much to say that words suddenly seemed inadequate. Most of what these two had to

tell each other does not concern us. It cannot be told in minutes, nor yet in years; it cannot be perfectly told even in a lifetime, for it is endless and runs through eternity.

"I must have been blind, dear," Don said, after a long silence, "but—thank heaven!—my eyes are opened at last!"

"Well, it wasn't your fault, Don," Diana replied. "I don't know how it came about. But I grew careless and indifferent about myself. You really never saw me in anything much but dowdy housedresses or something equally untidy—and I don't blame you. But I haven't told you the real secret yet."

"You see, I felt that you were growing away from me—I saw it in so many little things. And one night when you phoned that you were not coming home, I had a terrible cry about it. Then I caught a vision of myself as I had been. And I saw at once that no woman can hope to win—or hold—her husband's love and respect, unless she keeps herself attractive."

"Right there I resolved to try and remedy the trouble. But the expense looked like an insurmountable difficulty. You know we haven't had any new clothes to speak of—either of us—since we were married. The money has always been needed, even before we had it, for what seemed just necessary things."

"Well, while I was pondering over my problem, suddenly the solution flashed into my mind. I recalled reading a magazine article, a few evenings before, about a girl who found the way to happiness, by learning how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself."

"It told about an institute of domestic arts and sciences, through which any woman could learn during spare time, right in her own home, how to make all kinds of dresses and hats."

"So I hunted up that magazine and read the Cinderella story again. It was so convincing that I sent for more information at once."

"IN just a few days a handsome book came, telling all about the Woman's Institute and its 25,000 delighted members. I saw right away that here was just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking."

"When my first lesson came, I knew any woman could learn to make her own clothes by this easy, fascinating method. The pictures make everything so plain that a child could understand. I really felt like a different woman just because I was so happy! I spent every minute I could on the lessons and at night, I dreamed I was wearing the kind of clothes that would bring you back to me!"

"One delightful thing about the course is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why after only three lessons, I made the prettiest little housedress. It's in the closet of my room with a lot of charming, dainty things. I hid my work and lessons there because if you saw them too soon, it would have spoiled all my surprise for you!"

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as if they were right beside you."

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day

or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient."

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming."

"Luckily I began my studies in the summer—the logical time, because summer clothes are so much easier to make. Now I have more and prettier clothes than I ever had before in my life. And they cost only one-fourth of what ordinary clothes cost ready made. Some of the very prettiest things I have were made from out-of-date clothes of former seasons."

"I was soon able to work on even the most elaborate dresses and suits. I learned, too, to copy models in the shop windows, on the streets, or in fashion magazines. In fact, this wonderful method of the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers—after just a few months of spare-time study at home!"

"So that's the secret of my surprise, dear," finished Diana. "Just think what it is going to mean to us all the rest of our lives. And isn't it fine that any woman or girl anywhere can learn through the Woman's Institute to dress attractively at such little cost?"

"It certainly is," replied Don, drawing her face down close to his. "Any school that can teach women and girls the things you have learned in so short a time is performing a wonderful service. Now—let's go up and see the rest of this magic wardrobe!"

DIANA'S discovery will solve your clothes problem, whatever it may be. More than 25,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success as a dressmaker or a milliner.

It costs you nothing to find out just what the Institute can do for you. Simply send a letter, a postcard or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world. Please be sure to say whether you are most interested in home or professional dressmaking, millinery or cooking.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE Dept. 20 W, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



NEW-SKIN

For Small Skin-Hurts

A convenient antiseptic first-aid preparation for emergency use. Always keep a bottle in the house.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin."

Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute. Smile, but insist.

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

NEWSKIN CO.
NEW YORK



Have You Chosen Yet?

The choice of your children's school is an important decision in the making of which you will find valuable assistance on pages 6 to 11 of this issue—The Red Book Magazine's educational directory.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

What the Chaperone Says:

"When the sun is hot, use LaBlache, it cools, soothes and beautifies. The powder adorable, pure, clinging, delightfully fragrant. None other so good and I have tried them all."

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c, a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 8
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



hold on himself or his skill by his operation on Chandler. Even the news that Chandler was getting well with amazing rapidity failed to inspire him with confidence. Marcia remained in the apartment, and he saw her once a day, but their attitude toward each other was that of two courteous strangers who are stranded on a train in the desert, dependent on each other for the ordinary amenities of life, but in no way associated except in their plight. She inquired occasionally of his work. He asked for Chandler, as a physician might inquire for a patient whom he has discharged as convalescent. "He wants to see you some day," she told him.

"Have him come to the office," he said, "when he is well."

He did not want to see Chandler, he realized, knowing that his coming would fling him back into acute consciousness of his mood on that night of the disaster. He was trying to forget his own fall from his standards, trying to forget his temptation to kill Chandler or to let him die, trying to forget everything but the success which had attended his sacrifice in taking the chance to save the other man.

Chandler was embarrassed when he came. Weldon contrasted him with what he had been on the night when he had seen him with Marcia. Chandler put out his hand tentatively. Weldon took it with detached cordiality. "Glad you're all right again," he said.

Chandler flushed. "Thanks to you," he said.

He sank down quickly, and Weldon saw that he was still weak. "You need a long rest," he told him.

"That'll come in time," Chandler said. "We have some affairs to straighten out first."

He drummed on the arms of the chair, and Weldon went to his aid. "Marcia?" he asked.

"Yes. You know, I suppose, that Marcia had intended to get a divorce from you and marry me?"

"She told me that."

"But of course—"

"I told her, or rather, I inferred to her that she was to go on as she had intended."

"But can't you see, Weldon, that we can't do that?"

"Why not? Don't you love her?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to marry her?"

"I have told her that I did."

"But you don't. I see."

"How can I? I'm not altogether rotten. You saved my life, and she's your wife."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Not quite." He clutched the chair now. "You see, Weldon, I thought, from what she said of you, that you were scum of the earth. I believed that you were sunk so low that there was no hope of your ever getting up. I was sorry for her because she was tied to a man in the gutter. But you're not that! You're a real man, better than any I know. The test of it came that night. I knew, when I came to myself, that she had lied about you. After that, I couldn't love her in the same way."

"But she didn't lie. She told the truth."

"She didn't."

"I was all she said. I was all the way down, a Clark Street dope-seller."

"You aren't now."

"No. But that doesn't change the case, does it?"

"More than ever. While you loved Marcia, you stayed down. When you stopped loving her, you went up. She's been the millstone around your neck, Weldon. You're the sort a woman could shove down."

"Then you aren't going to marry her if she gets a divorce?"

"It'd be rank ingratitude to you after that night."

"Suppose I want you to marry her?"

"You don't, really?"

He looked at Chandler consideringly, finding something almost ludicrous in the other man's consternation. So Chandler didn't want to marry Marcia, and was cloaking his change of emotional sentiment with this mantle of apparent obligation. A sudden sense of pity for Marcia went over him. Why was it that a woman of her strength should pick such weak reeds? A memory of Marcia as she had been in those days in Vienna when he had studied with Murger and she had sung in the Opera came to him. Who would have believed that two men would toss her from one to the other, neither wanting her, both trying to disguise their lack of desire? It was pitiful! She would die of shame, did she know. And after all—yes, she was still his wife. And here was another chance to show Chandler that he was the better man. "No," he said, "I don't want you to marry Marcia. But I wanted to be sure of where you stood. Have you told her?"

"Not yet." Chandler looked relieved and yet confused.

"I wish," Weldon said, "that you wouldn't—for a little while."

THAT night Weldon studied his wife with awakened curiosity, wondering if she guessed Chandler's change in attitude toward her. She was reading some music with an intensity that he thought assumed until he had to speak twice to win her attention. Then she put it aside and turned to him questioningly. "I want to talk to you," he said.

"Well?" she countered, and he knew that she went on guard.

"I told you," he said, not looking at her, "that I supposed that you would marry Chandler as soon as you could arrange it. When do you want to start the arrangement?"

"You mean—" She braced herself back in her chair, looking straight ahead.

"A divorce."

"You want me to sue?"

"There's no other way, is there?"

"You could, you know."

"That's out of the question."

"Why?"

"I have no intention of doing it."

"But you want me to."

"I want you to do as you wish."

She looked at him then, but turned away from his averted face. "I see," she said. "Well, I shall."

"When?"

"As soon as I can get a lawyer."

"You understand, of course, that you'll have to go into another State."

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER ANTISEPTIC for Pyorrhea prevention



Tender, soft, bleeding gums

are the first symptoms of pyorrhea. If unchecked, pyorrhea causes loss of teeth and menaces health.

Pyorrhocide Powder was scientifically compounded for the specific purpose of restoring and maintaining gum health. It is the only dentifrice whose value in treating and preventing pyorrhea has been demonstrated in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research and oral prophylaxis. That is why it is so widely prescribed by the dental profession.

If your gums show pyorrhetic symptoms, Pyorrhocide Powder will aid in restoring them to a healthy condition. If your gums are healthy, Pyorrhocide Powder will keep them so. It cleans the teeth most effectively; removes the mucoid deposits and daily accretions.

Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.



Free Sample

Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Dept. O—1489
Broadway,
New York

*Scientifically
Perfected by
Clinical Research*

We shall continue to offer through exhaustive scientific research, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

L. H. Kilgus
Pres.

Free Book

Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

You can learn to play the sax in one hour's practice, and soon be playing popular airs. You can double your income, your pleasure, and your popularity. Easy to pay by our easy payment plan.

MAKES AN IDEAL PRESENT

Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of everything in True-Tone band and orchestra instruments

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
279 Jackson Street, Elkhart, Ind.

**Easy to Play
Easy to Pay**

SATAN AND IDLE HANDS

(Continued from page 84)

what you like!"—loftily. The other assumed a heavy and irritating air of importance. "But I certainly sha'n't rush off with you or anyone else for a pleasure-trip when in that wholesale house people are working themselves half to death—"

"People?" demanded Haff, eying his friend with sudden astuteness. "I bet those people are one girl."

"I said people!"—with strong emphasis. "No, my mother didn't at all object in words to my going. But I saw I was needed—"

"I bet your mother's going bankrupt if her business is so bad she needs you."

"Good-by, Haff," said Oswald, turning on a dignified heel. "Sorry, but business really has to come first."

"Good-by, then," said Haff disgustedly. "And if you ever can prove to me that the Greenman wholesale house benefits any by your presence in it this sweating month I'll—I'll buy you a new hat."

"Good-by," said Oswald Greenman dignifiedly.

"Is she blonde or brunette?" queried Haff.

His friend disdained reply. Anyway, he was hailing a taxi for return to the wholesale house.

Oswald Greenman rode off in the taxi.

NOT all the incidents of life are vital biographically. It may have been merely incidental that when he stepped out of the taxi at the Greenman plate-glass front doors, the young man was whistling meditatively "Oh, Promise Me!"

He quit whistling in the doors—necessarily. Breath was needed for other purpose—for breathing. And the elevator outdid previous trips in its emulation of a tin packed with sardines. . . .

Beyond climax, comes anticlimax. Beyond life, death—or beyond death, prosaic life. An hour later Oswald Greenman, after his excellent protestations to his friend Haff, stood back in a corner between an assembled Dakota order of misses' crocheted caps and an unassembled Indiana order of mourning bonnets, because there was no other place, it seemed, for him safely to stand, and there he experienced the pleasure, so often experienced by mortals, of telling himself he was a fool.

Salesmen marched by him like an army by a post. Salesgirls scooted by him like bees past a honeyless weed. Errand-boys scooted past him—and seemed to find him in their important way. One small errand-girl, tearing along with three handboxes, knocked him squarely into a "No Smoking" sign, and never paused to apologize—indeed, to see whom she had knocked. One stout woman customer from out of town, taking him for a floorman and demanding the whereabouts of the imitation steel cabochons,—which he hadn't the least idea of and said so,—flung at him: "Idiot!"

He lighted a cigarette to digest that. The customer had bounced on.

In her office, his mother was getting out letters with a steady fury under which

her stenographer, Anna Deneen, slavishly bent an oldish gray-pompadoured head. At her son's entrance Catharine Greenman had said absently: "Missed your train?"

"No, I didn't miss it. But—"

"Make that last letter a telegram—collect," Catharine Greenman ordered the fast-typing, perspiring Miss Deneen. "If those slick jobbers, Muckins and Company, think this place is going to wait till the end of August for an order of winter silks—Remind 'em that next month is September, and we'll be on the road to spring straws." To her son again, absently: "Well, it's too bad you missed it."

"I didn't miss it! But I began to think—"

She rose abruptly. She consulted her substantial wrist-watch. "My! I should have phoned half an hour ago over that contested freight-claim on that shipment of ostrich pompons from New York."

"Can I attend to it?" asked Oswald Greenman.

Catharine Greenman stared at him—much as some mothers would stare if their five-year-old should ask to order the roast for dinner.

"Not very well." She yanked up her desk-phone.

He got up and left the office, wandered slowly into his own adjoining empty one, wandered out, downstairs, down more stairs, down more.

On the untrimmed-hat floor he found George McMersey worriedly dividing his sales attention between two sulky claiming ladies from McMersey's Indiana and Ohio road territory. Oswald stepped forward and politely offered to take one off the roadman's worried hands.

But George McMersey looked doubtful, apprehensive, even while stiffly civil to the offerer. And the two ladies stiffened and snapped in chorus: "I prefer a salesman who knows my trade!"

THREE floors above this incident and some twenty minutes after, Oswald Greenman encountered Annemay Doppy, hats for two hours' sketching under one arm, sketching-pad under the other, sharpening, as she briskly walked along, a long, capable-looking brown pencil.

He eagerly threw away a half-smoked cigarette and stepped up to her. "Oh, say, let me!"

The young woman's good-looking gray-violet eyes widened.

"Oh, no!" she refused hastily. "I like my pencils sharpened a certain blunt way." She held the pencil tightly between long square-tipped thumb and finger as though protecting it. "You—one would know just how."

She went briskly on to her own sanctum back of the French workroom.

Oswald Greenman lighted another cigarette—rather grimly.

An hour later he sauntered moodily out of the silk-and-velvet flower-room into which he had four minutes before

(Continued on the fourth following page)

Song Lovers! Three New Song Hits

Accepted by Everybody Everywhere!

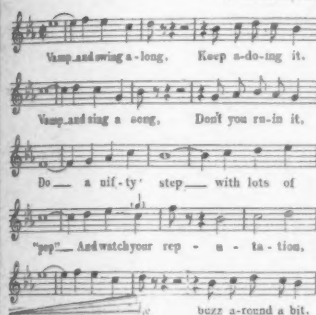
You'll Sing, You'll Dance, You'll Love—these Hits from "Song Headquarters"

THEY have thrilled audiences. They have enthused dancers. They have won singers, orchestras and jazz bands—record and player-roll producers. They are the new song hits that folks will sing, whistle, dance and hum. You'll love them—their beautiful melodies—their wonderful lyrics.

"The Vamp"

By Byron Gay

© Leo Feist, Inc.



Sh-h-h! B-beware of "The Vamp!" After capturing every song center in the West, it is spreading its spell all over

the country! "The Vamp" has been appointed the most wonderful song ever written for modern American dancing. Its rhythm is alive! Its melody is bewitching! Its lyric has a chuckle in every line.

A reward is offered to any one who can frown or keep his feet still when the band plays or the singer sings "The Vamp." It's a wonderful song—get it before it gets you.

"My Baby's Arms"

By Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy

Staged by Ned Wayburn © Leo Feist, Inc.



If you could hear New York audiences applaud this song at Ziegfeld's Follies and call for encore after encore—you would realize

"My Baby's Arms" is a HIT! And if you could travel from New York to California you would know how fast this hit is spreading.

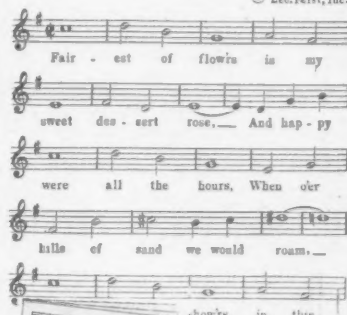
A sweet wholesome melody, and cute lovable words—

"My Baby's Arms" is a song you'll love—a song that will make the world sunnier. Try it out—buy it today.

"Sand Dunes"

By Byron Gay

© Leo Feist, Inc.



Somewhere down in every-body's heart is a love for oriental song—the weird rum-tum of the tom-tom the mysterious

luring chords of far-east music. That is why "Sand Dunes" is a sensational hit. "Sand Dunes" is soothing, comforting, fascinating, good—a wonderful dance number, a fox-trot that makes feet step lightly, faces laugh brightly. "Sand Dunes" is a great song—get it.

Other Beautiful Feist Songs:

"Lullaby Blues"

"By the Campfire"

"When You Look in the Heart of a Rose"

"Thank God You're Here Mother Mine"
"A Girl in Chateau Thierry"
"Dreaming of a Sweet Tomorrow"
"Sweet Love Dreams"
"Persian Moon"
"Bluin' the Blues"

"In the Land of Lullaby"
"Your Heart is Calling Mine"
"Keep All Your Love For Me"
"Sweetie Mine"—by Al Jolson
"Star of the East"
"Give Me All of You"
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
"Radiance in Your Eyes"

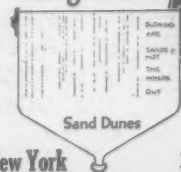
INSTRUMENTAL NUMBERS

"Aloma"
"Syria"
"Djer-Kiss"
"Bells of Bagdad"
"Klondyke Blues"
"Laughing Blues"
"Orange Blossom Rag"

Take this page to your piano and try out these four songs.

Get them wherever good music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or orchestra, 25c each.

Get a Record for your Talking Machine



Get a Roll for your Player Piano

Published by

LEO FEIST, Inc., Feist Bldg., New York

Whenever wherever Music is played
Ask to hear these Feist Songs

You can't go wrong with any Feist Song



"I found him Counting Raspberry Seeds"

I LOCATED him in his office in the Lowney Chocolate Factory. At his desk in front of him was a square of white paper with a dark red spot in the center. He was eyeing it sharply.

"What is it? Your idea of an Autumn Sunset?"

"No," he said very genially for such a professor-looking person, "I am counting the seeds in a raspberry. We use raspberries for flavoring in some of our chocolates. It is up to me, as buyer, to select the type of raspberry with the fewest seeds to the berry and the most berries to the pound."

"There is no flavor in seeds," he explained.

This is drawing it pretty fine, I thought. The man must be a crank.

Then it suddenly occurred to me, what do I know about chocolates anyway? I have eaten them all my life. My wife and I spend probably \$25 to \$30 a year on one sort or another. The youngsters eat a lot. Wouldn't this be a good opportunity to find out *what* we are eating. I decided it would.

So I asked my Lowney friend, "Are you fussy, too, about nuts?"

A "nut" on nuts

By way of answer he took me to a room where girls were sorting walnut meats. Such nuts as were whole and perfect were being picked out for chocolate tops or centers. "What happens to all those broken pieces, they are fresh and good, aren't they?" I ventured. "Yes," he said—"we chop them up for chocolate bars."

On another table I saw thousands of almonds

received from Spain. They were as uniform in size as if made in a mold, and not a bitter one in the bunch. Filberts, I found, must be all-sweet filberts and come from Marseilles. "Spanish or Turkish filberts are too apt to turn rancid," I was informed.

Yes, it was evident my Lowney friend was also a "nut" on nuts.

* * * * *

We passed into a room where white-gowned young women were making chocolate cordials. Trays were filled with morsels of fresh orange fruit. "Well," I said, "is there anything exciting about oranges?" "No," replied my Lowney friend, "it is simply this: Some oranges have too much pulp. We buy a certain California orange that has less pulp, therefore more *juice*, than any orange obtainable."

* * * * *

I found that pineapples also come under the Lowney microscope. A certain grade of golden pineapple is used because "it is freer from coarse fiber—besides it has a particularly delicious flavor."

* * * * *

I learned that only Italian cherries are used. They are *creamed* in their own juices. That is all the moisture they get. Preservatives, including benzoate are not tolerated.

Food here for thought

Now I am not what you could call a howling, shouting pure food crank, but I do like to know what I am eating. As we went that day from one chocolate material to another I kept saying to myself, "People ought to know about this. If I get a chance, I'm going to tell them."

I like good butter, but it never occurred to me that making chocolates called for the top notch butter they serve in top notch hotels.

* * * * *

Then, again:

The milkman leaves us pretty rich cream at home, but we wouldn't dream of *testing* it for richness as these Lowney people do.

And coffee!

That touches me on a tender spot. This Lowney method of getting coffee flavor appealed to me: Take a rich blend and pulverize the beans. Percolate with *cold* water. The richest coffee flavor possible is the result. I made a mental note to get my wife to try that kind of coffee for breakfast.

In a corner of one room I saw plump dates absolutely thrown away because of what looked like harmless little spots on the surface.

I saw shredded cocoanut being given "a Lowney roast" to bring out what the professor-looking person modestly called "a Lowney flavor."

* * * * *

Later in the day I sat again in my Lowney friend's office. I told him I had a new respect for chocolates. I marvelled at the infinite "fussiness" in the choice of materials for Lowney's—what seemed to be a passion for purity.

"Does it pay?" I asked.

No "philanthropy"

"It DOES," he replied. "Let me tell you why." I made a note of what he said:

"We use the purest materials we can buy. There is no philanthropy about it. It is simply good business for us. No fruit that we use has benzoate in it or analine, any kind of dyes, ethe-

real flavors or anything of that sort. As a matter of fact, the Lowney Standard was established before any of the Pure Food Standards were thought of—all of which means that every ounce of material used in making our chocolates conforms to the Government Standards and all other Standards. And, may I add, our own standard *on top of them*.

"We cannot afford to take a chance on poor material, poor coatings—poor anything. If we made a cheap chocolate coating, the air would get into the center of the chocolate. When you bit into it, it would be dry and tasteless. A morsel of fruit that is not covered perfectly will ferment. As a matter of fact, our reputation as candy makers rests literally on your judgment of a single piece. That's why we are perfectly willing to put a written guarantee in every package.

"You may say we *are* fussy. It is nothing to be especially proud of, it is simply good business—for every one of us—*because Lowney has been on a profit-sharing basis for years.*" And he smiled cheerfully.

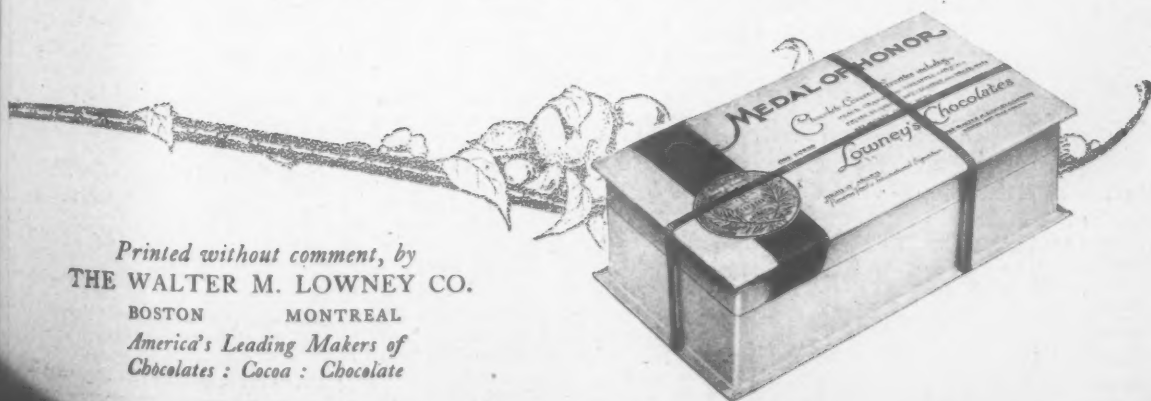
ON the train home from the Lowney Factory that day I tasted the results of all their care, in a box of Medal of Honor Chocolates which had been handed me. I nibbled off and on till I passed New London—sorting out the mental pictures of what I had seen. I decided I had found my rights in chocolates, and liked the sensation.

Perhaps you who eat chocolates may be interested to know that this same package is the fastest selling assortment the country has ever seen.

Why shouldn't it be?

Lowney's Chocolates

"BUY CHOCOLATES YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT"



Printed without comment, by
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
BOSTON MONTREAL
America's Leading Makers of
Chocolates : Cocoa : Chocolate

The Slave

With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking-hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

It is a plot so exciting—so marvelously planned—so brilliantly solved—that it could have been written only by the master detective

CRAIG KENNEDY

(The American Sherlock Holmes)

ARTHUR B. REEVE

(The American Conan Doyle)

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life!

FREE—POE

10 Volumes

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give, free, a set of Edgar Allan Poe's works in 10 volumes—over 200 stories.

When the police of New York failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off in Paris—found the solution.

This is a wonderful combination—here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1847 **New York City**
SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL CANADIAN OFFER.

HARPER & BROTHERS, 17 Franklin Sq., New York City R. B. 9-19

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve (Craig Kennedy) in 12 volumes. Also send me, absolutely FREE, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes. If both sets are not satisfactory I will return them within 10 days at my expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 12 months.

Name

Address

Occupation

tered frowningly. He started to light another cigarette, but he replaced it unlighted in its gold case. He was sick of cigarettes.

At the end of an aisle Jeff Gerbaum and Rosy Kuntz were arguing fiercely over whose sales had gone highest during the warm day.

Rosy's voice sailed sibilantly over the jabber and gabber of a crowd of other sales-folks with their customers. "Say! Back up, back up! I got eight gross ribbon-banded sailors on one Illinois order."

"Back up yourself, Miss Know-it-all Kuntz," warmly retorted Gerbaum, mopping with limp handkerchief his moist, round face. "I got nine gross bead-buckled tricorne on one Minnesota page, and fourteen dozen Lady Lucille sailors—"

Oswald Greenman wedged a way through the crowd.

"To look at him, you'd think he was as busy as the rest of us," sighed Jeff Gerbaum.

"Look at him walking around gloating over us working our heads off for him and his mother," sadly murmured Rosy, sales-slip in hot, tired hand. "Look at his leisurely—"

But Jeff Gerbaum's face and lips went suddenly white. His wide, horror-filled eyes went past Oswald Greenman, past the arched door of the salesroom, past a wide table of black silk sweet peas in the adjoining artificial-flower room.

"Look!" gasped Jeff.

And then—Rosy Kuntz forgot her Illinois order and her complaints. Jeff Gerbaum forgot his Minnesota order and his sales-book—it fell from his nerveless hand. And the crowd of women in taffeta, serge, organdie, dimity, charmeuse, poplin, tricotine, khaki kool or messaline gave one long, common shudder, and then they gave one common shriek. And the nervous, perspiring, buying men turned—

FROM the room adjoining, just beyond the table of black silk sweet peas, had come a puff of smoke first. Jeff saw that first puff. That was when his sales-book fell from his hand. It was followed by a gray stream of smoke. And then came a lick of little flame, and then a great volley of smoke, a snapping as the little flame leaped from one arsenic-treated box of artificial blossoms to another, crackling, a series of spurts of smoke and flames, then a broad flare of red that was like no red on the Greenman shelves, a red that flared out, flared up, spat its vivid threat at all.

Oswald Greenman, sauntering moodily along a corridor, heard the shriek and the cries and the scuffling that followed the first sight of the gray smoke, and came quickly back. One glance across the salesroom, and moodiness and leisureliness dropped from him, even as the mad scream of "Fire!" went up from the crowd.

A crowd horribly frightened is a crowd stunned. And the stifling breath of the smoke, that now puffed out thick and fast, was breath-choking combined with the August day's stifling heat. The crowd of customers and salespeople turned in slow, numbing panic, crowded stupidly in upon itself—until Oswald Greenman,



Baby Beauty Secrets

Proper food, sleep and bathing mean beautiful babies!

The ritual of the 9.30 morning bath is the important event of the baby's day. After the bath comes 'Talcum Time.'

You know the torments to which a baby's flower-soft skin is constantly subjected. A safe talcum is essential.

To the boric acid solution, absorbent cotton, safety pins, soft hair-brush—add Mennen's.

Borated by the original formula, never bettered, it is peculiarly soothing to little chafed limbs and chubby flesh—and to the tender skin of grown-ups also.

Mennen's is sold in a large size, economical can, containing more Talcum for the money than you could buy before the war.

MENNEN TALCUMS with the original borated formula—includes:

Borated Talcum for Men
Flesh Tint Violet
Cream Tint

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



Laboratories: 42 Orange Street, Newark, N.J.
Canadian Factory: Montreal, Que.

Sales Agents in Canada:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

WALTHAM
THE
SCIENTIF-
ICALLY
BUILT
WATCH

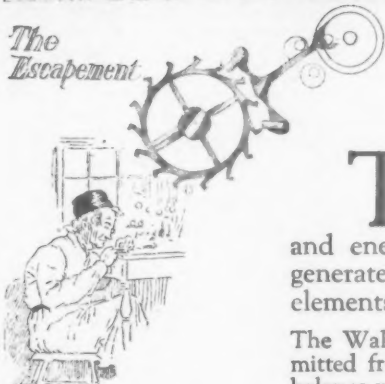


AND
THE
FOREIGN
BUILT
WATCH



Jan. 1918 The Applied Arts Painters & Engravers

The
Escapement



Information to Protect You in Buying a Watch

THE escapement is the heart of a watch. Just as the heart pumps or pulsates the blood through the human body to maintain life and energy, so the escapement controls the power generated by the mainspring and transfers it into elements of time.

The Waltham watch escapement controls the power transmitted from the mainspring through the train wheels to the balance wheel, which, in turn, divides the motion into intervals of time, pulsating 18,000 beats per hour — and this pulse beat is recorded on the dial by the hands.

The escapement consists of the escape wheel, two pallet stones set in the pallet, and a fork, a roller and a roller jewel. The purpose of the pallet and two pallet stones is to stop and release the escape wheel at the end of the train, at equal time intervals of about one-fifth of a second.

The Waltham escape wheel has exclusive features. For instance, the most important part of the escape wheel is the impulse surface. In the Waltham watch this impulse surface is trued by a diamond-cutting tool, which not only cuts it to absolute exactness, but gives it the high polish required by the Waltham standard of quality at the same time.

In the foreign-built watch the impulse surface of the escape wheel is polished with a compound by hand, which invariably charges the surface with cutting pigments that practically defeat the vital reason for polishing, and is, therefore, detrimental to the component mechanism.

This is one of the most important and one of the many reasons why you should insist that your watch be a Waltham.

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a literal watch education. Send free upon request.



Pendant
and Bow
Patented



Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy

Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

\$150 to \$275 or more
depending upon the case

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

The Woman Who Sold Her Hair

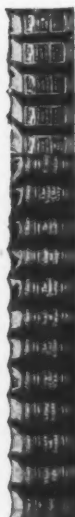
Heavy, rich, gloriously golden—to him it was her greatest beauty, the thing he loved most. Its bright molten color seemed the glory that lighted up their first bitter hard days in New York. And yet one day, a silly whim—a glorious sacrifice—its whole golden wealth was gone. But there was left behind a great light. Of all the 274 stories that he wrote none is more surprising, none is more inspiring than this one by



O. HENRY

Moves Faster Than the Movies

You have seen this story in the movies. You have laughed and cried over many more of O. Henry's masterpieces as they flew before you on the film. You have gasped at their fast moving action—at their unexpected endings. O. Henry's stories make good films because in them is the action—the speed that the photo drama needs. They move as fast in the books as they do in the movies and you have the joy of O. Henry's colorful language—his rich store of racy slang—his inimitable style. Have his stories with you always whenever you want them to cheer you and to make life more full of joy.



FREE—5 Volumes Jack London

He was the last of our classic writers to die. He was the founder of a new literature. He was more real—more primitive than any of his heroes. Go with him to the freezing north. Follow him to the south seas. Fight your way with him around the Horn. Get his best work absolutely free. Send the coupon.

Price Must Go Up!

Last Spring the price of paper went so high that we had to raise the price of the books. Fortunately, we secured one big lot of paper at a comparatively reasonable price so that we had to add very little to the price of the books. Now that paper is nearly gone, what we shall have to pay for the next edition we do not know—but that it will be far more than we ever paid before we can tell you. *This is your last chance.* Before you see another such advertisement the price may be far beyond your reach. Now, while you can, get these books at the low price with Jack London FREE. Never again can we give you such a chance. Don't miss it. Cut the coupon. Send it—TODAY—at ONCE.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO., 30 Irving Pl., N.Y. R. B. 9-19

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 5-volume set of London bound in green silk with gold tops. If I keep the books I will remit \$1.50 at once, and \$1 a month for 18 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the London set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name

Address

Occupation

The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxurious binding send \$2 at once, and \$1.50 a month for 18 months.

after one quick look, turned and ran toward the stairway. And then the crowd, sheeplike, a shrieking, tripping flock of sheep, turned and ran after him.

At the stairway it had enough gump-ton to surge down, pour down, race down. Oswald Grenman, however, went up—like a streak. The flower-room was on the fifth floor. He took the stairs to the sixth in three leaps; he got the seventh floor in four more; he got the eighth in three more. On the eighth floor Annemay Doppy had her sketching sanctum; afterward she said that he simply reached in and pulled her out and pushed her toward a near window opening on a fire-escape. "Too many stairs—they'll be thick with smoke—elevators too full!" And he shoved her through the window. Then he streaked up the stairs to the sixteenth floor and his mother's office.

On his way down again, he picked up Jenny, whose grimy, sweaty small face was a fainting white, and put her out a window on a fire-escape. On the next floor he pulled away a great interfering heap of boxes from another window and fire-escape. On the next floor he pulled away another heap and fairly threw out two errand-boys. It may have been that the repressed energy of the day was on tap. But it was in record time that he sprinted from floor to floor and saw that every floor's human contents were headed to safety.

JOHN STENN later grimly described that sprint. "As my elevator went up and down, I could see him go it! I'll give him and his mother credit. She's got her faults, and he has, too. But I didn't see either of them that day putting their own feet on any fire-escape. They herded the others out, though."

When it was over, the fifth and sixth floors gaped and there were great holes between their four walls. On those floors the emergency fire-extinguishers in the ceilings did not act. Above and below, though, a sudden flood of water washed out the smoke and flames—after some forty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise had been destroyed, customers galore had lost their poise forever more, Jeff Gerbaum's hair had nearly been singed (after his first panic he tried to smother out the first wide flame with his light coat), Rosy Kuntz had lost her sales-book and one patent-leather pump, and one pushing, nervous, buying man had lost his upper plate of teeth.

And when it was over, and the firemen were swabbing out every last small gray curl, a crowd gathered involuntarily around Oswald Greenman to tell him wholeheartedly what he had done and what they would have done if they'd thought soon enough.

"And I just bought that pair of pumps last week," mourned Rosy Kuntz, standing on one foot, the other in silk stocking only held squeamishly off a wet and charred floor. "It's an awful thing to have happened."

"Forty thousand dollars' worth of goods ruined," snapped old Catharine Greenman, her long dark-mustached upper lip drawn down glumly. "This simply spoils our August."

"I want to put in a claim for my upper teeth," edged up the nervous, pushing

customer to inform her coldly. "If the firemen happen to find 'em—"

"Oh, certainly," snapped Catharine. A customer must be placated. "There'll be a lot lost over this scare they've got in this place," she murmured, half to her old self, half to her son beside her. "I'll say every cent of forty thousand."

Oswald was not listening to her—possibly for the first time that day that he happened to be near her when she was speaking. An elderly out-of-town customer who, unlike some others, placed her life above her possessions, was thanking him earnestly for saving it—she was one whom he pushed out a window to a fire-escape.

But he was listening only with one ear to her. The other ear and both his eyes were turned toward Annemay Doppy approaching him. She was hatless, a little smudged of face where the smoke had rolled out at her as she went down a ladder, and less poised than the young man remembered ever having seen her.

He hastily and briefly acknowledged the elderly customer's thanks. And he looked earnestly, eagerly and—was it hopefully?—at Annemay.

"Thank you," said she sweetly. "Every cent of forty thousand," Catharine Greenman went on glumly.

Oswald Greenman's face flushed a little. "You might not have escaped, going to all those top floors, if none of the fire-extinguishers had worked," said Annemay Doppy, still very sweetly—almost apologetically, as though to make amends for certain past hostility or antagonism.

"Oh—" He flushed almost like a beet. Considering Harvard and training-camp years, he suddenly looked younger than he ought to have looked. "Oh—"

Annemay frowned a little. But she was the kind of girl who wore a small frown as some women wear a beauty-spot. It stood out effectively against her bright bronze hair and clear white skin and gray-violet eyes. "Don't ever do anything like that again," she oriented sweetly. "You—you mustn't."

"Oh—" "Forty thousand dollars, if it's a cent," snapped Catharine Greenman again. "Do you hear me, Oswald!"

To his mother Oswald Greenman said absently: "That so? Well, that's not much."

To Annemay Doppy he then said, not at all absently, "Oh, it was nothing much!" with a large assumption of carelessness.

"No?" said Annemay significantly, lifting a luminous gray-violet glance to him. "Forty thousand," snapped his mother.

JEFF GERBAUM told it: "Know what he said to that old glum woman? He said: 'Well, I'd be willing to pay forty thousand for—for—' And then he didn't say just what for," puzzledly said Jeff. "I'd certainly like to know what he meant—if he meant anything."

"I don't care what he meant," grumbled Rosy. "This is no time of year or of thermometer to have a hot fire."

Catharine Greenman was saying substantially the same thing some hours later in her office. She had said it repeatedly during the intervening hours.

"A fire in August, with every stock

TO test a cheap tire:
Inject the air-pressure
of the advertisement inside
the tire, and see what
happens.

Of course, an equitable
adjustment allows you to
try it again, but if you haven't
a mania for testing tires,
the sensible way is to get
Kelly-Springfield Cords
at the start.



room stuffed, and every customer on the spot. Of course! It couldn't, of course, happen when stock was low and customers safe at home! But when I find out who—"

Her son murmured something sympathetic. But the major part of his attention just then was given to a yellow telegraph-form. He had a lead pencil, and he was writing, wearing the while a very bright and more satisfied expression than many folks had ever had the privilege of beholding on his ordinary-complexioned face:

"You owe me that hat, and—"

"When I find out who started it, I'll start something," his mother went on grimly, coldly. "And I'll find out, never fear."

To his mother Oswald said absently: "Why, Mother, no one would start it. It was just an accidental—"

"Accidental, you can bet!" snapped Catharine Greenman with great bitterness. "But I can guess the reason of the accidentalness of it! After all the rules

I've put up with warning attached. But there's always some senseless dolt who flips a cigarette-stub any old place, regardless of whether he's standing in a fire-proof asbestos vault or an artificial-flower room whose tissue petals are like tinder!"

Catharine Greenman was not looking at her son. Her bitter old eyes were fixed on the wall—which was just as well, for that son's sake. For at the beginning of her last speech he had been about to draw a cigarette from his gold case.

But as she went on, he got rather white, clutched that gold case with startled fingers, held it in a wild grip, as though memory clutched him and held him in an awful grip.

"Aha!" he said, and nothing more.

His mother did not hear the muffled exclamation.

"Oh, I know! The senseless people there are in this world! You have to handle 'em for years to learn just what the high proportion is. I know! Some dunderhead who ought to be shoveling

sand instead of allowed loose in a merchandise house—"

Oswald Greenman tore up the telegram just written for his friend Haf.

"And now forty thousand dollars' worth of stuff is destroyed—and those insurance-companies will refuse to pay more than twelve cents on the dollar. They'll declare it was contributory negligence—and I don't know as I'll feel like contradicting them."

It was merely a coincidence that on Catharine Greenman's desk some one had left two sample bolts of satin ribbon. One bolt was blue and one gray—that same blue and gray as Annemay Doggy's satin sleeves. Oswald Greenman's young face had exhibited, had his mother been looking, a variety of emotions as she fumed. But now his eyes fell on the two bolts.

His eyes lingered on them.

He tore the telegram up. But he said, with an undernote of firm opinion:

"Oh, well, I guess this establishment can afford to lose forty thousand dollars."

WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?

(Continued from page 30)

There was a kind of pantheism about it. They wanted to be "in tune with the Infinite," at one with the One, and all that sort of thing.

In the jostling, squeezing, crushing stream they laughed with cosmic laughter. Familiarities that would have been horrifying in old friends were forgiven to passing strangers. This was the democracy of the Saturnalia. Womankind, having claimed and received the privilege of voting and working in equality with men, felt obliged to share the holiday and the good fellowship and turn everything upside down. Sanity was insane on such a day. Dignity was almost obscene.

By some mystic agreement people in all the cities began to do a new thing, to empty wastebaskets of paper from windows, to tear up newspapers, wrapping paper, any paper, and cast it into the air to serve as confetti. In some of the streets the pavements were ankle-deep in such rubbish. Chicago looked as if a blizzard had enveloped it.

APRIL and Claudia trudged down Fifth Avenue, giggling, hurrahing, shrieking with the shopgirls and the factory-hands from the abandoned trades and industries. They met friends and embraced. Rich, poor, middlings, soldiers, sailors, marines, anarchists, capitalists mingled. Strange creatures came forth as from dens, crazy-looking people, fanatics of all sorts, in wild garbs.

It took an hour to creep from Fifty-ninth Street to Forty-second. Here the mob was too dense to penetrate. The girls turned west on Forty-third to Sixth Avenue and down to Forty-second and so westward to Times Square. Here was another vast quivering jelly of men, women, street-cars, taxicabs, trucks, limousines, delivery wagons.

High above this coagulation, in a balcony of the Knickerbocker Hotel, stood the great Caruso scattering roses upon the air as fast as they could be passed to him. And now and then he squandered

a few still more precious notes of peerless song. That was his way of playing the spendthrift.

April and Claudia tried to slide into the hotel to telephone to their homes that they were alive and happy. When at last they had oozed to the booths, service was refused them. Most of the telephone-force was on a joy-strike too, and only messages of vital importance were accepted by the faithful remnant.

April and Claudia went back to the chaos. Their clasped hands were torn apart in the back-wash from a rush of singing soldiers splitting the crowds regardless. The girls could not rediscover each other.

April set out for home, up Broadway. Time and again the breath was pressed out of her. Time and again her soft body was ground between the bodies of rough men as between the cylinders of a clothes-wringer. She wondered that she was not flattened out permanently.

Many times she gasped with pain or squealed in a fear of swooning. Once a big soldier braced himself against his neighbors and forced a little space for her between his arms. Noting her mannish clothes, he laughed: "Come along, brother."

As April thanked him and slipped through, he collected the toll of a quick kiss. She would have struck him in her rage, but she could not get her hands up, and she could only waste a glare on his downward grin.

She reached her home at last, and the hall-man's first glance gave him a suspicion that she had celebrated with more zeal than discretion. She had to wait for the elevator, and when it arrived, it brought down an elderly negro with a complicated apparatus for vacuum cleaning. The darky elevator-boy had an intuition that he ought to explain the situation to a Southern lady kept waiting to step into a car occupied by a negro passenger.

"Shame to keep you waitin', Miss Sum-

malin, but freight-elevata boy run off this aftanewn to jine the celibation. I natchally had to bring Pafessa Taxta daown in this yeah caw."

April was startled at hearing Bob's name applied to so unlike a person. Professor Taxter was having trouble with the squirming hose and the long nozzle of his contraption, and he gave a burlesque of Laocoön and his serpents until April with a Southern tenderness for an aged negro lent a hand to extricate him.

The old man's slave psychology was horrified at putting a person of evident quality to the trouble of saving his worthless life. His face glowed with a charcoal blush, and he wiped his hat off his mossy poll to mingle apologies with thanks.

"Ah'm sah-y to desecrate yo' convenience, missy; but Ah'll be out yo' way in one little minute."

"All right, Uncle," said April with the smile one grants a stray hound.

The word "uncle" seemed to delight the old man. His eyelids shivered, and his eyeballs rolled white. His fat mouth seemed to quiver, too, for words. But they did not come—only a chuckle like the *glug* of liquid from a bottle sounded in his throat. He was still glugging when April stepped into the elevator, and his eyes followed her up as if she were an angel in translation. April said to the boy:

"Did you call that old negro 'Taxter'?"

"Yassum."

"Who is he? What does he do?"

"He's a pafessa of vacuum cleanin', ma'am. He's been wukkin' along this street for a yeah or tew. Yassum. If you-all was to want any vacuum cleanin' did, he'd be glad to git it to dew."

"We might. I'll let you know."

"If you forgit his name—"

"I wont," laughed April.

She was likely to forget the name of Taxter! She was still laughing at the contrast between the winged Apollo she had been thinking of so ardently all after-



When a Cigarette Tastes Sweetest



AFTER A CUP OF REAL COFFEE

When you've finished the nuts and raisins—and think again of the coffee's fine aroma—and you pour another little cup—then a cigarette's aroma tastes the sweetest—and—

You naturally smoke
OMAR

For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic leaves, mixed according to our formula for the perfect Turkish blend.

OMAROMAR spells aroma—the very name is redolent with aroma.

Aroma makes a cigarette.
—They've told you that for years

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

OMAR

CIGARETTES



ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

RUTH ROLAND says: Ripe, red cherries
and Adams California Fruit Gum I think
are equally delicious. I love them both.

Ruth Roland

The
noon, a
tard wi
had to
when t
the clo
his hos
with
have
since t
fact, a
might
over th
above
With
Taxter
quest o
that of
very d
desper

WH
lock, t
turn th
a with
like a
"He
"He
tahn
and m
Whah
Gittin'
amb'la
"No
the wa
"Ee
done o
says I
Apr
the co
as tall
one en
"He
the de
in hea
"He
late?"
"Ha
"No
awful
distrac
our h
never
Apr
the lit
and v
"Fo
Mum
to thi
"W
I kno
"It
war is
"No
"Ye
Mr
from
had h
dered
from
had h
of suc
ceived
peace
tion
had
aband
over.
of th
nish
news

noon, and the stumblesome old black do-dard who wore the same name. If anyone had told her that the day would come when the shuffling dodderer would wind the cloud-piercing youth in the coils of his hose and thwart him for his own good with a tyrannic benevolence, April would have mocked at the fantastic conceit. But since the mouse terrifies the elephant in fact, and in fable releases the lion, why might not the clumsy buzzard gain sway over the battle-falcon that wheeled in air above the reach of cannon?

Without quite knowing it, Professor Taxter was hunting for Bob, and his conquest over him would be more lasting than that of the German airmen who had that very day flung Bob out of the sky in a desperate battle.

WHEN April reached her own apartment and set her latchkey to the lock, the door opened before she could turn the key, and she was confronted by a withered little negress bound in a hide like a worn russet shoe.

"Hello, Pansy!" said April.

"Hello?" Pansy scolded. "It's hah tahn you was helloin'! Yo' po' maw and me just abote gin you up for daid. Whah you been at, all this livelong day? Gittin' yo'se'f killed or sumpin in dat old amb'lansh?"

"No. I've been celebrating the end of the war."

"End of de waw? Is dis yeah ol' waw done come to its senses? It s hah tahn, says I, hah tahn!"

April strode past, tossing her cap on the console and walking into a great room as tall as a chapel, with a little gallery at one end.

"Hello, Mummsy!" she said, going to the desk where her mother sat immersed in heaps of letters.

"Hello, honey. What kept you so late?"

"Haven't you been out to see?"

"No, I've sat here toiling over these awful letters all aftanewn. I'm almost distracted trying to select a place to put our hateful money. I almost wish we'd never heard of it."

April kissed her, back of the ear among the little white curls that clustered there, and wrapped warm arms about her.

"Forget the old money for a while, Mummsy. On a day like this you oughtn't to think of money."

"What day is to-day? It isn't Sunday, I know."

"It's the Sabbath of the world. The war is over!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

Mrs. Summerlin's little body ached from the thumping of her big heart. She had been a little girl when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, not far from her own obliterated home, and she had been glad even then of peace, even of such a peace as the shattered South received with its Lost Cause. But this peace meant Victory as well as the cessation of destruction; and the bravery that had sustained her through the danger abandoned her, now that the danger was over. She wept bountifully in the arms of the strong young daughter in the manish clothes. April was amazed that the news had not yet reached this calm lagoon.

While she patted her mother's back as one comforts a weeping child, she saw across one shaken shoulder in a corner a group of her efforts at sculpture, finished studies that had been cast in plaster; lumps of plasticene, neglected tools, and one ambitious clay bust that had been left unwatered till it dried and cracked hideously.

April had been willing to sacrifice her art for her country and for the privilege of being a military chauffeuse running errands of all kinds about town. But now, all of a sudden, *Desdemona's* occupation was gone. Her sculpture beckoned to her again. Pondering her figurines studied from living models unclothed, she remembered Bob's inability to see anything but shocking indecency in them.

She had taken up art as an escape from what she called poverty and idleness. She had heard of sculptresses who earned munificent sums for portraits, fountains and other odd jobs. The poverty was ended, but the idleness confronted her. Art was a nice business for a woman, and while April was proud to sacrifice it for war, she wondered if she ought to sacrifice it for the whim of one narrow-minded lover. Now that Bob was to escape from the war alive, he had become unsanctified. A hero demobilized is a very plain citizen.

Her mother was evidently musing on Bob too, for suddenly she stopped crying and began to laugh hysterically.

"This means that Bob will come home! Isn't it Heaven's own mercy!" She paused, having learned that Heaven's own mercy was uncertain. "Unless he's been shot down by some of those beasts. He might have been killed a month ago, and we'd not hear. But if Bob comes back, everything will be perfect, wont it?"

April groaned, "Oh, yes, yes!" But she wondered.

THE next morning's papers unanimously announced that the armistice had not been signed, and denounced the news agency that had published what it had received as authoritative news.

The official word of the armistice reached America at midnight of the third day. April was wakened at dawn by the noise of whistles and sirens from the Hudson River. Her drowsy eyes saw paper already falling through the air from windows above. The revel had begun anew. It raged all day and all night with greater intensity than before.

When April had dressed and compelled the grumbling Pansy to give her an early breakfast, she read in the morning paper that the war was officially dead. She telephoned Claudia and found her ready and willing to undertake a new foray. The whole populace was once more pouring into the streets in a panic as if an earthquake threatened to shake the buildings down.

The two girls wandered Fifth Avenue once more, kicking their feet through the clutter of paper with the pleasant rustle of a walk through autumn leaves. The carnival was increasing swiftly in pace and volume with the overpowering crescendo of a titanic symphony. Many patriots were getting drunk betimes.

April and Claudia struggled up Broadway under the escort of Claudia's fourth-best betrothed and her brother Walter,

who held April's nigh arm and would have clasped her other if she had not cowed him with her protests.

Perhaps April would have been more amenable to Walter Reece's wooing if she could have seen as far as the streets of Paris and the exceedingly unconventional doings and goings-on that were breaking all commandment-breaking records even there. Paris had four hours' start in the hilarity that waits for nightfall, and by the time New York was cranking up, Paris was hitting on all twelve cylinders. But April could not see that far, and it was perhaps as well. By midnight she was so footsore, elbow-sore and joy-fagged that she had to have refreshment.

When Walter and the other man proposed food, they were greeted with cheers. But it was one thing to get hungry and another to get fed. Restaurant after restaurant proved unapproachable. Guests who were in, stayed in, and few came out except such as were thrown out for violating even the rules of Saturnals.

Eventually these beggars in velvet found an opening in an Automat restaurant. Even here the raid had been so incessant that most of the boxes were empty and the nickels that were deposited came back with a dismal click.

A cup of coffee apiece and the last run of pie had to suffice the roisterers, and there were not chairs enough for all. Claudia and April sat, and the young men sat on the broad arms of the chairs.

Walter Reece tried to make love to April, but the prune pie and coffee did not help his suit. Yet suddenly April paused with fork uplifted and gasped:

"I wonder where poor Bob is now."

"Well may you wonder," said Claudia cynically.

April thought of France with anxiety, as girls of other nations do when their men are there. She half wondered if she would rather have Bob dead or disloyal. She shuddered at the alternative, and raising her coffee-cup, said a prayer in a toast:

"Here's to him anyhow!"

At that moment poor Bob was not quite dead, nor yet quite alive.

CHAPTER IV

WHEN the news broke that the war of wars was ended, young Bob Taxter wept.

Nearly everybody in the world wept on that day. There was hardly a dialect that was not wrung to eloquence in the universal rapture. But there was only one universal language, and that was the appearance of a solution of sodium chloride on the eyelids of mankind.

There was every imaginable motive

"The Little God in the Car"

IDA M. EVANS' next story, "The Little God in the Car," is one of the most attractive things this uniquely gifted writer has ever done. It will appear in the forthcoming, the October, issue of—

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



"Heads I Kill Him— Tails I —!"

A mere boy—kidnapped—and they order him to do bloody murder.

If he refuses—the penalty is death! If he joins sides with the victim, the odds are 15 to 2 against him!

Was there a way out? Could he—? But this is told best by

ROBERT STEVENSON
LOUIS STEVENSON

He makes it so real that we forget everything about us in the joy of it. He is the man whose soul wouldn't grow up for the tiresome things of this old world. It stayed always young, having the most splendid adventures. He takes us with him in his stories; he makes us, too, forget that we have grown up!

But it was America who first discovered him—America who proclaimed him! That was because his spirit was the kind to thrill every true American—because he has put that spirit into his books, because they fascinate the gentlest woman and the bravest man alike and to-day Americans love him best of all. They read him more than they ever did before.

At Last—the Thistle Stevenson

25 Volumes
For Less Than Half Price
Adventure—Humor—Mystery—Historical Romance—Essays—Poems.
Also Stevenson's Letters.
80 Illustrations.

For years the lovers of beautiful books have looked with longing eyes at the famous THISTLE EDITION, and wished they could call it their own. But the Thistle Edition was so costly to launch that the price was beyond the reach of most people. But now, at last, we have welcome news for the big world of Stevenson lovers. You can have the Thistle Edition containing all of Stevenson's works in 25 volumes—at less than half price. The great original outlay for plates has largely been worked off in the earlier sale, and the Stevenson heirs have generously reduced their royalties.

Never Again at This Price

In all the history of this house we have never been able to make you such an offer. We are delighted to do it because the Thistle Edition has been one of our special sources of pride.

For months these books have been in preparation, so that the paper for them was bought when prices were lower than they are ever likely to be again.

This price is made for the present edition, and we cannot agree to continue it. The price of binding alone makes it impossible to say nothing of the high price of paper. Send the coupon now. This is the only edition that will be sold at this low price. Don't wait and pay more. Act now and save money. SEND THE COUPON TODAY.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Send me, all charges prepaid, complete set of Robert Louis Stevenson's Thistle Edition in 25 volumes, bound in attractive red cloth, with gilt lettering. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return them within 5 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$1.00 at once and \$2.00 a month for 14 months.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... R. B.—9-39

10% added to price in Canada for duty.

back of those tears. This good soul sobbed out of a holy gratitude that men had ceased at last to slaughter men, in multitudes, day and night, year in, year out. Another cried with joy because a certain soldier was now removed from the menace of death—a third because a certain soldier had not lived until this day. These wept because their long sufferings had ended in triumph; those because, for all their struggles, they were beaten; and some because they had had no chance to fight.

The story was told that Marshal Foch, the supreme architect of victory, also wept, and wept because the enemy, so hostile to art in all things, would not wait yet a few days till he could bring off the tremendous climax he had planned for the perfection of his monumental victory. His cathedral must live forever now without its tower and its rose-window.

Young Bob Taxter wept like Foch, because he too found himself with an unfinished victory on his hands. In fact, Bob's victory disgustingly resembled a catastrophe.

On that very morning this intrepid Virginian had climbed the sky of France with a small squadron of fellow-falcons to hurry the reeling German lines from defeat to disaster, from confusion to chaos. The aviators were willing, but their machines had been overworked in the recent sleepless pursuit, and one by one the 'planes had to go back, leaving Bob and his friend Jimmy Dryden, the ace of aces, to linger for a few final observations, and the nice placing of their remaining bombs.

Suddenly out of a baby-pink cloud a quintet of German Fokkers plunged for Bob and Jim. Bob and Jim set out for home with great enthusiasm, at a speed like a mocking laughter.

But Jim's engine began to lag. Bob could have got away easily; but if the idea came to him, he cast it overboard and faced death in mid-sky as jauntily as if he were riding a Coney Island roller-coaster for fun. He slowed down to keep Jim company. He turned about and fought the German five, with amazing charges and retreats, swerves, dives, swoops, feints, pretended collapses, and soaring rushes up the blue chute. He exulted in the festival like a seraphic acrobat.

He sent one German blazing to grass, and scared another into a colic of engine-trouble.

All the while the famous Dryden, infamously humiliated, sweated and cursed and wallowed, trying to keep aloft till he could clear the fighting line. He would not have made it if Bob had not fenced off the three Germans and diverted them to chasing him. By the time Dryden was safe, Bob was miles away from his goal.

He barely escaped destruction by turning a monstrous somersault from the clouds to the treetops; then he ducked under his lowest foe and cut for home.

The Germans, driven back by the French anti-aircraft guns, sent Bob a farewell volley. As luck would have it, and as Bob expressed it, they shot off the seat of his pants. His tailless 'plane landed ignominiously on its nose in a tiny French hamlet recently evacuated by the pell-mell Huns. Here there was only one

other man, an old man with a wooden leg, a wooden head and not the faintest mental or mechanical equipment for repairing a rudderless airplane with a riddled gasoline-tank.

Bob's first act on reaching *terra firma* was to disentangle himself from his wreckage, shake his fist at the dwindling Huns and waft them a promise to give them hell to-morrow.

The populace of the village came swarming out to him with compliments for his escape, sympathy for his bruises and the amazing news that the war was over. Bob's French was scanty, but he made out that the *guerre* was *finie*. He was dazed at first; then he dazed the chorus of merry villagers by breaking down and weeping like the cub he was. He had no thought that he had been brave to the uttermost with a celestial valor. He thought that he was disgraced forever and had ended his first and only war with a ridiculous bump. The French peasants had had four years of this glory and had been fed up on what he had just tasted. They thought him even madder than most Americans.

The town's one old man, who had lost a leg in 1870 and had feared that the sacred Revenge would never be achieved, limped out now to confirm the almost incredible fact that the stupendous German dragon was fawning at the feet of the Allies and begging to be allowed to go home without further wounds—contented to return to its land with only its wounds and its debts for its pains.

BOB watched the tearful ecstasies of the peasants for a while and slowly understood a little of what it meant to them. He pocketed his private regret for future consideration, and contented himself with howling after the vanished German 'planes:

"I'll get you in the next war, you sons of Huns, and I hope it comes soon!"

The Germans could not hear, and the French could not understand these most reprehensible, these infinitely naughty, remarks.

Having cleared his throat of his black prayer, Bob turned with Virginian courtesy to render himself agreeable to his hosts. They plainly wanted to have a celebration, and Bob consented to make one of the two available men.

He found that he had more French than he thought he had, especially as the peasants spoke slowly from limited vocabularies, with plenteous gesticulation, and with no prejudices against pointing, or even shoving.

Several very attractive young women of various weights dragged Bob about, gave and accepted kisses and hugs and shocked nobody—least of all, Bob.

It was doubtless the jolt of his fall that sprained his memory, for Bob quite forgot that he had a perfectly good and beautiful fiancée at home in America, and that he had pledged a thousand guarantees against any nonsense with those terrible French beauties.

April, like the average American, believed that all Frenchwomen are both wickedly beautiful and beautifully wicked. The sordid truth that the vast majority of them are neither had been made apparent to Bob. But in any case on this



ACTUALLY going away to school! How eagerly she looks through all the school catalogues! But—

Does anybody ask whether she will be safe from fire in the big dormitory?

With a one-cent post card you might save many lives. See Free booklet offer below.

Julia is going away to school—

GOING away to school—as the girls in books go away to school—to an endless series of amateur theatricals, parties, spreads, friendships, and all the joys and freedom of school life.

At the same time mother considers carefully the school that will give her daughter—

The best type of companionship,
Sane, well-balanced teachers,
Ideal surroundings.

But does the thought occur to her *even once* that she may be letting her daughter walk gaily into a fire trap?

One benefactress of a girl's college made it a condition of her gift that the new dormitory, to replace the one burned down last year, must have automatic sprinklers to safeguard the girls' lives.

She knew that fires are especially dangerous in buildings housing a large number of

young people. Take a lesson from her. See that the school you choose is equipped with Automatic Sprinklers. Don't be satisfied when told that the buildings are strong, and there are many exits! All other types of protection to which you habitually pin your faith, such as fire escapes and doors opening outward, will never accomplish one-tenth what Grinnell Sprinklers will. Always a watchman on guard. When the fire starts the water starts.

Don't send your child straight into danger. See that there is a Grinnell Sprinkler System keeping watch where you yourself cannot watch.

Men have protected some five billion dollars of their business property from fire by the use of automatic sprinklers.

State Industrial Commissions are guarding the lives of factory employees by requiring this same unflinching protection in business property.

The United States Government insisted on war industries being so protected.

Meanwhile our wonderful humanitarian institutions and our fine schools continue to burn, criminally jeopardizing thousands of lives.

Read—"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"

Write for a free copy today and pass it around among your friends. It may help to save lives right in your city. Who knows? Write now. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 273 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts the water starts



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

YOU ARE BADLY HANDICAPPED

if you lack High School training. You cannot attain business or social prominence. You are barred from a successful business career, from the leading professions, from well-paid civil service jobs, from teaching and college entrance. In fact, employers of practically all worth-while positions demand High School training. You can't hope to succeed in the face of this handicap. But you can remove it. Let the American School help you.

FIT YOURSELF FOR A BIG FUTURE

This Course, which has been prepared by some of America's leading professors, will broaden your mind, and make you keen, alert and capable. It is complete, simplified and up-to-date. It covers all subjects given in a resident school and meets all requirements of a High School training. From the first lesson to the last you are carefully examined and coached.

USE SPARE TIME ONLY

Most people idle away fifty hours a week. Probably you do. Use only one-fifth of your wasted hours for study and you can remove your present handicap within two years. You will enjoy the lessons and the knowledge you will gain will well repay the time spent in study.

YOU RUN NO RISK

So that you may see for yourself how thorough and complete our training is, we invite you to take ten lessons in the High School Course—or any course of specialized training in the coupon below—before deciding whether you wish to continue. If you are not then satisfied, we will refund your money in full. We absolutely guarantee satisfaction. On that basis you owe it to yourself to make the test.

Check and mail the coupon NOW for full particulars and Free Bulletin.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. H-916 Chicago, Illinois



TRAINING—THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Explain how I can qualify for the position checked.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| ...High School Graduate | ...Lawyer |
| ...Electrical Engineer | ...Business Manager |
| ...Elec. Light & Power Supt. | ...Certified Pub. Accountant |
| ...Hydroelectric Engineer | ...Accountant and Auditor |
| ...Telephone Engineer | ...Bookkeeper |
| ...Telegraph Engineer | ...Stenographer |
| ...Wireless Operator | ...Fire Insurance Expert |
| ...Architect | ...Sanitary Engineer |
| ...Building Contractor | ...Master Plumber |
| ...Civil Engineer | ...Heating & Vent. Engineer |
| ...Structural Engineer | ...Automobile Engineer |
| ...Mechanical Engineer | ...Automobile Repairman |
| ...Shop Superintendent | ...Airplane Mechanic |
| ...Steam Engineer | ...General Education Course |
| ...Draftsman and Designer | ...Common School Branches |

Name

Occupation

20% added to post

day the whole world, having suspended the horrors of villainy, suspended also the horrors of virtue, and all respectable people misbehaved more or less according to the opportunity and the environment.

When Bob fell out of the empyrean into the armistice, he selected a hamlet hardly as big as its name, Villeperdue-de-Rouergue. It had been hardly more than a ganglion on one of the poplar-lined nerve-roads. Now the poplars were all splinters, and the ganglion was somewhat scrambled. But the Germans in their haste had neglected the little church completely. It was intact. The bronze bell had been taken down one night and hidden. It was dug up now by big-thewed peasant girls, who lugged it up to the tower across the roof which almost touched the ground. They hung it in place and set it to yelping.

There was no priest for this church. Even in times of peace, a monthly visitor conducted the only services there were, except for an occasional funeral or christening. The big little bell seemed to be glad that it had not been absorbed into a German cannon; it swung its skirts and danced and sang. When the tall girls wearied of ringing it or preferred to go back to earth and swing in a dance with Bob, the children scampered up the church roof and kept the welkin clamorous.

Bob danced and marched. He sang American songs, joined in "The Marseillaise," led "The Star Spangled Banner," drank wine from many a glass, hugged the old ladies, gave the babies flights in air, and squandered his soul and body in the jubilee. When he fell at last into the bed provided for him, he was as empty of every emotion as the drained gasoline-tank of his airship.

WHEN Bob woke the next morning, he learned that the news of peace was officially denied. He was refreshed enough to rejoice in the hope of one more chance at the boche. He was in a blaze of ambition for one last grand sky-spre. He needed only an airplane. In the condition of the roads, the shortest way back to the line was via Paris. He set out thither on foot, by ox-wagon, ambulance, any vehicle that would advance him on his way. He reached Paris on the third day, just in time for the official news of the armistice. The false rumor had seemed to exhaust the human powers of celebration, but it proved to be only a tame rehearsal.

These pages must remain as blank of those festivities as Bob's memory was the next afternoon when he woke up with nothing in his head but a torture of pain, mitigated by the feeling that it was cheap at the price and the only proper condition for any self-respecting lover of mankind and peace. His lips had kissed the cheeks of more lasses than he could number, and the brims of far more glasses.

And now that the war was over and the celebration was over, he wanted to go home. That was the cry in millions on millions of hearts.

"I want to go home!" A cyclonic nostalgia stormed the world. The Americans overseas were prostrated by it, hysterical with it. The long habit of discipline, the strict shackles of military organization,

could hardly keep the soldiers or even the officers in hand. The howl now was for ships to get back on, as the howl had been for ships to get out on.

Bob was supposed to report at once to his superiors. But he met Jimmy Dryden in Paris, and Jimmy hailed him as a ghost. It had been supposed that Bob had perished in his fallen ship. He had been recorded as "missing."

"I couldn't think of calling the record a liar," said Bob. "I'll just stay missing awhile. I don't know when I'll ever see this Paris town again. I'd better have a look at the—er—art-galleries an' everything."

"I'll help you look," said Jimmy. "We'll see if we can't leave a little dent in this fair burg to remember us by."

They saw a good deal of the Everything, but not much of the art-galleries. The trouble with the art-galleries was that they opened so early and closed so early, while Everything opened so late and closed so late. When Bob and Jim rolled in to such lodgings as they had found, there was some sleeping to do. Getting to bed at five, and getting up even so promptly as eight hours later, brought breakfast and luncheon into collision.

The streets were full of interesting friends and of strangers willing to be friends, and by the time Bob and Jim reached the Louvre or the Luxembourg or the Panthéon, it was always just closing. They found the grim word *Fermé* on all the improving doors, while all the others were hospitably wide.

Besides, one had to step carefully in Paris. The city was infested with military police in American uniforms. They had a most embarrassing habit of stopping officers, even,—officers especially,—and demanding a glimpse of passes. Officers who had unfortunately left their passes on the piano were rudely arrested as absent without leave, and shipped back to their units for punishment. There were at least two thousand of these trusty heroes loose in Paris.

Bob and Jim marched past the M. P.'s with all the businesslike dignity they could muster, trying to look as un-A. W. O. L. as possible. They bluffed it through till one sad night, and then—

It was all the Germans' fault, as usual, for having withdrawn from business, so hastily that they left the Allies nobody to fight but each other. The Americans particularly were choked with unexpended energy. They were not satisfied that they had convinced the world, or themselves, of their unequalled prowess. They resented the tardiness of their arrival on the firing-line. Some of the Allies reminded them of it now and then. For their own souls' sakes, and to keep down any temptation toward unseemly pride, they reminded the Americans of the fact that their equipment, however magnificent, was still in America for the most part, and that they had fought with borrowed material.

Some American officers made themselves a nuisance in Paris with their belated belligerence. Many Americans high enough up to be aloof from lowlier irritations regretted the swagger of their fellow-countrymen and neglected no device for muffling the screams of the eagle. The M. P.'s were instructed to enter into

HERCULES POWDER CO.



The Development of Rail Transportation

IN the days of Thomas Jefferson the ideas of the people were bounded on the west by the Alleghanies. Wise ones said that it would take a hundred and fifty years for civilization to reach the Pacific. But they reckoned without the railroad.

Today we travel from New York to San Francisco in four days instead of four months. There is scarcely a town east of the Mississippi and few to the west of it that are not within convenient distance of a railroad station. The total mileage of our railroads would make a belt ten times around the world.

But without the power of explosives this great transportation system could never have been developed. Without dynamite we could not mine sufficient iron to make the rails and build the locomotives and cars, or enough coal to drive the trains that now move more than a million tons of freight each year.

Dynamite smoothes the road bed, digs the tunnels and fills the gullies — without it, the great steel pioneers could never have pushed into the Golden West; the country beyond the Alleghanies would still be a sparsely settled wilderness traversed only by the weekly Overland Stage.

In the past Hercules Explosives have been used extensively in building our network of railroads. They will play a still more important part in developing the greater transportation systems of the future.



HERCULES POWDER CO.



Chicago
Pittsburg, Kan.
San Francisco
Chattanooga

St. Louis
Denver
Salt Lake City
Pittsburgh, Pa.

New York
Hazleton, Pa.
Joplin
Wilmington, Del.



Back of
the Sign



you'll find
the Sampler



The stores that sell Whitman's are selected on the basis of good service and reliability. We purposely restrict our distribution, but we aim to have one Whitman agent convenient to everybody. Whitman's are sold in every State, and in almost every town and village. Every agent guarantees every package of Whitman's that he sells and our guarantee of satisfaction also covers every sale. You're safe in saying, "A Sampler, Please."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?
You can have the same

LASHNEEN
A Hair Food

applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyelashes and eyebrows. Easy to apply—sure in results. LASHNEEN is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Mailed on receipt of 50c coin and 3 cents postage, or Canadian money order. Get the original. LASHNEEN COMPANY Dept. 3K Philadelphia, Pa.

POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE UKULELE

If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free genuine Hawaiian Ukulele music, everything—no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation—absolutely free.

The Hawaiian Institute of Music
1400 Broadway, Suite 7-L, New York

\$1394-ALADDIN-\$2040

Readi-Cut Houses

FOR THIS HOME

Save Big Money Building Without Waste

Aladdin System eliminates waste of lumber and labor and gives you a better house for your money. No sawing on the job—all lumber cut to fit on automatic machines in our mills. Send stamps for the beautiful book "Aladdin Houses" of over 100 designs. Aladdin price includes all material for complete house. Send stamps for book No. 533.

THE ALADDIN CO.,
1209 Aladdin Ave., DAY CITY, MICH.
Canadian Branch: C. P. N. Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

FOR THIS HOME

affray where American soldiers were engaged and attack—not the enemy, but the Americans. It was poor Bob's misfortune to learn of this new order first, by way of its practical demonstration.

CHAPTER V

AFTER a night begun at a *revue*, continued at a *bal* and finished at a *café*, Monsieur Bob went to his *lit* reasonably *tôt* in the *matin*. He woke somewhat befuddled in the afternoon and found a letter under his door staring at him with white reproach. His brain seemed to swirl about his skull as he bent to pick it up. He seized it on the fifth try and retired to his oscillating bed to read it.

Seeing that it was from April, he felt unworthy to open it. He had at least the decency to hunt down the raincoat that served for a bathrobe and gather it about him in a chair before he invaded the envelope.

He kissed the superscription "Bob darling!" with reverent lips and proceeded to read:

Bob darling:

Before I tell you how much I love you and miss you and how fearful I am that you may never live to read this, let me tell you the wonderful news. You are now a rich man. Our great-uncle Chatterton died last week and left you ten thousand dollars. The cash is waiting for your return. I wish it were a million, but I reckon you'll be glad enough to get even a mere ten thousand. It would have seemed like all the money in the world, a little while ago, wouldn't it, darling?

Bob emitted a war-whoop and executed a scalp-dance. He had more joy than he could handle. He had to dump part of the burden on somebody else.

He dashed across the hall to Jimmy Dryden's room and found the illustrious ace in a state of sleep as profound as that of Icarus when he landed from the first of all flights. Bob restored him to life with no undue delicacy and succeeded at last in boring the great news through Dryden's fuddle. Dryden gaped his congratulations and tried to return to his pillow. But Bob was garrulous.

"If you knew what this means to me!" he raved. "It's not only the money, though I never expected to have that much in all my days. It's the chance it gives me to marry April. She has always been poor too—Virginia poor, you know—a big old house, horses, a few hounds, a lot of acres and niggers and all that, but never any cash.

"The poor darling went to New York to try to lift the family out of the rut. She took up sculpture—lots of talent too, but sculpture's no job for a young girl. I hate it. We had quite a row over it.

"But she took up driving an ambulance when the war broke, and she and her mother have had to skimp more than ever. Now I'm a billionaire, I can start in business right away. We can get married without waiting. She can give up her sculpture and be the lady she is. And we'll live happily ever after. God, isn't it great!"

"Great!" Dryden yawned. "I'll appear

Jesse L. Lasky presents
WALLACE REID
"THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS"



A
Paramount-Artcraft
Picture



A PICTURE of the great out-doors, of the logging camps of the West, of giants—men and redwoods.

On one side, a "lumber king"—without sentiment or conscience—determined to drive things through. Also a girl.

On the other, an old pioneer—almost blind—loving his valley of beautiful trees—refusing to cut them down. Also the old man's son.

See the blood-stirring battle between the rival camps. See the fierce race with time to build a railroad. See a log train, running wild—down a mountain—plunging into a river.

See Wallace Reid as the dare-devil son who played the big game and won—not only the fight, but the girl who was one of his foes.

This is one of the big, new season's Paramount-Artcraft pictures. Watch newspapers for date of showing in the best Theatres everywhere.

Red Book never ran a more thrilling story. Don't miss the chance to see it, *alive*, in flesh and blood and redwood.

By **PETER B. KYNE**

Scenario by Marion Fairfax.

Directed by James Cruze.





Is Your Complexion What It Should Be?

For a soft, lovely skin, aglow with the beauty and freshness of youth; for thick, luxuriant hair; to relieve headaches, nervousness and fatigue nothing is so effectual as electric massage. The "Star" will delight you. Get one. At drug and department stores. \$5 for the complete outfit. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Torrington, Conn.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

For Use in Your Own Home

'Betty Allan, beautiful star of Coconut Grove, Century Theatre, New York.'

Stronger, Clearer Voice for YOU!



Weakness, huskiness and harshness banished. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an amazing clearness. This is done by the Feuchtinger Method, endorsed by leading European musicians, actors and speakers. Use it in your own home. Simple, silent exercises taken a few minutes daily impart vigor to the vocal organs and give a surpassing quality to the tones. Send for the facts and proofs.

Do You Stammer?

If you have any voice impediment this method will help you. You need not stammer or slip—if you will follow our instructions. Mail coupon for free book.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem the Feuchtinger method will improve your voice 500 per cent. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. We gladly send it free, postage prepaid. Just mail the coupon.

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1166
1773 Wilson Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

- ☐ Singing ☐ Speaking
☐ Stammering ☐ Lipping

Name _____

Address _____

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

There are over 2000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid.

You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED



Diamond Rings
Beautiful Genuine Diamond Rings, any style 14-K solid gold mounting, wonderful values at \$25, \$50, \$75, \$100 and up.

EASY CREDIT TERMS

Watches

Our Catalog illustrates and describes all standard world-renowned Watches—solid gold and gold filled cases. Splendid bargains in 25-year guaranteed Watches on credit terms as low as \$2.50 a Month

Special Bargains

Diamond La Valieres - \$10 up
Loftis' Diamond Solitaire Cluster Scarf Pins \$75 up
Diamond-Set Birth Month Rings - 8 up
Diamond Brooches - 7 up
Diamond Ear Screws - 25 up
Diamond Studs - 10 up
Diamond Cuff Links 3 up
Wrist Watches - 20 up
Watches, Gold Filled 15 up

WE HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS OVER 60 YEARS

LOFTIS
BROS & CO. 1823

The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. D-125 108 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
STORES IN LEADING CITIES

ciate it more when I've had a couple more winks."

"No, you don't! You come with me while I cable April to start buying trousseau. I'll buy some of it over myself. What could I get?"

"Read the rest of the letter. She probably tell you what she wants."

"That's a good idea!" said Bob, dropped into a chair, modestly pulling his raincoat over the costume young man wear in the underwear advertisements. He reread the golden phrases, chuckling. Then there was a silence that permitted Dryden to do the falling leaf through slumberland, till he was awakened by a sepulchral groan from Bob, and merciful jabs.

"Listen to this! I'm sunk! Oh, my nom de pup, what a piker I am! Just listen to this:

"You are not the only lucky one. Our great-uncle left Mamma a hundred thousand dollars, and twenty-five thousand more to me. Isn't it astounding? We're all rich! Of course, your lot ought to have been more, but we oughtn't to look these sudden riches in the mouth.

"Rich as I am, I love you more than ever, and pray for your quick return."

Bob's voice sank away. He gnawed his knuckles in chagrin. Dryden was startled awake. He growled: "What the—what the girlish gloom? You poor nut, you've got ten thousand, and your girl's got a hundred and a quarter. What more do you want?"

Bob moaned: "Can't you see that I'm a goner? This rotten money has separated us forever. She's rich, and I'm a pauper alongside of her."

"That's easy. You've only got to make your money work for you, and pretty soon you'll have a hundred thou' of your own."

"But what will her money be doing at that time? When I get my measly hundred thou', she'll be a millionairess. No, Jim, I'm gone. I've lost her. Something tells me! I wish I had our great-uncle up in the air ten miles. I'd drop him into the English Channel, him and his damned money with him!"

Dryden tried to encourage him, but his soul had turned another of its somersaults. He had shot from the clouds to the hard earth in one fell swoop again.

"Get into your clothes," Bob commanded. "We'll go out and try to drown this gashly sorrow before it kills me."

AT about two o'clock the following morning Robert and James, the penniless aviators, spiraled into a famous bazaar of wine, woman, song, dance, food and facile acquaintance. It was packed to suffocation, and it resounded with such a polyglot racket as must have shivered the wineshop in the basement of the Tower of Babel.

Bob and Jim were in an exigent humor, and finding no other place to sit, invited themselves to squeeze in with a group of bleary-eyed officers of all nations surrounding one bright-eyed charmer whose beauty was as cosmopolitan as her tastes. The highly illumined young woman greeted Bob and Jim with shrill welcome and acclaimed *les Yankees* as the saviors of the whole world. Bob and Jim accepted the



THE JOYOUS CHARM OF FRANCE

Où Madame cherche-t-elle le chic, tout ce qui est à la mode? N'est-ce pas dans mon cher Paris? Paris qui lui envoie mon parfum—Djer-Kiss l'exquis, Djer-Kiss l'adorable? —Kerkoff, Paris.

Translation: Where does Madame look for the chic, the fashionable? Is it not to my own dear Paris? Paris that sends her my perfume—Djer-Kiss the exquisite, Djer-Kiss the adorable?

In return for fifteen cents, the Alfred H. Smith Co., of 50 West 34th Street, New York City, will be happy to send you samples of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Extract and Sachet.

WHAT memories of Paris it recalls, this rare Djer-Kiss Perfume created by Monsieur Kerkoff in his atelier in Paris! This *odeur* so delicate . . . In excellence so far above . . . So liked by you because it interprets the joyous charm of France.

When you wish the "chic," the fashionable, you will desire of course —le parfum Djer-Kiss. For a toilette completed by Djer-Kiss is a toilette completed by France.

And the other *Spécialités de Djer Kiss*? They, without doubt, fulfill your every graceful toilet need.

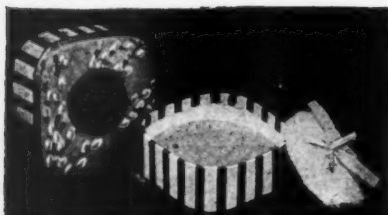
Djer-Kiss

Made in France only

NOTE: The prices of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Talcum and Rouge have been sufficiently reduced to allow for the Government War Tax. Same total price as before.

FACE POWDER : TALC : SACHET : TOILET WATER : VEGETALE : SOAP : *ROUGE

*ROUGE ONLY temporarily made in America



YOU can now obtain the distinctive Pussyswillow odor in a complete line of toilet preparations—talc de luxe, rouge, compact powder, face powder and toilette cream.

Each is a Henry Tetlow creation prepared for those who seek quality. Used in combination, the most pleasing results may be had.

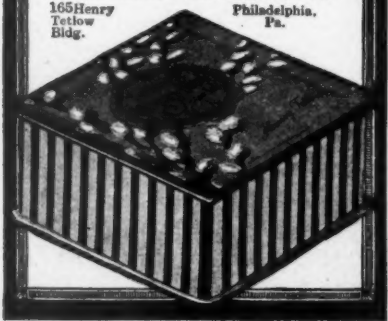
Free Sample of Pussyswillow Powder sent on request, or miniature box for a dime. State shade wanted.

Tetlow's Pussyswillow
Face Powder
Talc de luxe
Rouge & Toilette Cream

- Pussyswillow Talc de Luxe, delightfully different, 25 cents.
- Pussyswillow Face Powder, White, Pink, Flesh, Cream, Brunette, 50c.
- Pussyswillow Powder Tablets, White and Flesh, 50 cents.
- Pussyswillow Rouge, Dark, Medium and Rose, 50 cents.
- Pussyswillow Toilette Cream, 50 cents.

The name of Henry Tetlow is on each box—look for it.

HENRY TETLOW CO., Established 1849
165 Henry Tetlow Bldg. Philadelphia, Pa.



DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD

Suite, 227, 70 5th Avenue New York City

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW. UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY 5996 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

tribute as a self-evident platitude, but the other citizens of the world demurred.

The Frenchman asked them what nation had made the machines they flew in.

The Britisher asked them what nation had made the ships that brought them over.

Jim with fine deference confessed that they owed the use of wind and water to France and England. But Bob growled:

"You were mighty glad to furnish the transportation!"

A wrangle ensued in which an enflamed Belgian reminded them all that if Belgium had not laid herself down in front of the Germans and held them for a few days the French could never have stopped them.

The Frenchman cried: "Ah, but we stopped zem—and holded zem!" An Italian laughed, and reminded all France that Italy had saved the world, since Italy had broken away from the alliance with Germany. Italy had sent word to France that she need not keep troops on the Italian border, and had released whole armies without which Joffre and the French would never have held the Germans at the Marne. Italy had held off Austria in mountain peaks of ice.

The Frenchman and the Britisher shouted that France and England had to save Italy from complete ruin on the Piave.

The Britisher observed that that first obliterated Hundred Thousand had been of vital help to France, and he spoke with ardor of the great fleet that kept the seas open night and day and made it possible for America to prepare her green troops and get them over.

Jim tossed imaginary flowers to each of the partisans, and quoted Admiral Schley's:

"There is glory enough for us all." There was shame enough for all too, and sorrow, regret and pity.

But Bob was his own opposite when he was in liquor. The soul of modesty and chivalry in sobriety, he was a fiend of arrogance and truculence under the metamorphosis of alcohol. He mocked the other nations, feeling an insane necessity for claiming his own country supreme in all things good and pure of every evil.

All the late allies, robbed of the support of German hostility, shouted at one another, each against each and each against all. Nobody listened to anybody. Scarlet face glared into scarlet face. Fingers were shaken under noses. Sneer answered guffaw of derision. Each relapsed into his own speech and contented himself with confirming his own prejudice.

JIM DRYDEN was a marvel of equilibrium. He would have been a much better hero for a biography than Bob, if this were a book of wisdom or etiquette. Jim could fight upside down in the clouds, or rolling over and over. Even in the spinning universe about him now, he kept his head. He tried to pluck the infuriate Bob from the burning.

He said with majestic dignity:

"Bob, old tharling, sinth these glemmen are so self-suffithence, less—let us sleeve them to their shelf-suffith—You know what I mean."

"No!" Bob roared with the fire of a Patrick Henry as he flung off Dryden's

There is danger in tender gums



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is faulty. You must first clean the gums, on which tooth heads depend.

How many people think of this? In four out of five cases from gum-disease, or Pyorrhea (Bleeding Gums), the teeth become loose, and though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible, they are time-reckoning gone. Will surely loose your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. Therefore, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also as so many ways for disease gums to enter the system—inducing joints or weak—or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (the Gum) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum-tenderness, gum-bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth—loosens them while and cleans them.

If gum-disease has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment. See and the price. All Druggists. FORHAN CO. 2000A Ave., N.Y.

hand. "We had to come over here and show these babies how to fight, and now they're tryin' to welsh on us. They want give us credit."

The British officer retorted: "Credit, hell! You take the cash and let the credit go. What did you come over for but to collect your bills? After you'd sold us all the rotten goods we could absorb, you feared you'd be left out at the peace-table. So you stuffed your conscripts into our ships to be in at the death. Count the dead, you bleedin' bounders! England and France lost more men by millions than all your swanking Yankees put together."

Dryden caught Bob's arm before he could empty his glass into that British face. The contents drenched the *craie de guerre* on the Frenchman's cerulean uniform, and it took the Italian and the Belgian to hold him.

The quarrel attracted increasing attention. The music raged in vain. The dancers found the omens of battle more interesting than their jigs.

A Russian without a country held forth on the gigantic work of his people, the myriads of Germans they had slaughtered, the millions of troops they had kept busy. He roared that the Americans had only come in when Russia had succumbed to the bolshevist assassinations. A Pole held



"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I know you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will give your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries that you would like them to have. Yes, you can! No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. But it may be the most important step you ever took in your life. Cut out and mail the coupon now.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 3446, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Railways | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartoning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOK KEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Teachers |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |

Name _____
Present _____
Occupation _____
Street _____
and No. _____
City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to
International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada



"The Tool of Opportunity"

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Students returning to school and college, and business men and women returning to their regular occupations enjoy a distinct advantage if equipped with Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

Its unfailing readiness to write instantly anywhere, without need for desk or inkwell, saves times and multiplies daily the opportunities for accomplishment.

In actual use, it is the most satisfactory and economical of all handwriting mediums, and its years of service are an added source of satisfaction to its matchless convenience.

You can find in Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen a nib that suits you perfectly and a size of barrel that fits your hand comfortably.

Your dealer will help in your selection.

Three Types: Regular, Safety and Self-Filling
\$2.50 and up, at Best Dealers

L. E. Waterman Company

191 Broadway, New York

San Francisco
Montreal

Boston
Chicago

Set in solid Gold Set in solid Silver

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us \$2.50 a month until \$18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1166, Chicago.

FREE BOOK

How to Learn Piano

the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quaker Conservatory, Studio 31, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

LEARN PIANO

This interesting free book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quaker Conservatory, Studio 31, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as business men in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me, I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Penmanship Journal. Write today.

C. W. Ransom, 413 Essex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

SEND NO MONEY. Any Diamond shipped for inspection, charges prepaid. Examine carefully—if satisfied pay 1/5 and keep it—balance 10% monthly. If unsatisfactory, return at our expense. **DON'T PAY A CENT** unless you're sure Lyon Diamonds are **SUPERIOR VALUE.** Every Diamond guaranteed. Exchangeable at **YEARLY INCREASE IN VALUE** of 8%. Send **TODAY** for **FREE** Catalog No. 8-D. 10% discount on all cash purchases. J. M. Lyon & Co., 1 Madison Lane, New York

how ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ones~~ ^{ones} had been the backbone of Russian resistance while it lasted, and called attention to the Polish legion from America. A Czecho-Slovak sang of the immortal retreat of that army.

A Canadian, a New Zealander, a Romanian, a Serb joined the mass about the table. Each had his country's prestige to maintain at all costs.

Nearly every man there had proved himself absolutely without fear of death. Everyone loved his own people above all others. Everyone had seen some fellow-soldier die, had known the devastation of the long war, and was poisoned by its toxins.

Nearly everyone had some grudge against nearly every other nation. Each forgot his grudges against his own people, his own officers, or the politicians. A black rage filled the air with a gas, not a laughing but a fighting gas. Head-writers and foot-writers tried to calm the continuously buzzing swarm, tried to persuade the wranglers back to their tables. They were cursed at and thrust aside. Women tried to coax their escorts to their interrupted communions again. But they were ignored.

Bob suffered Dryden to hold him in curb for a while. Then he broke free in a mad desire to vindicate America's divine superiority to all other nations. Dryden laughed and caught him about the arms and tried to carry him out to the street.

Bob wrenched loose.

Jim clenched.

Bob let drive a vicious blow.

Jim laughed and ducked.

Bob's fist smashed a Portuguese between the mustaches and the *bouche*.

He squealed with wrath and struck back wildly, landing behind the ear of an Anzac.

NOW the fight was on. Everybody struck in all directions; women screamed and scampered; glasses crashed; silver tinkled; blood spurted. Men who had no interest in the fight, and had no idea as to what it was all about, or who struck whom first, felt the urge of storm in their nerves and ran into the fray. It was a splendid insanity, and the Germans would have loved it.

A scared waiter had dashed into the street for an *agent de police*. He had found a knot of M. P.'s loitering outside on the quiet curb. They came in with a will. It had been a dull evening for them. They were sober, and they had a good running start. They went through the chaos like battering-rams.

They found Bob and Jim fighting back to back, and they remembered their instructions. Bob and Jim were sobered by the horror of it. The more the twain protested that they were Americans, the more they were pommelled, until at last, as Homer would have said, the merciful gods sent a dreamless sleep upon them—or as we would say, they went out.

The M. P.'s decided that it was too late and too troublesome to make any arrests. They left their victims to their consciences and their mornings-after. Bob never could explain how or when he reached his own bed. He and Jim agreed eventually that they had seen enough of Paris.

They went back to their camp. Bob's ringing head was quite incapable of con-

288% Salary Increase

In one year this course of study has "put me over the top". My income last month exceeded that of the same month last year (the date of my enrollment) by just 288%.

—L. C. RAILSBACK



Returns 10 Times Cost

In November I took up public accounting work and have been busy ever since. While not quite half thru with the course I have received almost 10 times what it has cost me.

—FRANK S. FUCITO

Train As a Higher Accountant Now

You are wanted! Thousands of big organizations are looking for men just like you—but with expert knowledge of **Higher Accounting**—men who can analyze a business and promote its efficiency.

Railsback and Fucito saw the big opportunity. They got the LaSalle training which in a few months put them in positions which they might not have reached in years by their unaided efforts.

Other LaSalle men engaged in Higher Accounting will tell you that they quickly stepped into paying jobs because of their LaSalle training, and are making immense profits on their investment.

There, for instance, is H. E. Brown of Canada whose salary was raised nearly 200% after he had taken the LaSalle Course in Higher Accounting. F. B. Hollis was promoted in three months after he enrolled.

Two salary raises and a substantial bonus rewarded Alfred Davis as a result of his training in this course. "Salary more than doubled" is the report from Earle Weiner.

"Salary increased 150 per cent," writes C. P. Miller soon after enrolling. "Promoted to Manager" writes G. W. Cook. "Passed the California state C. P. A. examination," reports William Gardiner.

And so it goes all along the line—report after report of quick, big success even before the course was completed. There is no room for doubt when you read this evidence from the men themselves.

Are YOU going to "sit tight" in any ordinary job when the same training which advanced these men is open to you? Act—put yourself into a position that will give you a larger income.

The Position Ready When You Are

All important concerns today need the Higher Accountant. They must have the man who can accurately analyze the business and show exactly where it stands all the time—who can detect waste and losses and show how to stop them—who can see which departments should be expanded, and which should be curtailed—who can organize the accounting force and successfully direct its operation.

Business must now meet new conditions—higher labor and manufacturing costs—stronger domestic and foreign competition—increased taxes—smaller profit margins, etc. Officers and directors must have conditions analyzed and charted in detail. They must have the help of the expert accountant in preparing their Federal Income Tax Returns. There is a positive scarcity of really capable men. The demand is insistent and the salaries offered range from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Train Under Experts

The LaSalle method will train you by mail under the direct supervision of Wm. B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of Certified

Public Accountants, including members of the American Institute of Accountants, Analysis and Organization, and the Principles of Accounting, Auditing, Commercial Law and Scientific Management, all made clear. Membership also gives you free all the advantages of the LaSalle Consulting Service which brings you advice from LaSalle staff on any business problem whenever you want it.

Why stake your future on what you can learn only in your daily experience when these experts will drill you in every modern method of Higher Accounting and thus enable you to prove your right to demand higher salary?

Make your time count for the utmost under their guidance. Get this training for a big salary position or prepare to become a Certified Public Accountant. (We will prepare you for the C. P. A. examinations in any state.) Make the great opportunity yours now instead of years from now.

Make yourself the man picked for promotion. Step up just as these men have advanced.

By Mail In Spare Time

You get this training while you are holding your present job. You do your reading only in your spare time—a few hours a week. At every step you have the direction of the LaSalle experts. You get their accumulated knowledge and experience in the most easily understood form. The fee for the course is very moderate and you can pay on our easy terms—a little month by month if you wish.

Send the Coupon

Find out about the LaSalle Course in Higher Accounting. Learn how you can get this great organization to help you to make quick, profitable advancement by adding to your proficiency.

More than 160,000 men have already benefited from the training given by our various departments: 30,000 new members enroll with LaSalle every year to train for better success in business.

Your request will bring full information and our valuable book "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mail the coupon for your free copy—today.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

"The World's Greatest Extension University"

Dept. 966-H

Chicago, Illinois

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me particulars regarding your Home Study Course of Training in Higher Accounting and your Consulting Service. Also a copy of your valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Name

Address

Present Position





Whether you serve NABISCO with a beverage, or a beverage with NABISCO, you know that the enjoyment will be two-fold, the pleasure complete. These delicate wafers with their cool, creamy filling, have established their position as a ready aid in entertaining.

Serve NABISCO with sherbets, ices, fruit, creams, or alone.

Now sold in the famous In-seal trademark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Nadine Face Powder

(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by r. 50c. Dept. T. R. B. National Biscuit Company, Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

Reduce Your Flesh

Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's

Famous Medicated Reducing Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body of any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated booklet.



Best Reducer, Price \$5.50
Thin Reducer, Price \$2.00

Dr. J.D.R. WALTER
353, Fifth Avenue, New York

cocting a good lie to tell his colonel. The colonel was a wise officer who knew that it is not well for a commander to know too much. He gave Bob a sardonic stare and an ironic welcome.

"The last we heard of you you were doing a nose-spin. You must have lit good and hard. Glad to take you up from missing. That's all."

He did not explain that acting on Jim Dryden's suggestion on the day of Bob's last fight, he had recommended the fallen hero for a cross of war to be given to his bereaved mother, with a beautiful account of her son's self-sacrifice.

WHEN Bob found his name in the list of distinguished braves, he wept because he felt himself unworthy. When he was sober, he was the meekest of men, and much can be forgiven a soul that is haughty in disgrace and humble in triumph.

The homesickness seized him hard. He hated France and made himself more or less hateful to the French. They were as eager to see him and his fellows out of the country as the Americans were to be off.

The Allies had got on each other's nerves and seemed doomed to stay there. Average young Yankees went about cursing the French as thieves because prices were high. In America the papers were full of rancor against Americans on the same account. Cartoons of lynched profiteers were highly popular all over the world. But it seemed a little more heinous to be overcharged by a foreigner.

Normally decent young American officers went down Parisian boulevards singing indecent songs, and the next day berated French immorality.

When our Revolutionary War was ended by the rescuing French, exactly the same state of affairs existed with terms reversed. The account that Rochambeau gave of American ingratitude and greed would express the American bitterness perfectly, *mutatis mutandis*.

The Americans, who had blazed with love of France and had spoken of her as of a holy land inspired by a divine race, now loathed the place and the people and made no bones of saying so. But it was not France or the French they hated; it was absence from home. As some one said, they would have been just as hateful of heaven if they had been quartered there. They would have slandered the angels as they did the French.

In after years they would speak tenderly of holy France, and a mist of beauty would lend enchantment to the experience.

It was a long time, and the months seemed years, before Bob got his sailing orders. He had a narrow escape from garrison duty in Coblenz. Then one May-day he received his word. He and Jimmy Dryden just made Brest and the transport gliding away. As his keel rolled home, Bob forgot his resentments against everybody and everything European, in his resentment against the fate that had mocked him with ten thousand dollars and his sweetheart with ten times as much.

The maddening thing about it was that he could not agree with himself upon either alternative—living without April or trying to live with her in spite of her incompatible opulence.

lonel. The
knew that
er to know
donic stare

you were
ave lit good
a up from

ing on Jim
y of Bob's
the fallen
iven to his
ful account

in the list
e wept be-
When he

t of men,
oul that is
ble in tri-

hard. He
f more or
they were
ellows out
s were to

h other's
tay there.
out curs-
use prices
pers were
s on the
ed profit-
over the
tle more
foreigner.
frican offi-
ards sing-
day be-

War was
actly the
th terms
chambeau
and greed
bitterness

ized with
of her as
ine race.
ople and
ut it was
hated; it
ome one
s hateful
quartered
ered the

reak ten-
f beauty
erience.
months
s sailing
rom far-
May-day
Jimmy
ransport
i home,
t every-
his re-
mocked
and his

as that
f upon
April or
of her

A WEEK later Bob's airship soul shot soaring to the heavens again, for among the bundles of late newspapers thrown aboard the transport as it neared New York was a copy of the Sunday Sun with the page-wide headlines:

ALL THE WORLD JOINS IN WILD SCRAMBLE FOR OIL-FORTUNES. ARGONAUTS OF 1919 SEEK UNTOLD MILLIONS IN PRECIOUS FLUID THAT ENRICHES MANY LANDS. RUSH LIKE THAT OF FORTY-NINERS TO TEXAS FIELDS. SPECULATION IN STOCK MARKETS IS FRENZIED. POOR MEN BECOME WEALTHY OVERNIGHT AND GREAT PROFITS ARE MADE ON 'SHOESTRINGS.'

Bob read this and ran to Jimmy Dryden, ran to him, as the negro spiritual says, "with a rainbow on his shoulder." And he cried:

"Eureka! Eureka! I have found it! I have found it!"

"Found what? Your last cootie?"

"Look, you poor fish! Here's where I make myself a billionaire."

While Jimmy read, Bob stood by dancing clog-steps of joy. He burred:

"With ten thousand dollars to start with, what can't I do? That's some shoe-string, I'll say!"

"Not to mention a swell chance to lose it all."

"On your way, you crape-hanger! I got my start in the air in Texas, and here's where I go back and clean up."

"Get cleaned out, you mean," said the level-headed Dryden. "Look at this."

He held a copy of *The Tribune* under Bob's eyes. Bob read with majestic scorn the headlines:

LAW POWERLESS TO STOP ORGY OF OIL SWINDLERS. WILDEST FRAUD IN HISTORY. STOCK EXCHANGE GOVERNORS SAY KAFFIR AND GOLDFIELD CRAZES ARE FAR ECLIPSED.

Bob brushed the paper aside with a sweep like *Cyrano's* as he tossed his last coin to the players—the deed reckless, but the gesture magnificent.

"I never was afraid to take a chance," said Bob.

"But you were always afraid to take advice," said Jim.

"You're a good one to preach conservatism," Bob laughed, flicking the cross on Dryden's blouse. "You'd never have had that if you had been as careful as you want me to be."

Jim, for repartee, flicked the cross on Bob's blouse.

"And you'll lose that before you crawl back out of the oil-tanks."

"What'll you bet?"

"Cross against cross."

"You're on!"

"How about that girl of yours?"

"She'll wait. I'm going away from her to get back to her."

"Many go away, but few come back."

Bob just laughed.

This vivid novel of to-day will present some of its most dramatic incidents in the next, the October, number of The Red Book Magazine.

Borden's Evaporated Milk



Soups, Stews, Sauces —and every other use

Corn Chowders, oyster stews, cream soups, white sauces—all dishes that need milk—are creamy, delicious and economical made from Borden's Evaporated Milk. It is rich sweet milk of guaranteed purity with part of the moisture removed. Add an equal quantity of water and you have fluid milk. Keep a dozen cans on your pantry shelf—prevent milk shortage. At all good grocers.

Send for Borden's Evaporated Milk Recipes—twenty-two recipes covering soups, entrees, desserts and salad dressings.

"The milk that cuts the cost of cooking"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY

Established 1857

Borden Building

New York

FRENCH WITH A TEACHER

(Continued from
page 46)

astonished hostess' hands and left her without further explanation of the really innocent character of the missive which she had translated twice that day. What was the use of explaining?

When he got home,—and it was some time later before he summoned the courage to cross his threshold,—he found Louise's mood markedly different. She was cheerful now, with ominous cheerfulness. He had learned to fear her when she was too gay. But she did not explain what it was all about until they were half-way through dinner.

"Guess who is coming to dinner with us to-morrow," she suggested.

"Your father and mother?" Barney guessed hopefully.

"No. Some one you are much fonder of than that."

Now, that was difficult. There were a great many people in the world whom Barney was fonder of than his wife's father and mother. There was the cigar-man on the corner, for instance, and the dentist who had pulled one of his wisdom teeth last week, and the waiter of a certain restaurant who had spilled the gravy on his evening clothes. But Louise supplied the answer herself:

"You'd never guess. It's Mademoiselle Aimée Chapelle."

"Who is Aimée Chapelle?" demanded Barney, deep in mystification.

"She says she knows you—knew you in France, or something like that. I only met her myself to-day for the first time, but as she is an old friend of yours, I immediately invited her to dinner. You will have such a good time chatting over your experiences together, and I'd really rather have you two meet here than anywhere else." This last was said innocently enough, but had enough poison in it to knock out a rabbit in four seconds from the time he sniffed it.

Barney himself took the count. This dénouement was too incredible. As soon as he could leave the table, he went off by himself and examined the note in French which he had received the day before. It was signed Aimée Chapelle, and on the envelope-flap was her address. The girl had used her own name. It had been simple enough for Louise to locate her.

Well, that's what he had wanted, wasn't it? To take Louise's mind off from the inward contemplation of the humdrumness of married life. But he wondered uneasily if perhaps he had not succeeded too well.

Doggone Julius Dempsey, anyway!

WEARIED by a night of sleepless planning, he called up Julius in the morning. "You got me into this mess; now get me out," he said, passing the buck.

Julius had laughed unfeelingly into the telephone when he heard what had happened. "She fell for it great, didn't she? I knew it was a good idea."

"It's so good I wish you had choked before you gave it the air. Do you think this dame will really show up at the house to-night?"

"Of course! She's that kind of girl. I thought I saw a strange light in her eye when we called."

"A strange light—you mean she's crazy?"

"No, no—merely that she is a live wire. I wouldn't be surprised if she would do something unexpected at least once a day if she had a chance. I'll tell you what: you invite me to dinner too, and I'll help the thing along, sort of make things easier for you."

Barney stopped to think a moment. The idea of an ally in time of trouble was welcome, but he happened to remember that Dempsey was the kind of chap who took a great deal of pleasure in tying knots in a bunkie's breeches in order to amuse himself by watching his victim's efforts to answer reveille roll-call. He rather felt that Dempsey's alleged sense of humor would prevent him from being a real friend in time of dire need.

Over the phone he said: "No, my wife doesn't know you, and one stranger at a time is enough."

"Please!"

"Nope."

"Is that final?"

"It is."

"You'll be sorry."

"I'll take a chance on that."

The conversation was closed, but a little later Julius called up again. Apparently his mind, fertile soil for bizarre ideas, had been working again.

"Listen here, Barney," he said over the telephone. "You can't let that girl come over to your house dressed as she was the other day. The poor kid probably hasn't got any clothes. You remember the kind of a brown burlap dress she had on? That's no kind of rig for a dinner-party. It wouldn't be fair to her not to let her get something swell. You know how women are about those things. Now that we've got her into this, let's give her a good time. Besides, you don't want your wife to think you took up with some cheap dame."

"I don't just get the idea."

"Well, it aint exactly necessary. You let me have the ideas, and you furnish the money. What I claim is that we ought to give this girl some swell scenery for the party. Probably she can rent it, and if not she can slap something together. But it takes a little cash. If you aint got time to attend to this, send an office-boy over to my place with about fifty bucks. I think I can get off this afternoon, and I'll go out and fix this thing up for you."

Barney attempted to sidetrack the scheme, but he had no legitimate argument to offer against it. Finally he gave in and sent the money.

BARNEY awaited the outcome of this scheme with considerable trepidation. Their guest was late, and when she came, she was, so far as Barney knew, a person he had never seen before. She surely wasn't the drab girl whom he had met in the boarding-house three days ago. This creature, when she had taken off the

voluminous black velvet cloak which had swathed her slim figure during the ride to his house, was one of the most extraordinary butterflies he had ever set his eyes upon.

Where she or Julius Dempsey could have gotten the dress was a mystery. It was a black, shimmery kind of thing, about the consistency of two thicknesses of cobweb, which appeared to fit very tightly around the hips. Obviously there was no danger of its falling off there. But above the waistline the costume was more nerve-racking for the onlooker. A sort of pointed bib was the lady's only protection from pneumonia.

It wasn't only the clothes, either. Aimée Chapelle had done something to herself that transformed her soul as well. Instead of a mouse,—and a very timid one, at that,—she was now a self-confident and alluring woman of the half-world, or at least what a woman of the half-world is supposed to be. Her eyes were dazzling, and so were her teeth when she showed them in a radiant smile.

Barney came forward to greet Mademoiselle Chapelle as if he expected her to kiss him. How could he know what Dempsey had put her up to? But she didn't, and he introduced her to his wife with an air that said: "Ladies, take your corners."

But the scrap didn't come off, and Louise greeted her astonishing guest as if they had been brought up in the same basket.

Barney started to leave the room. Perhaps it would be safer to think things over in his den. But the French teacher stopped him.

"Ah, *chéri*, but it is good to see thee once more!" She turned to Mrs. Carver.

"Pardon me, madame, the 'thee' slipped out. Always one speaks thus to those with whom one is *très intime*, one's family or sweetheart."

"I quite understand," said Louise. "It is a very pretty custom."

Barney felt of his collar. The darned thing had grown a couple of sizes too small, and was choking him as well as making his face red.

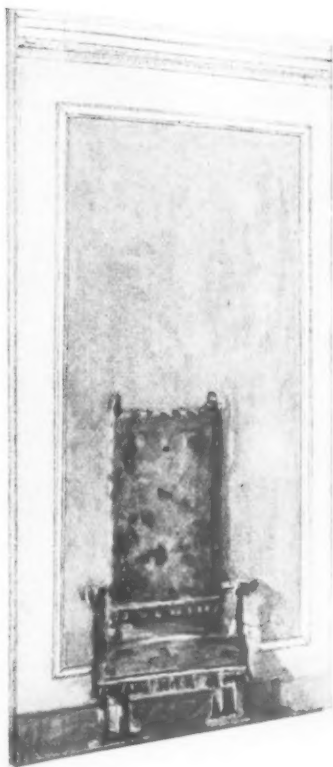
"You have things so very nice here, my dear." She addressed Barney with an air of sweet proprietorship. "It is, oh, much better than my tiny apartment on the rue Marbouef, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Barney endeavored to throw a brake on the whirling machinery.

"Ah—er—you remember, Mademoiselle Chapelle, I did not go often to your apartment with my friends."

"We must not speak of the old times," the girl continued with a slight shade of regret. "*Hélas*, they come never again. You are quite changed, my dear. Then you seemed like a boy. Perhaps that is because you did not tell me that you were married."

This was the most wonderful simulation of idle, childish prattle that Barney had ever listened to. That there could be so much concealed high explosive in half a dozen sentences seemed scarcely credible. Why, gosh darn it, she had fur-



Any Tint, Any Effect

You may like panels or plain walls, stenciled borders or all-over designs, Tiffany blends, marbled or shaded effects. You can have any of them when you paint your walls with Dutch Boy White-Lead and Dutch Boy Flatting Oil. And you are not limited to stock colors. You can secure the exact tint to fit your rooms and furnishings, and the combinations that will reflect your personality and taste.

Soft Finish—Washable

Dutch Boy Flatting Oil provides a soft, velvety finish and a depth of tone that give to your walls the same richness that Oriental rugs give to your floors. But, unlike the rugs, the cost of the finest is no greater. This finish can be washed indefinitely without injury.

Portfolio of Color Designs

Personality and harmony are shown in the portfolio of color suggestions for home decoration, which we shall be glad to send you for ten cents.

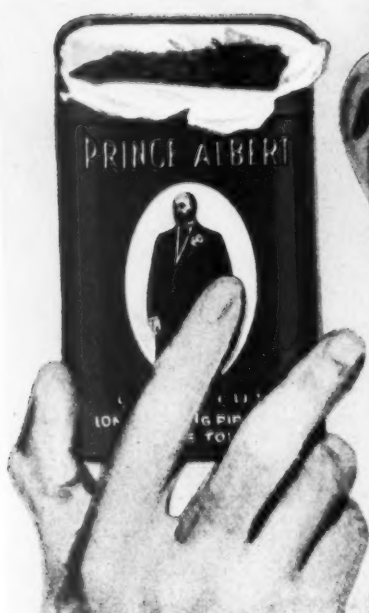
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Buffalo Chicago Cincinnati
Cleveland St. Louis San Francisco

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



**"I'll say
it is!"**



PRINCE ALBERT certainly will put some frolic into that pet pipe of yours! To pack that joy'us old jimmy brimful or roll a makin's cigarette and hit 'er up a notch or two is just going right over the top with your eyes wide open!

What P. A. will do for your taste and tongue you sure ought to know! Like the gentleman from Sparrow's Point you'll call P. A. a good egg! You'll smoke a pipe full and talk a bucket full — Prince Albert is such a great, big bunch of smokesunshine!

You'll quick catch the P. A. cue that it can't bite or parch; that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process frees it from bite and parch! And makes the sky the smoke limit!

Give Prince Albert high pressure for flavor and fragrance! Put P. A. through your little old taste-test-mill — and — just let that q-u-a-l-i-t-y percolate into your smokesystem!

You'll say it is, too!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

**PRINCE
ALBERT**

the national joy smoke

You buy Prince Albert everywhere tobacco is sold. Toppo red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors — and — that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

The I
nished e
divorce
opened h
evening
by of sh
other s
economy
fortuna
by elect
The
him ter
table wa
husband
Madame
third si
"Do
time th
"We sa
Mrs. Ca
madame
tiny tab
close, c
her two
one can
tom."
"It m
ing Ba
vainly
thing w
BY th
and
that the
ter wou
He g
The
the do
nounce
sound
"Wh
mingled
the pe
commu
of the
Finally
followe
stood
said:
his fin
half ri
as if t
Lou
ishmen
compr
—part
For
his in
Julius
musta
his ey
ing so
straight
"An
"—yo
from
racy,
Flan—
you tr
Lou
"W
him w
"Ve
lower
anywa
"In
Floun
by th
Doge
hands
her p
be b

nished enough material for half a dozen divorce cases the first time she had opened her mouth, and there was a whole evening coming. Barney thought seriously of shutting himself in the bath or some other small room where it would be economical, and turning on the gas. Unfortunately the house was lighted entirely by electricity.

The announcement of dinner saved him temporarily. The Carver dining-table was a square affair. Louise and her husband sat opposite each other, and Mademoiselle Chapelle was placed on a third side, naturally at Barney's right.

"Do you remember, my dear, the last time that we dined together?" she said. "We sat not so far apart." Then to Mrs. Carver: "In the Paris restaurants, madame, one is always given a seat at a tiny table at the side of one's *ami*, quite close, *comme ça*." She indicated with her two hands on the tablecloth. "Thus one can whisper. It is a charming custom."

"It must be," Louise acquiesced, avoiding Barney's eye, with which he was vainly trying to plead that this whole thing was a lie, a put-up job.

BY the time they had arrived at coffee and cigarettes, Barney was praying that the roof would fall in or some disaster would occur to put an end to the scene. He got his wish.

The bell rang, and the maid answered the door. She did not return to announce the visitor. Instead there was a sound of excited voices in the hall.

"Where is she? I will come in!" was mingled with the maid's entreaties that the person wait outside until she could communicate with the family. The noise of the altercation grew louder and nearer. Finally the maid backed into the room followed by a disheveled young man who stood in the doorway and pointed as he said: "So you are here!" The end of his finger indicated Aimée, who having half risen, now covered back in her chair as if to ward off a blow.

Louise and Barney looked on in astonishment, Louise because she did not comprehend, and Barney because he did—partly.

For the gentleman in the doorway was his ingenious friend Julius Dempsey—Julius Dempsey, that is, plus a false mustache about two shades darker than his eyebrows. For a man who was having so much trouble to keep his face straight, he was very fierce indeed.

"And you," he turned upon Barney, "—you are the cur who has lured her from me! I who have suffered for democracy, have fought and bled in Fielder's Flan—no, I mean in Flounders' Field—you treacherous hound!"

Louise came heroically forward.

"What do you mean? Do not strike him without an explanation."

"Very well—you shall have it." Julius lowered his arm, which was getting tired anyway, and sank dejectedly into a chair.

"In France, after I was wounded on Flounders' Field, I was wooed and won by this fair daughter of sunny France. Doggone it, she took my heart in her two hands like this and squashed it. I was her plaything. She made me promise to be her husband."

"I had to return to my regiment, but she followed me to America. We were to be married to-night. I waited for her to come and get me. I waited, I waited, I waited. Finally I went to her chambers. She was gone—gone on our wedding-night. I am proud, yes, proud and haughty, and I would never have humbled myself to follow her if I were thinking of myself alone. But there was little Barney—yes, we named him after my false friend. So I followed her here. —Girl," he said to the shrinking Aimée, "what have you to say for yourself?"

THE girl buried her face in her hands. "My God, I had forgotten little Barney!" she moaned.

"How could you?" Julius demanded. "You might forget Renée and Estelle and Rover, but Barney never. You think only of your own pleasure."

Aimée was too overcome to reply for a moment. She appeared to be sobbing. Her shoulders shook, and she hid her face. At length she spoke in a tone of entreaty—but not in English. Again she had recourse to the French language, about two paragraphs of it, accompanying it with many passionate gestures.

Julius listened in stony silence, and at the end replied: "Very well, if what you say is true I will forgive you this once. But it must never happen again. You must put the handsome cad out of your life forever. It is enough that he has saddened the life of one woman. —Madame," to Louise Carver,—"I pity you. You must go on with him because you are his wife—that is," he doubted, "if you really are his wife."

"Sir!"
"Of course! I apologize. I see you really are. Sometimes he deceives them with a fake marriage. Perhaps you would be fortunate were it a fake in your own case. As it is, you must go on. I promise to help you all I can. I will keep them apart, your husband and this beautiful harpy here, but you must guard his steps from other pitfalls. I, who know him probably better than you do yourself, give you this warning. Perhaps, by constant vigilance you can keep him. I wish you success."

Julius had risen to heights of eloquence attained previously only by Patrick Henry or by Sidney Carton when he mounted the guillotine.

Now he addressed the maid who was hovering in the offing waiting for somebody to fire a shot across her bow. "Bring Lady Godiva's clothes. She can't go swimming again to-night. Come, Aimée, *ma chérie*."

Aimée tore her fascinated gaze from Julius' face and spoke listlessly to Louise. "Bon soir, madame!" Toward Barney she advanced a step and then stopped.

"This is good-by forever—perhaps," she said wistfully. "May I kiss him?"

The answer came from all three of the others. "No!" It would have been unanimous if the maid, just entering with wraps, had thought to vote.

So Aimée merely took his hand and said: "Farewell, my dear. I will send thee my picture, and will mark with crosses the places I want thee to kiss."

Julius dragged her away before Mrs. Carver could get at her.

The closing of the front door left the Carver family with all the material for a problem-play. And they were speechless.

IT was two or three hours later before Barney could think up anything that sounded in the least like a plausible explanation. He did not expect Louise to believe it, but he had to say something. He was in the midst of it and wondering uneasily why Louise was trying to repress a smile, when the telephone rang and Mr. and Mrs. Carver were both summoned by the maid.

"He said he wanted to speak to both of you," she told them.

It was Julius.

"Did you ever get a wedding-invitation over the telephone before?" he demanded per Barney, who was the one with the receiver to his ear.

"We did not," the latter confessed. "Then receive and acknowledge ours. It's going to be Saturday afternoon at three o'clock."

"You are not going to marry Aimée?"

"Absolutely. Isn't she a knockout? We've been riding around in a taxicab for the last eight dollars and forty cents, getting acquainted and making arrangements. You ought to hear her tell me what she thinks of me in French. When she gets very strong for me, she can't think of enough English to describe it. I've got to learn to speak this frog lingo yet, because I'm missing a lot. You'll come to the wedding?"

Barney consulted his wife and replied: "We will."

When he had hung up the receiver, he turned to Louise questioningly. What did she really think?

"I hope he is worthy of her," was the lady's expressed comment.

"Worthy of her?" Barney repeated in amazement.

"Yes. I liked her immensely the first time I met her there at her boarding-house, the day we planned for the dinner this evening and picked out the gown and everything."

"You helped pick out the gown?"
"Of course! You don't think a woman would have dressed like that to fool another woman, do you? That was all for your benefit."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Barney slumped dejectedly into the nearest chair. "You two girls were stringing me and Julius all the time."

Louise perched on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers affectionately through his hair. "Of course we were stringing you. But it was lots of fun, and I hope you'll start something like this often."

Barney did not know whether to be relieved or chagrined. True, it was not necessary to make any explanations now, but on the other hand his reputation as a heartbreaker was flatter than a puncture-proof tire which has just met up with a derisive roofing-nail.

At last he grinned at her. "I guess I'm the prize fool."

She smiled back. "I don't like 'em very bright." Then she slipped off the arm of the chair into a burlesque languishing position across his knees.

"Kiss me, fool," she commanded. He did.



No. 3
American Sportsmen Series
Painted for Remington UMC
by F. X. Leyendecker

Practical Worth

TODAY more than for many years past, the practical value of a man's gun and dog is the true measure of his pride in them. He has a new appreciation of service—and wants it. That there is such great demand for Remington UMC guns and shells is therefore a more than ordinarily sound indication of their superiority.

**Remington
UMC**
for Shooting Right

The most valuable recent service to shotgun shooters, in the matter of equipment, is the wonderful Wetproof process of waterproofing shot shells, invented and developed by Remington UMC during the war.

No neglect and no ordinary accident can prevent your Remington UMC "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Wetproof Steel Lined Speed Shells from working as smoothly and firing as perfectly as your modern Remington UMC Autoloading or Pump Gun.

They will neither shrink and bake their wads in hot dry weather, nor swell and jam in the gun when it is very damp. They are as indifferent to damp storage as a water spaniel is to getting his feet wet, and will remain in perfect condition in the hardest rain or the leakiest boat long after other shells, not protected by the exclusive Remington UMC Wetproof process, have soaked and swelled themselves useless.

Your local dealer, the progressive Remington UMC merchant—one of more than 82,700 in this country—will be glad to supply you.

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., Inc.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
WOOLWORTH BUILDING NEW YORK

OLD STEEL SKILLET

(Continued from page 70)

no false moves made, by nobody right at this time, no sirree!"

"He doesn't, Skillet," I laughed. "He has told all of us just about what he has told you. Better not forget it."

"Boss, what in thunderation is all this avalanchin' about? It's 'Whoop 'em up, boys!' and 'Push 'em along, fellows!' and 'Come, lads, come!' from mornin' till night and from night till mornin'. What are they tryin' to do here—make all the steel that the world wants?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard that we are trying to break records and down Steelburg, do you?" I demanded. "That's what the hurry-upness is all about, Skillet. Take a hitch in your own belt and help us win out."

He waved aside my suggestion with a flirt of his hand.

"I'll do the work that's to be did; I'll turn out a fair day's stunt; but when it comes to any extry frills—not for me, not for me! I've got my own troubles to look after. The Widder Sledge is closin' in on me like a pack of wolves on a lame lamb. I doubt if it'll be safe for me to stay and stick it out through the next two months, Boss, but I'll tell you this: old Oldtown wont see me a minute after midnight, the thirty-first day of December."

"What's the danger in the next minute?"

"Leap Year—don't you know it? Boss, the love-light in the Widder Sledge's lamps is burnin' like a tar-barrel."

THE months of November and December remained to us. Big work must be done in those two months if Oldtown wished to overtake and pass Steelburg, November went. The Bessemer turned out sixty-five thousand tons of ingots. It was the largest monthly figure ever reached by the plant. Steelburg reported sixty-seven thousand tons, a record for Steelburg. In other departments—the open-hearths, the blooming-mills, and the smaller mills—there was a fair margin in Oldtown's favor. Barring accidents, Spencer should end the year well ahead of his rival there. Our efforts through the next month were to be concentrated on the Bessemer.

December opened auspiciously for us. At the close of the first week we were averaging thirteen hundred tons of ingots per turn of twelve hours. Five of the six blast-furnaces were in operation. We were melting pig-iron in two of the cupolas and had the other two banked, ready for an emergency. There was but one unfavorable condition confronting us—we had no stock pig-iron. We were using from the cars as they came into the yards, and we never had more than twelve or fifteen ahead. This metal was being shipped to us from Red River Junction, one hundred miles down State. A wreck on the delivering road, a delay in movement, a breakdown at the furnaces at the Junction, and we would be compelled to close down our cupolas.

But the days ran by and we suffered neither delay nor accident—every cog, wheel and chain in the giant piece of

machinery that we thousand men were driving performed its duty with exactness and precision. We were holding a turn average that promised a finish for the month of more than sixty-seven thousand tons of ingots. Spencer was insanely happy.

That year Christmas fell upon a Sunday. That would mean the loss of but one turn—Christmas eve. It was planned to close down the plant on Saturday evening at six o'clock and start up again on Monday morning. Then a rumor came filtering through to us that Drexel Wise intended to steal a march on Harvey Spencer and run his Bessemer on Christmas eve, thereby gaining one twelve-hour turn on Oldtown. Steelburg would have fifty-four turns, Oldtown fifty-three.

The men of the Bessemer heard the report. They sent word to Spencer that they were willing to work on Christmas eve. It was an unheard-of thing in Oldtown. But we did it, and it meant another thirteen hundred tons of ingots.

Becker, the yardmaster, was the only man in the plant who was having any trouble. Folland of the Hot Metal had returned to his cups, as Becker had feared he might do, and was making blunders. Once he had cut the Hot Metal in two and left six ladles of iron standing on a spur, there to chill and skull. Twice he had surrendered the right of way to an ore-train and come in late with the metal. Two crews of other trains had quit, and their places had been filled with new men, green and incompetent. Becker's face wore a worried look, and he was seldom found in his office.

Skillet, too, wanted to quit. Spencer had ordered him transferred to the Bessemer engine, a job that was loathed by all the trainmen. He announced to the yardmaster that he was through, that there were limits, that he might resemble a goat in some particulars, but that he didn't intend to be one, and closed his speech by demanding his time. Becker set to work to convince him that Spencer had acted not in anger but in wisdom in giving him the Bessemer engine. He was the one man in the yards who could handle such a difficult post at such a critical time as this. To keep pig-iron and coke and limestone at the cupolas, to see that the slag-tracks were clear all the time, to watch the mold-buggies, to handle the ladles at the mixer—who was there at Oldtown that could do it as it ought to be done? It was a man's job. Skillet agreed with Becker, and said he'd stay.

ON the twenty-ninth day of the month Skillet stopped me as I was hurrying through the mill. "I told Becker I'd stay on," he said, "but that meant this year, not no longer. Two more days, and I'm off. The Widder Sledge is spreadin' her net. I reckon she calculates castin' it Sunday mornin', the first day of the glad New Year. But this old bird wont be under it, Boss, when it falls. Not me—eh, no!"

We had made sixty-four thousand tons of ingots, and there were four more turns. We would finish over sixty-nine thousand. Somebody started a rumor that Harvey Spencer had received a big shipment of his private brand of cigars from Cuba,



Chase Drednaut Motor Topping

is guaranteed weatherproof—appropriate in every detail—adds beauty and dignity to any car and remains true in finish over a long period of use.

Perhaps you are one of the many, who, to their sorrow, accepted without heed, a top on its face value—look further now—specify DREDNAUT and be protected both by the material and our trademark.

If your top is made of DREDNAUT, you know that it is the best to be had—admitting that it is costly, yet it is economical, owing to its sterling qualities of good appearance and durability.

The "Chase" trademark stands for over seventy-one years' leadership in manufacturing—one of the several reasons why leading car manufacturers use DREDNAUT MOTOR TOPPING.

Specify DREDNAUT for your new car, likewise when re-topping

L. C. CHASE & CO., Boston

New York

Detroit

San Francisco

Chicago

**"To keep
you well
from infancy
to old age"**

BUY, USE & SELL
AMERICAN MADE
GOODS

DAVOL

QUALITY SERVICE

RUBBER GOODS

Have you a good hot water bottle in your home? By a good hot water bottle we mean one that you know will not leak when that sudden midnight emergency comes; a hot water bottle with the extra thickness of rubber that holds the heat; the extra reinforcement at the bottom and edges and all places where wear is hardest.

If you have a Davol Super-service hot water bottle, then you have safeguarded your family properly. You have a good hot water bottle. An extra layer of rubber at the bottom gives a double reinforcement, which really puts the strength of two ordinary bottles into one.

Just such exclusive features as these make Davol Rubber Goods different.

Personal hygiene when properly understood and cared for by the use of Davol Rubber Products means happiness — for good health is happiness.

Your druggist now has his New Fall
Shipment of Davol Health Preserving
Rubber Goods to show you.

DAVOL RUBBER CO. - Providence, R. I.



and that he intended to give every man and boy in the plant one of them if we beat Steelburg.

Then came the big snow. Oldtown's oldest inhabitant could not recall a bigger snow. It buried the world. Roads were obliterated, railroad-cuts filled up, telegraph-wires broken down; switches were choked. A complete blocking of railroad-traffic was threatened.

On Friday morning the Hot Metal came in with twelve ladles, two hours late. The Bessemer converters lost a half-hour waiting for iron. The freight from Red River Junction was four hours behind its schedule. It delivered to us four hundred tons of pig-iron, enough to keep the cupolas going until Saturday forenoon.

The snow continued to fall; there was no sign of its stopping. Only by Herculean efforts was the road to the blast-furnaces in the valley kept open for the Hot Metal. By Saturday morning all traffic on the line to Red River Junction was tied up. We would get no more pig-iron. The cupolas would shut down in two hours.

"Oh, well," said Spencer, "it isn't so bad, after all. It could be a whole lot worse. As it is, we shall finish about sixty-nine thousand. Steelburg is running seven or eight hundred behind us. We are safe."

A minute later he was jumping up and down in rage, excitement and despair. Word came in that the Hot Metal had left the track two miles down the Valley. Three ladles had spilled, and the caboose had been burned. It would take hours to clear away the wreck. No one knew where Foland was. He had come to work half drunk—it was his blundering that had caused the wreck.

Spencer came rushing into Becker's office. "Pig-iron, Becker!" he shrieked. "I've got to get some pig-iron for those cupolas or we're done! Do you hear?"

"I don't know where you'll get it," returned Becker. "It will not come from Red River—I've just heard the snow-drifts are ten feet deep down the line a few miles from here. How about the Buckeye furnaces—they have plenty of it?"

"The Buckeye?" yelled the frenzied man. "The Buckeye? Why, Frank Sowders wouldn't let me have a pound of pig if it meant the saving of my life! I know him! But I'll talk with Pierce—maybe old Pierce can do something with him."

TEN minutes later the general purchasing agent of the Great Western Steel Company was appealing to Frank Sowders, general manager of the Buckeye Furnaces, over long-distance telephone. He was making extravagant bids for one thousand tons of pig-metal.

He didn't get it. Sowders told him where to go to get the metal, if he cared to risk the trip, but the Great Western need not look to him for a ton.

It was Frank Sowders' day, and he was enjoying it. He had long been drinking to der Tag, and here it was. Harvey Spencer was begging him for pig-iron, and he was refusing him! He leaned back in his chair and laughed.

The Buckeye Furnaces were owned and

every man
them if we
Oldtown's
call a big-
id. Roads
filled up,
switches
locking of
not Metal
two hours
rs lost a
he freight
four hours
red to us
enough to
Saturday
there was
by Hercu-
blast-fur-
the Hat
all traffic
tion was
pig-iron.
in two
isn't so
whole lot
sh about
s running
us. We
g up and
despair.
etal had
e Valley.
caboose
ke hours
ne know
to work
that had
Becker's
hrieked
or those
hear?"
it," re-
ne from
e snow-
line a
out the
enty of
frenzied
Frank
ound of
life! I
pierce-
ng with
urchas-
n Steel
Frank
Buckeye
ephone.
for one
ld him
e cared
Western
he was
rinking
Harvey
n, and
ack in
ed and

operated by an independent company. The Great Western Steel Company had tried to absorb the property in its own great holdings, but the owners of the Buckeye properties would not sell. Long before the formation of the great corporation, Frank Sowders had made a contract with the Oldtown Steel Company for the delivery of its ores over the latter's road, for a period of twenty years. The Great Western, when it took over the Oldtown plant, was compelled to assume this contract. It found the contract extremely obnoxious, and in various ways it endeavored to annul it, but without success. Unwillingly the Great Western continued to deliver iron-ores to the Buckeye Furnaces, which continued to manufacture pig-iron and to sell it to the many foundries scattered through the valley, a business the Great Western looked upon with covetous eyes. Frank Sowders had haled Harvey Spencer into court twice, on a charge of violation of contract, and Harvey Spencer had once prosecuted Frank Sowders for trespass. Had Harvey Spencer been threatened with a complete shut-down of his plant, for want of pig-iron, Frank Sowders would not have sold him a pound.

While Sowders sat in his office gloating over his wealth of iron, Spencer was walking the floor of Becker's office in agony of mind.

"I'll go and appeal to Sowders personally," Spencer finally announced. We knew it had cost him a mighty struggle to come to that decision. "Get me an engine, Becker. You come along with me." This last order was addressed to me.

We climbed on the engine and ran out to the Buckeye plant. On every side of us, as we walked up through the yards, we saw pig-iron—ten thousand tons of it if a pound. An engine from the K. Y. & J. Railroad was making up a train-load for outside shipment.

"Look at it!" groaned Spencer. "Look at the pig! If I only had a thousand tons! Only a thousand tons!"

I remained in an outer office while my superior went in to talk with Sowders. The interview was short and furious. I could hear Sowders bellowing in rage. "No! No! Not a ton! Never!" I heard him shout time and again.

Spencer came rushing from the inner office, white of face and trembling. After him followed Sowders, crying out: "Not for a thousand dollars a ton, Spencer! Not for a thousand dollars a pound!"

"We're done! We're done!" muttered the little man as we climbed upon the engine to return to the steel-works. "It's our last chance! We lose!"

AS we entered Becker's office, we met Skillet coming out. I paused to speak to him about a piece of work I wished to have him do.

"I've just been in and asked Becker for my time," he said after I had given him my order, "so I could get my check at the time-office this evening and make my get-away to-night. He won't give it to me. What am I to do, Boss? He says he don't want me to quit, but I can't argue the point with him. To-night I must make my fond adieu to Oldtown. To-morrow is New Year. To-morrow is Leap Year. To-morrow the



Copyright 1910, A. S. Hinds

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

THIS girl uses Hinds Cream during her vacation. Most other attractive women use it also, for it is the best and most widely used of all creams for keeping the face, neck and hands in perfect condition.

There is no elaborate process or "treatment"—no waste of time or bother. Simply apply Hinds Cream. It quickly relieves sunburn, and is the best emollient for the hands, and for mosquito bites or irritation after bathing. For best results, use it before and after exposure to dust, wind and sun.

Attractive Week-End Box, 50c

On your vacation trip, take a Hinds-Week-End Box. Contains trial sizes of Hinds Cream, Hinds Cre-Mis Soap, Talcum and Face Powder; also generous sample tubes of Hinds Cold Cream and Disappearing Cream. Easily packed, light to carry. At your dealer's, or by mail, price 50 cents, postpaid in U. S. A.



SAMPLES:

Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c; Trial size 15c.

A. S. HINDS
220 West Street
Portland, Maine



Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling Everywhere or will be Mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.



*"That's the most becoming
hat you ever wore"*

You are very apt to hear that kind
of comment if you're wearing a

VANITY HAT

It has such grace of line, such
correct smartness, such obvi-
ous quality that it is a distinct
asset to any man's appearance.

Vanity Hat dealers are now show-
ing the Fall and Winter models.

Style folder sent on request.

VANITY HATS

THE NO NAME HAT

MFG. CO.

220 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Plant at Orange, N. J., since 1882



Widder Sledge intends to use her per-
ogative on me. I've got to have my
time, Boss!"

"Well, Skillet, if you are determined
to leave here,—though I want to tell
you that you are making a big mistake,—
you had better get Becker to fire you.
Go back and tell him he is a cross-eyed
crook and a horse-thief. I don't doubt
but that you'll get what is coming to
you."

"That's what I call a bright idea,
Boss," grinned Skillet. "I'll do it—but
I hate to. Becker is a mighty white man,
and he always treated me white. But I
can apologize to him in a letter, after I
get out of Oldtown, can't I?"

He turned and went back into Becker's
office. I followed close behind him. Spencer
was sitting at a table, whittling
vigorously at one of its corners, his face
the picture of despair. At the sound of
the opening door, he looked up.

"What are you hanging around here
for, you big, lop-eared loafer?" he yelled,
leaping to his feet and advancing toward
Skillet. "Haven't you got anything to
do? Why don't you get out and get
some pig-iron up to those cupolas? How
do you know that that train from Red
River isn't in? Why aren't you on your
job? Get out of here and get some pig-
iron! I want pig-iron!"

Skillet stood blinking at the excited
little man for a moment, then turned on
his heel and strode out. I had backed
out of the office when I saw the storm
breaking, and I was just outside the door
when Skillet came out.

"Pig-iron, is it?" he muttered angrily.
"He'll bawl me out like I was a slant-
head, will he? Call me a lop-eared loafer,
eh? I'll make him think pig-iron, before
I'm through with him!"

He called to his brakeman, jumped
upon his engine and signaled to back
away. As he disappeared down the yard,
Spencer came out, climbed into an en-
gine-cab and started toward the valley
to inspect the Hot Metal wreck.

SKILLET ran out to the transfer,
stopped his engine and meditated re-
venge. He was angry because Becker
had refused to give him his time, and he
was angry at Spencer. Breaking the
record at Oldtown did not greatly inter-
est him. He was not even aware that
the plant was, at that minute, in a sad
predicament. He was at that establish-
ment to get out his work. If there was
pig-iron to be had, he would see that it
went up to the cupolas. There was none
in sight; he had delivered none. What
more could he do?

"If I'd hitch on to five or six of them
ore-cars, Jim, and have you ram 'em up
that slag-track right into the engine-room,
I kind of reckon they'd fire me then,
wouldn't they? And pay me off the
same minute, too, eh?" he said to the
engineer of his engine.

He looked down the Red River road.
As far as he could see, it was snow-
bound. Off to his left he heard the
sharp exhaust of a heavily loaded loco-
motive. It was a K. Y. & J. engine,
switching for the Buckeye Furnaces.

"Pig-iron, Jim, as I'm a sinner!" he
exclaimed as the approaching train came
into view. "Pig-iron from the Buckeye!"

He counted the cars. There were twenty. A wild idea shot through his head. What if he could steal that trainload of iron and shove it up to the cupolas? He called to his brakeman, gave him some directions, spoke to the engineer; and as the twenty cars were pulled in on the transfer-tracks, he signaled for his engine to follow it down.

What was the K. Y. & J. crew going to do with it? He saw them detach one car and start away with it. Now he understood. That one car would be set in at the Acme Foundry, a half-mile down the road; the other nineteen cars would be taken to Lake City for distribution there.

Hardly had the K. Y. & J. engine and its one car disappeared about the curve when he was crossing over to the track on which the nineteen cars stood. His brakeman was lining up the switches for the yard.

"Now, Jim, pull your old throttle wide open! Into the yard and right up to the cupolas with a rush!" he yelled.

He was greeted with a salvo of whistles and the cheers of hundreds of men as his train thundered up through the yard. The last buggy of iron had been taken to the hoist. As his engine swung off the main line to the cupola-track, he dropped from the car to which he was clinging, and closed the switch. There was a steel billet lying on the ground near by. He picked it up and dropped it into the frog.

FIFTEEN minutes later, when the K. Y. & J. mogul steamed up, carrying an angry crew that was determined to recover its stolen train, the drivers struck the billet, and the big engine left the track.

"We'll have your empties ready for you by the time you get your mogul back on!" yelled Skillet.

Harvey Spencer gasped in astonishment when he came rushing back to the plant, from the wreck of the Hot Metal and beheld the scene at the cupolas. Pig-iron! A trainload of pig-iron! Nineteen cars—a thousand tons! The electric magnets were dumping the metal into the buggies and onto the docks as fast as they could work. Across the yard and into Becker's office he darted. Skillet was there, lolling in the yardmaster's chair, his feet upon the table.

"Where, where in thunder did you get that pig-iron, Skillet?" Spencer fairly screamed. "Tell me, where did you get it?"

"Stole it!" roared Skillet. "Stole it! And what are you goin' to do about it, hey? I'm a lop-eared loafer, am I? You'll bawl me out, will you? You want pay me off, eh, and let me get out of town to-night? Maybe you will now! Where's Becker? I want my time—d'ye hear?"

"Where did you steal it, Skillet? Where?" demanded Spencer, paying no heed to the other man's insulting manner.

"Down on the transfer, Harvey, down on the transfer. That's where I stole it. That there drag is a K. Y. & J. drag from the Buckeye."

"Buckeye pig?" shrieked Spencer. "Did you say Buckeye pig?" He looked



Pretty Teeth

Are White Teeth— Free From Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film is What Discolors

WHEN teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Many clinical tests under able authorities have proved it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

Watch the Teeth Whiten

We ask you to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth.

Cut out the coupon—now, before you forget it—and see the effects for yourself.

Pepsodent
PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a
10-Day Tube

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 634

1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

FREE!

for 10 Days Wear

See these wonderful Tifnite Gems—sent direct on our special Free Wear offer. Wear one and your friends will say that it's a diamond. Tifnites have the pure white color and the flash and fire of the diamond—stand all diamond tests, fire, acid and diamond file. No backing, no paste, no foil, full of fire and sparkle. Only an expert can distinguish between them—and yet they cost so little. Don't miss this great offer. Send the coupon now and let us send you your choice of these three superb rings or scarf pin to wear free ten days. Send no money. Just the coupon—now while the offer holds good.

Solid Gold Mounting

Every Tifnite Gem is set in the most fashionable, most artistic mounting—guaranteed Solid Gold. Send the coupon and see for yourself what wonderful gems these are.

Diamonds and Tifnites

"As Like As Two Peas"

Select the ring you want or the stick pin and send the coupon. When it comes, pay only \$3.00 on arrival. Wear it 10 days. If you are satisfied, pay balance on easy terms as given under the illustrations. Otherwise return the ring or pin to us and we will refund any money you have paid. You risk nothing by accepting this offer. So send while it holds good.

Send No Money

Scarf Pin No. 6. Solid gold open circle design. 1-1/2 K. Tifnite Gem. Price \$16.50. \$4.00 on arrival. Balance \$2.00 a month. Meet when drawn. Slip around 2nd joint of finger on which you wish to wear the ring. Don't let it overlap. Send this with coupon. Send now and take advantage of this free trial offer. Satisfy yourself about these dazzling gems.

Flat Belcher Ring No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight claw design with flat wide band. Almost a carat. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price \$16.50; only \$4.50 upon arrival. Balance \$2.00 per month.

Ladies' Ring No. 2. Solid gold latest mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price \$16.50; only \$4.50 upon arrival. Balance \$2.00 per month.

Tooth Belcher Ring No. 3. Solid gold, diamond tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price \$16.50; only \$4.50 upon arrival. Balance \$2.00 per month.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
109 E. 39th St., Dept. 459 Chicago

Send me No on 10 Days' approval. If satisfactory, I agree to pay \$4.50 on arrival and balance at rate of \$3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice", sent free to you.

E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.

ROUGH ON RATS

at Skillet with unbelieving eyes. "Did you?"

Suddenly he burst into a loud, ratchety cackle. He waved his hands; he danced; he yelled; he kicked up his heels; he threw his hat against the ceiling; he ran across the room to hit Skillet a sounding thwack upon the back—he acted as a lunatic might act.

"Buckeye pig! Frank Sowders' pig!" he cried. "Do you hear that, Becker?" he shouted as Becker came in. "Skillet has stolen a thousand tons of Sowders' pig-iron, and it's going into the cupolas! And their engine's in the mud! We'll—"

"Say, why don't you fire me and get done with it?" growled Skillet. "That's what I done it for—I wanted to get fired so I could get my time!"

"Fire you!" laughed Spencer. "Why, my dear little, sweet little, angelic little Skillet, I'm not going to fire you! Here, have a cigar! Take another! Take four or five! Take 'em all! Becker, Skillet is to have the Hot Metal! Send him down—"

"Eh? What's that?" shouted Skillet, jumping up. "Me—the Hot Metal? Oh, no, I guess not! I'm through! I want my time! I leave to-night! No Leap Year for me in this burg!"

"Look here, Skillet," said Spencer, shaking his finger in the big man's face. "You shut up! You're not going to quit here! Do you know that you have committed a felony, that your act in stealing this iron was criminal? You just try to quit your job here, and I'll have you arrested, and you'll get sent to the pen for twenty-five years! You're to

have the Hot Metal, do you hear? It's the best railroad job we've got, but I'll raise the pay fifteen a month. —Becker order out the new caboose from the shop and send Skillet in it down the line to bring in the Hot Metal when they get things cleared up down there. Him up, Becker!"

Skillet dropped limply into a chair. "Rooned! Lost!" he moaned. "Rooned for life! Leap Year, and the Widow Sledge! I'll be a sheep led to the slaughterhouse! Skillet, your name is mutinous!"

"Come, come!" said Spencer. "Get over toward the shops—your caboose will be waiting for you. Push 'em right along when you get down there, Skillet, and bring up the Metal just as soon as you can. We need the iron—we can get too much iron up here! We're going to finish above seventy thousand! I'll just telephone to Pierce and tell him he better send Sowders a check for these nineteen cars of pig you confiscated—he-he! We'll pay Sowders the market price, and use his car cards for our weights. Suffering Caesar! Frank Sowders will shoot me the next time he sees me!"

Skillet slouched out of the office, muttering: "Rooned! Rooned for life!" A few minutes later an engine drawing the new caboose rolled past the office. We saw Skillet sitting at one of its windows, gazing gloomily out upon the snow-covered yard. Spencer waved a friendly hand at him. Then he turned to me grinning.

"A thousand tons of Buckeye pig!" he cackled. "He-he-he!"

THE LITTLE MOMENT OF HAPPINESS

(Continued from page 75)

she doesn't mean that. At least, marriage doesn't figure in it. I can't explain exactly, but it's as if there never had been such a thing in the world as marriage—only love."

"I'm not sure but that is better. Even if I am American. I don't know but I'd rather have that kind."

"Andrée isn't just an adventure, an incident. She's more important than that—the most important thing that ever happened to me. I can't explain. I can feel it, but I can't express what it is. It isn't that I couldn't marry her, nor that I wouldn't be mighty lucky to have her for a wife. It seems, somehow, that marriage doesn't signify—isn't necessary."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're trying to get at."

"I don't, either. I'm trying to find out. But I do know that I don't want to hurt her or make her sorry she has loved me."

"How about me?" she asked suddenly. "You?"

"How about hurting me?" she asked. "You've made a weird sort of love to me. You've balanced on the fence and told me you might fall in love with me. You've carried on a sort of rubber-elastic courtship—ready to snap back out of reach if I seemed likely to catch you. Have you thought about me at all? Really, I've some right to be considered."

She was right. Undoubtedly he had not been fair to her. He had thought only

of himself and of his sentiments toward her, but scarcely at all of her sentiments toward him.

"Why," he said, "I don't believe I've thought of that side of it. It never occurred to me that you—that you might be in love with me."

"Well, I'm not." She spoke sharply. "Do you mean you never could be?"

"There! Of all things! You want me to tell you that if you make up your mind to condescend to love me, I'll be ready to drop into your hands. You want to have your cake and eat it. I'd say you were the most completely selfish person I've ever encountered."

"Really, I'm not. It isn't selfishness. It's just that I am so confused by the whole situation that I don't know what to do. You don't know how relieved and happy I would be if there were nobody but you, and we were going to be married. You would be just the kind of wife—"

"That your neighbors would approve of!" she interrupted. "I know. What I don't know is why I keep on talking to you like this. I ought to send you about your business and tell you never to come near me again—but I'm not going to. You've told me in effect that you would be in love with me if it weren't for some body else, and that the only reason you are pleased to consider me as a candidate at all is because you are afraid your family and your neighbors would make a fuss if you took the other woman home."

"Well," he said ruefully, and not wisely, "so long as you don't love me, what does it matter?"

"So long as I don't love you, it doesn't matter in the least."

"But—"

She shook her head. "We sha'n't talk about my loving you. I'm not going to love you."

"Do you mean that?"

"Decidedly."

"You wouldn't marry me?"

"Of course not."

"Why?"

"Really, I think you're out of your mind. Even if I loved you,—which I don't,—do you think I'd sit and wait for you to reason out that you had better fall in love with me, and then grab you with wild eagerness—after you make up your mind to chuck another woman whom you have assured me that you do love?"

"But suppose I do love you. Would the fact of my—my affair with Andrée prevent you from marrying me?"

"If you loved me and I loved you, nothing in the world would stop me from marrying you."

"Anyhow, I've got that question answered."

"And much good may it do you."

"Why?"

"Because the condition doesn't exist. If it did exist, I might answer differently. I might think then that I could never marry a man who had done such a thing."

THIS conversation took place at noon in a little café on the rue St. Honoré not distant from the Y. M. C. A. headquarters. Kendall had met Maude Knox as he was seeking a place to lunch, and they had gone together. Now he wished he might sit and argue the question until his status with her was definitely settled, if it could be definitely settled, but she refused to pursue the subject.

"No, that's all we talk about that. You can pick out any subject you want to, but we are through talking about you and me. And besides, I've got to get back to work."

"When shall we have dinner together?"

"I don't know."

"You're angry with me."

"No, but I'm disgusted with myself because I'm not. If I had a spark of pride, I'd never speak to you again."

"Why?"

"Ken Ware, you are a miracle of denseness. Don't you know that this whole conversation has been impossible—that it couldn't have happened? I never imagined such cool effrontery! But I'm not offended, and I don't know why. I'll dip with you some evening soon—but not to touch this subject again. Don't ever mention it—never. I've got some rights to be thought about, and I'm going to think about them. There are just two things you may do: either propose to me out and out, so I can refuse you, or else treat me as a friend and no trimmings."

"But I don't want to do either."

"You'll have to." She laughed and glided deftly from behind the table. "Are you going to walk up the street with me?"

"Let me pay the check."

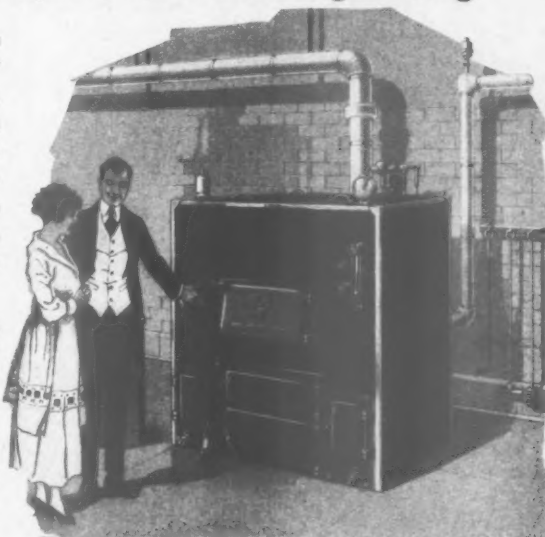
He called a waiter and asked for Padlock, and then walked to the corner

The new heating machine!

A triumph of American engineering

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler is an innovation. It guarantees a heat development and control hitherto thought unattainable in heating devices.

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler performs so easily and so reliably, you forget there is a heating outfit in your residence.



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

You'll save 30% or more annually on coal-bills by use of this new de-luxe heating boiler

The IDEAL Type "A" Boiler has a marvelous Damper Regulator which never forgets for a minute to watch the fire—it's a 24-hour janitor. The reversible-flue construction does not permit the rich coal-gases to escape unconsumed—there is full utilization of the heat-energy of the coal! The integral asbestos-lined metallic-jacket keeps the heat from being cellar-wasted.

Your most profitable heating-buy!

Stop blaming the janitor and the coal-dealers—replace your present heater with an IDEAL Type "A"—which brings you 30% yearly coal-saving and lasts a lifetime! Bungalows, residences, stores, theatres, churches, schools, clubs, hospitals, etc., whether OLD or new, are quickly outfitted. Phone your dealer today for an estimate.

Send for catalog, "IDEAL Type 'A' Boiler"—full of valuable hints, coal-test charts, and illustrations.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 35
816-822 S. Michigan
Avenue, Chicago



STANDARD UNDERWOODS FACTORY REBUILT

PICK YOURS QUICK

SAVE MONEY

'WAY LESS THAN MANUFACTURERS' PRICE!

Buy, at big saving, rent or own one of my rebuilt-like-new Standard Visible Underwoods. Many look if not satisfied, look, write and wear the new! fully equipped. Write for full list. E. W. S. Staggman, Pres. Transcontinental Typewriter Co. 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

5 YEAR Guarantee

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning \$50.00 to \$125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidence of what YOU can accomplish.

Please state your age.

The Landon School of Cartooning and Illustrating
1405 Schiefel Building Cleveland, O.



CORLISS LACED STOCKING

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office
Ideal support for VARICOSE VEINS, weak ankles and all leg troubles. Washable, adjustable and durable. No Elastic to stretch. \$1 each (by mail 15c extra).
HOME TREATMENT for all leg ulcers, all remedies, two stockings—full directions complete by mail \$5.00. Send today for free booklet No. 2, and measurement blank.
CORLISS LIMB SPECIALTY CO.
15 Court Sq. Suite 2 Boston, Mass.

Master Letters in Business

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BUSINESS FROM ONE LETTER. You'll find the facts in this book. You'll find also many actual examples of letters that made good and letters that failed, together with a PRACTICAL PLAN by means of which YOU can improve YOUR business letters. Write NOW for a copy—**FREE**

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 966-BLW Chicago
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

BE AN ARTIST

We can teach you DRAWING in your own home during spare time.

Our 18 years of successful teaching prove our ability.

10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing Endorsed by high art authorities.

Students trained by members of our Faculty are filling high-salaried positions. Artists' Output FREE to Enrolled Students.

Write today for Art Year Book.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
Answer Art Bldg. No. 4 BATTLE CREEK MICH.

THE TEN PAYMENT PLAN

Buy an Income Month by Month

Profitable Investment versus Earning Capacity

The earning capacity of business men is limited at best to a comparatively few years. It is, therefore, of prime importance not only to practice thrift but to invest wisely in standard securities of known value and earning power.

The Ten Payment Plan

provides an easy method of buying and owning stock. Our weekly market analysis keeps you posted on earnings, conditions and prospects of profitable investments.

Send for Booklet and Current Market Analysis R-9

E. M. FULLER & CO.

Members Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York
50 Broad Street New York

Own Your Own Stocks in a Year

BEGIN TO-DAY

Invest Wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance in equal monthly payments during year.

Write to-day for Booklet "R"

FRANCIS & CO.

Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway & Wall St., New York City

Sensible Investing Simplifies Saving

Those who are distinctly successful in saving never allow their dollars to remain idle. They follow a well-defined method of putting funds to work in some seasoned stock or bond.

Every dollar invested in securities on

The Twenty Payment Plan

is a step toward the accumulation of valuable income-producing property. Descriptive booklet and our fortnightly publication

"Investment Opportunities"

will explain how simple it is to save, and how sensible investments can be made. Write for booklets 7-RB.

SLATTERY & CO.

(Inc.)

Investment Securities

40 Exchange Place, New York

Classified Advertising Department

HELP WANTED

Wanted: Ambitious Workers Everywhere, to establish Collection Bureaus. Be independent—make big income yearly. No capital required. We train you and refer business to you. "Scientific Facts" Free. National Collection Bureau, Dept. 7, 65 Maynard, Columbus, O.

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of openings and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 year. Employment service rendered members. Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 141M, Chicago, Ill.

Inside Tyres—Inner Armour for Auto Tyres. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double the mileage. Big profits. American Accessories Co., Dept. 221, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS, \$40 to \$100 a week. Free Samples. Gold Sign Letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 4914, N. Clark, Chicago.

Railroad Traffic Inspectors: splendid pay and expenses; travel if desired; unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM43 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, New York.

AGENTS MAKING \$200 WEEKLY! Everyone wants it. Formulas for 200 beverages to be made at home. Book Form. Send \$1.00 for copy, and territory proposition. Act Quickly. Buyers' Export Agency, Inc., 487 Broadway, New York.

MANUSCRIPT BROKER
Your Story May Bring Real Money after it has had my constructive criticism or revision. Fees moderate. Correspondence invited. Laura D. Wilck, Broker in MSS., 1025D Longacre Bldg., N. Y.

OLD MONEY WANTED
\$2 to \$500 each paid for hundreds of Old Coins. Send 10c for New Illus'd Coin Value Book. 4x6. You may have valuable Coins. Get posted at once. Clarke Coin Co., Box 144, Le Roy, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS, ETC.
Patents. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book. "How To Obtain a Patent." Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of patentable nature. Highest references. Prompt attention. Reasonable terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 695 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors who desire to secure patent should write for our guide book. "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give opinion of patentable nature. R. J. Ralph & Co., Dept. 38, Wash. D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS
Cash for Old False Teeth (Broken or not). We pay \$2 to \$35 per set. Also actual value for Diamonds, Watches, Bridgework, Crown, Old Gold, Silver, Platinum. Send at once and receive cash by return mail. Your goods returned if price is unsatisfactory. Mazur Bros., Dept. 211, 2007 S. 3th St., Phila., Pa.

The Red Book Magazine

of the rue d'Aguesseau with Maude. She did not permit him to linger.

"Good-by," she said, turning abruptly away. "Drop me a note when you are in a condescending mood."

That evening when he got home he found Bert and Madeleine there alone of him.

"Andrée's coming too," said Bert. "I met her this afternoon and told her she was going to be a party. This is a fine well. See Madeleine's tears?"

"Farewell?"

"Yes. I'm going away for a couple of weeks—some buildings to look after. I don't mind, but Madeleine's darn near heartbroken."

"Oh, yes," said Madeleine gayly, "my heart, it break. I am so lonely. You see, Monsieur Bert, he is the only American officier in France. When he is gone, there is no other."

"You don't mean that," said Ken.

"Of course she does," Bert said with a grin.

Ken shrugged his shoulders and went to his room to tidy up a bit for dinner. He heard them laugh, and Bert's voice said: "He thinks that we are very naughty."

He did think so, but in spite of himself he liked Madeleine—indeed, felt a real friendship for her. There was not, he reflected, a mercenary hair in her head, if there was not a serious hair. According to all his standards she was had—a light creature. But somehow he did not see her as a light woman, nor as wicked.

The bell interrupted his moral reflections, and he hurried to the door with that thrill of anticipation which Andrée's arrival always caused. There she stood, very straight and still and grave, just as he knew she would be. She raised her eyes to his exactly as he knew she would raise them, and smiled appealingly. He drew her inside, into his arms.

"I've been needing you, *mignon*," he said. "Everything goes wrong when you're not with me."

"I am here," she said brightly. "Behold, all is now well. I shall let nothing trouble you."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes. And you?"

"You are very beautiful."

"That is well. No, I am not beautiful, but it is well you think it so. I am happy."

She regarded him solicitously. "You are ver' tired. Have you work' *beaucoup*? It is not that you have an illness?"

"No—no. Everything is all right, now that you are here. You are the only person who is *right* in the whole world."

"Oh! Oh! I'm ver' wonderful. I do not know thee till I meet you. I think I am only a young girl, but behold, I have ver' suddenly become—how do you say? The *dictionnaire*—queek! The *dictionnaire*!"

LAUGHING, she searched with ludicrous haste for the word and could not find it. "Oh, it is terrible. What I am, I cannot say. I am something that is not in the *dictionnaire*. To be a thing that is not in the *dictionnaire* is most grand and astonishing. I shall be ver' vain."



BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

THIS large, old-established bank which is a member of the Federal Reserve System invites deposits by mail from all parts of the country and abroad. Banking by Mail is safe, private and convenient. Send TODAY for free copy of booklet "J."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. CAPITAL & SURPLUS \$8,000,000.00
ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS.

Her eyes were dancing with an impish light. She seemed very young, a child endowed with some magical quality which reassured him, dispelled the heaviness which rested on him.

"Have Monsieur Bert and Mademoiselle Madeleine yet arrive?"

"They're in the salon."

"Come! We shall see them—now."

Again that quaint gesture of poking downward at the floor with her slender finger.

The girls shook hands formally and slipped into an amazing splutter of French.

Ken looked from one to the other, from Andrée, tiny, fragile, dark, elfin, to Madeleine, tall, slender, fair of hair, always laughing. Madeleine seemed nothing but embodied laughter; Andrée seemed to him now, as she always seemed to him, a mystery, incomprehensible—a being come to him out of a land of wonders.

"Bert is going away," he said.

"For how long?"

"Three weeks."

"Oh, it ees a lifetime. Mademoiselle will be ver' sad."

"She says not," Ken said.

"It is not possible. She will be mos' sad."

"Not Madeleine," said Bert. "She's going to find another American officer to keep her happy while I'm gone."

"But she could not—non non! You do not thank!"

Madeleine laughed.

"What would you do if I went away for three weeks?" Ken asked.

"You do not go! It ees not true." Her eyes grew big, and her lips parted as she waited for his answer.

"No. I'm not going any place. But if I should go, what would you do?"

"I should be ver' *solitaire*. Ver' often I should weep. And I should work ver' hard at all times—to make the days go more fast."

"Would you find another American officer to help you pass the time?"

"You know," she said simply.

"Ah, là, là!" exclaimed Madeleine.

"Regard thees children! It ees the great love. It is mos' beautiful."

"It is ever'thing," said Andrée. "You, mademoiselle, love a ver' little. So you are happy a ver' little, *n'est-ce pas?* I love ver' much, so I am happy ver' much. It is clear. You theenk you are mos' happy, but you do not know. It is not until you love, mademoiselle—until you love weeth all the love there is, that you have the great happiness."

"It may be so. But also the great sadness. Is it not so? Regard me. I love thees Monsieur Bert a leetle. He makes to go away, so I am sad a leetle. Yes? But then, I love him so ver', ver' much, and he makes to go away. And then?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Behol"—then I am in despair. I theenk my way is more better. Not the great joy, but also not the great sadness."

"Non—non. It ees not so. There is the great sadness, it is true. *Certainement!* But even that, mademoiselle, is sweet—because one remembers the great love and the great joy. The so great happiness has been. It will nevair die. No! For so long as one lives, the happiness will remain. The grief—one must expect grief. It is a part of the worl'."

"Vous êtes une poète, mademoiselle;

Saved \$64 On a Diamond



A Nevada customer writes: "My first purchase, a \$136 diamond, appraised at \$200.00. . . Sold it for \$185.00. Thanks for goods that are more than expected." *Full name on request.*

How to Save on Diamonds

This nearly 1/2 century old, diamond banking house, rated over \$1,000,000.00, lends money on high grade jewels. We have an extremely large number of diamonds to offer greatly under market prices. We send to you, absolutely free, on approval to have valued by any expert you wish. Then try to match for 6% more, that's our challenge.

Why Pay Full Prices

Saved Half on Rings

"The \$90 and \$75 rings secured from you I could not duplicate for double your price and I could sell them for more than I paid you." R. C. —, Marion, Indiana

\$108.00 Extra Value

"You have a life customer in me. My \$45 cluster ring is valued here at \$150.00." M. H. B. —, Ardmore, Okla.

Full name on request

Saved Me \$40.00

"The \$25 diamond ring is a beauty. Could not match it here for less than \$75.00." A. D. —, Iron Mountain, Mich.

\$75 Ring Appraised at \$120

"The stone I bought of you for \$75 I could not duplicate for less than \$120.00. I am delighted." F. L. —, Hope Arkansas.

Full name on request

Send for Latest List

See Our Unpaid Loan Diamond Bargains

Send for our wonderful list and bulletins of amazing bargains. Radically different from any regular catalog. You can't realize the bargain until you see for yourself. Every jewel accurately described in detail and you have the opportunity free to verify every thing. Write for these marvelous lists of diamond bargains—sent free—no obligations. Our guaranteed loans like insurance policies—ask about them.

Jes. DeRoy & Sons, 2554 DeRoy Bldg.

Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

References: Dun's or Bradstreet's Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., Marine National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa., Union Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Name

Address

FREE \$20 UKULELE

Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

"Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee excess or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation."

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 414 CHICAGO, ILL.

Become an Expert in BANKING

Banking as now conducted is really a new profession. Financial institutions are more active and progressive than ever before. They need men trained in modern methods. Splendid opportunities open for cashiers, managers, tellers, trust officers, etc. Make yourself a Banking Expert thru the LaSalle Course in Banking and Finance. Only spare time required. Moderate cost. Easy terms. Our free book tells all about the opportunities in Banking for LaSalle trained experts. Write for it now.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
"The World's Greatest Extension University,"
Dept. 966-BF Chicago, Ill.




Complete Musical Outfits On Trial

YOU may have your choice of instruments and a complete musical outfit for a week's free trial in your own home. Outfit includes case, music rack, all accessories, instruction book, etc. at factory prices. A tremendous saving.

Convenient Monthly Payments

After trial return outfit at our expense if you wish. If you decide to buy you may pay the low direct price in small monthly amounts. Wurlitzer for 50 years has meant highest quality.

Send this Coupon

We'll send you free and without obligation the Wurlitzer 160-page illustrated catalog. Mail the coupon.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. Dept. 1168
8. 4th St., Cincinnati—N. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Name

Address

Instrument I am

WURLITZER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Remove hair with Evans's Depilatory

Have you wished for some easy way to remove hair from the face, arm, or the underarm? Then you will like the convenient Evans's Depilatory. Put it. You apply the powder, mixed with water, leave on a short time, then wash off both powder and hair. It is so simple.

75 cents at your drug or department store—Insist on Evans's.
Or send us 75 cents for complete outfit, postage paid by us.

GEORGE B. EVANS, Makers of "Mum"
1102 Chestnut Street PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The future of your children depends in large measure upon your choice of their school. You will find dependable help in making this choice if you refer to The Red Book Magazine's Educational Guide, pages six to nine of this issue.



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly. A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—no gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

63 W. Washington Street, Dept. 990 Chicago.

This Hair Book FREE

Shows many styles of "transformations" so popular with women of refinement everywhere. Wavy, real hair switches as low as \$1.48. Newest creations in Braids, Pompadour, Waves, etc., at lowest prices. Finest quality natural hair—perfect match of your own hair guaranteed. Free instruction on care of hair and beauty culture. We ship on approval—no pay unless satisfied. Write today for this valuable free book.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
109 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 79 Chicago



Freeman's FACE POWDER

An American product adopted by America's society leaders. For 40 years Freeman's has been the choice of particular women. 50cts, plus 2cts war tax at toilet counters. Miniature box mailed for 4 cts plus 1 ct war tax.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 113 Cincinnati, O.

you write the poetry. Therefore you are different. The poet makes of sadness a great thing, a wonderful thing. But—I, mademoiselle, am cashier in a shop. I do not have the so beautiful thoughts. No, I am just a girl that love to be happy always. I cannot think the wonderful thoughts like the poet—*non*. To me it seems that ver' many leetle happiness without sorrow are more better than one great, wonderful happiness of the poet—but also with the terrible grief that makes to kill. So I love a little and laugh all the days and am ver' content."

"Would you not wish to love—to love forever one man and to love him with the great love?"

"Ah, that is another matter. Always to have one lover, one husband! It is different. Then I would love—yes, I would love as much as anyone. But it is not possible. Do I not know? When do I get the husband? *Pouf!* There is no husband for me, and as for lovers, —thees American lovers,—they come, and it is a little while when they go. So I do not love. I make believe to love, and so I am happy. But why, mademoiselle, give to one of them the great love when one knows well it is but for a day? It is to throw away the love, is it not so?"

ANDRÉE was silent, all were silent. Madeleine had thrust the situation before Kendall and Andrée baldly. Ken drew Andrée to him, but she did not respond; she was cold, frightened.

"But for a day—" she said.

"Monsieur Bert and I, we do not deceive ourselves," Madeleine went on. "We tell each other that thees is not for always. It is play—so there is no cloud between us. But you—oh, you are ver' wrong, mademoiselle. In your heart you know. You love Monsieur Ken, and he love you—it is true. But—ask him the question, mademoiselle: does he stay forever? Or when the day comes on which he must depart, will he take you weeth him to thees America? Ask him, mademoiselle, and if he tell you you shall be weeth him always, then I am wrong." She looked at Ken. He was conscious that Andrée was looking at him appealingly, and that even Bert was demanding something of him with his eyes.

He might have lied. He might have assured Andrée that she should never leave him, but with her eyes upon him he could not lie. He did not know. This was the thing that was making him miserable—the question of whether he should take Andrée to America with him. He did not know. Therefore he answered lamely:

"I love you, *mignon*."

"It ees not an answer," said Madeleine inexorably.

"I can't answer. I can't see the future. I don't know. All I know, Andrée, is that I do love you. Why can't we be satisfied with that until we have to decide? The war will be long. I shall be here for years, perhaps. Oh, my dear, I cannot think of a life without you—but I do not know."

He was conscious that he was proving inadequate to the situation, that he was not measuring up to what Andrée had a right to expect of him, and he was afraid

herefore you
kes of sadness
thing. But I
ter in a shop
iful thought
e to be happy
he wonder
n. To me it
e happiness
tter than one
of the post-
f that main
and laugh al
ent." "You
ve—to have
ve him with
ter. Always
band! It is
ove—yes. I
one. But it
ow? Where
pu! There
for love,
they come,
they go. So
ve to love,
y, mademoi
e great love
for a day;
e, is it not

of what she might do or say. Madeleine shrugged her shoulders expressively. He looked at Andrée apprehensively, saw her eyes flash with anger, her little figure grow tense, her lips compress. It was the first time he had ever seen her angry. He had offended her. She was in a rage with him, and rightly in a rage! She stepped close to him and clasped his arm with both hands, turning her face toward Madeleine and Bert.

"See!" she exclaimed, and her black eyes flashed. "You have made him unhappy weath your questions! I shall not have questions asked of him. *Non!* He shall not be troubled. It is not the affair of anyone but himself and me. I will not permit it. What is it to you? It is for us alone. If it is *nécessaire* that he leave me one day—that is for him to say. Is it that I have ask' or demand' anything? *Non, non, non!* He is ver' good, and I love him—jus' like he love' me. I know that, and I am satisfy. You shall not make him to be unhappy weath questions."

She faced them, tense, breathing rapidly. Her hands clutched his arm and pressed it to her breast. . . . "Andrée!" he said hoarsely. "Andrée!" She smiled up at him, her face softening, her eyes becoming big and tender. "Everything is well," she said.

Bert drew a long breath. "By Jupiter!" he said, and there was admiration in his eyes. "I'll tell you what, Andrée: if you'll have me, if you can put up with a roughneck like me, I'll take you for keeps—and to hell with the consequences."

Madeleine laughed and shook her head. "You see how *fidèle* thees Monsieur Bert is! *Là là!* But you shall not have heem, mademoiselle—until I am through weath him. See, there is the head of Arlette. Let us have the dinner and be gay!"

CHAPTER XXIII

THERE are persons who seem to have their emotions under the control of push-button, as if it were. They are capable of friendship and anger and love and jealousy, but they have been given the faculty of suppressing these emotions until it is their desire to allow them freedom. Maude Knox was one of these. It would be unfair to say that she was coldly calculating, but she was careful. Many of the minor inhibitions which rule American girls did not signify to her; she was broader of mind, capable of perceptions of which her sisters were incapable. But she did not fly into passions; nor was she given to headlong tumbles into love.

Her condition with respect to Kendall Ware was noncommittal. As a matter of fact, she was not in love with him, because he had not committed himself. If Ken had come frankly to her, declaring his love, and had asked her to be his wife, she would, by this time, have been as much in love with him as he could have desired. Nobody could deny that they were suited to each other, and Nature has seen to it that young people who are suited to each other, and enjoy propinquity with each other, do fall in love. It seems to be the law that everybody must

Pure Coffee

The reason why people drink 1,000,000 cups of G. Washington's Coffee every day, is because

G. Washington's
COFFEE

is the highest grade of pure coffee. It is *not* a substitute. It is absolutely pure. That is the explanation of its delicate aroma. Makes delicious iced coffee.

Ready when you
pour on the water
—hot or cold.



Went
to War!
Home
Again.

A CALL FOR 3,000 NEW PHOTOPLAYS

Movie Stars and Producers are Searching the Country for New Suitable Scenarios—Read How This New High-Paid Art is Easily Mastered



Cecil B. DeMille



Mabel Normand



Roscoe (Fatty) Arluckle



Olive Thomas

THE moving picture industry is facing a famine—a famine in story plots—photoplays. Prices undreamed of a few years ago, are being paid today—\$500 to \$1000 and more for 5-reel dramatic scripts; \$100 to \$500 for clever short comedies. For the studios—around Los Angeles alone—need approximately 3000 new stories each year. Producers must have material—new plots, especially written for the screen.

And now a plan—the first to be endorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal—the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr. Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as \$1000. A number of our students have already taken positions at the studios.

Indorsed by Stars, Producers, Directors and Writers

Under this plan we give you one year's free Advisory Service. And our Sales Service is at your disposal to assist you in selling your plays.

Note the pictures of the movie stars in this advertisement. All of them endorse the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. These and dozens of others you will find in our new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing."

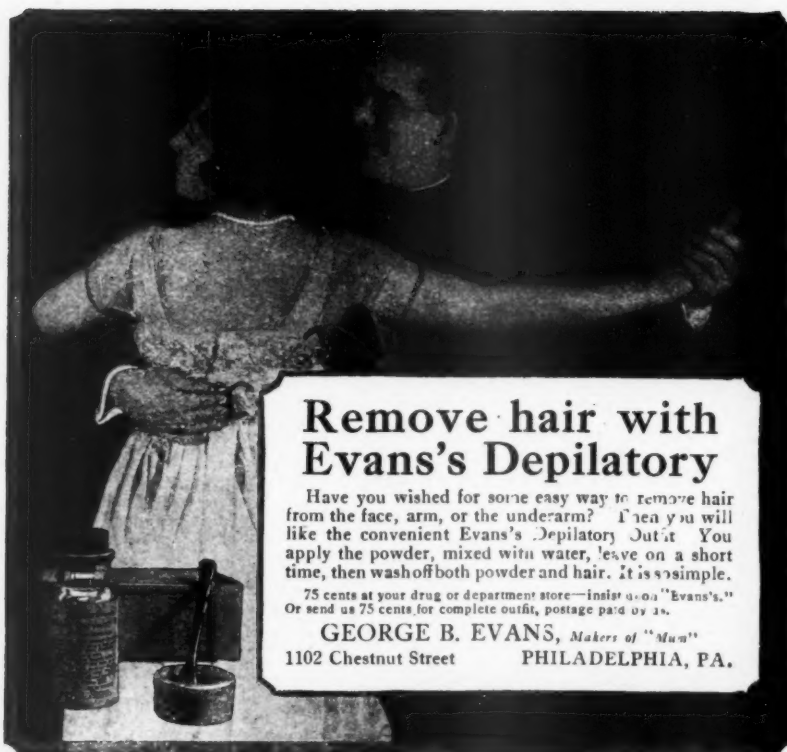
Write for this booklet now. It will show you the great opportunity in photoplay writing. This book is filled with autograph letters from the biggest stars and producers, strongly endorsing the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing, urging us to do our best to develop photoplay writers.

Have you ever thought you could write a better plot than some you have seen at the movies? If so, send for this booklet. It will show you how you can get it produced. If you believe you have an idea for a scenario, this booklet will tell you how you can turn it into money. For photoplay writing is very simple, once you have learned a few basic principles. Genius is not required. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For movies are made for the masses. Never was there such an opportunity to turn any simple story into money and reputation. The field is uncrowded. The demand is growing greater each day.

Write for the booklet. It's free. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon and mail to us.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,
785 L. W. Holmes Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Name Address
Please send me, without obligation,
your new booklet containing
the secret of successful photo-
play writing, containing
autograph letters of
the leading stars.



Remove hair with Evans's Depilatory

Have you wished for some easy way to remove hair from the face, arm, or the underarm? Then you will like the convenient Evans's Depilatory. Put it. You apply the powder, mixed with water, leave on a short time, then wash off both powder and hair. It is so simple.

75 cents at your drug or department store—insist on "Evans's." Or send us 75 cents for complete outfit, postage paid by us.

GEORGE B. EVANS, Makers of "Mun"
1102 Chestnut Street PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The future of your children depends in large measure upon your choice of their school. You will find dependable help in making this choice if you refer to The Red Book Magazine's Educational Guide, pages six to nine of this issue.



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly. A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

Send for our special trial offer; also Free Book on Hair which explains how Kolor-Bak restores gray hair to its original color.

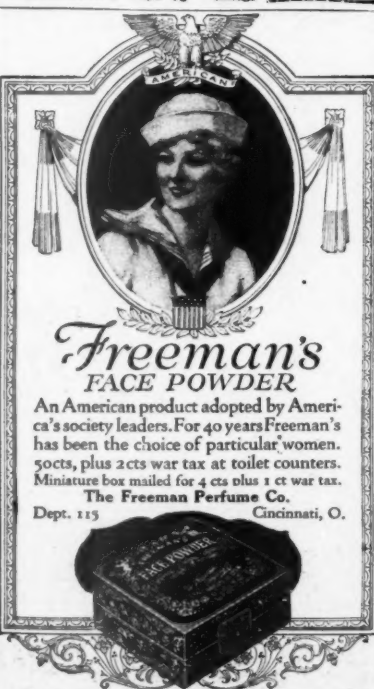
HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

63 W. Washington Street, Dept. 390 Chicago.

This Hair Book FREE

Shows many styles of "transformations" so popular with women of refinement everywhere. Wavy, real hair switches as low as \$1.45. Newest creations in Braids, Compound, Wigs etc. at lowest prices. Finest quality natural hair—perfect match of your own hair guaranteed. Free instruction on care of hair and beauty culture. We ship on approval—no pay unless satisfied. Write today for this valuable free book.

PARIS FASHION COMPANY
109 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 78 Chicago



Freeman's FACE POWDER

An American product adopted by America's society leaders. For 40 years Freeman's has been the choice of particular women. 50cts, plus 2cts war tax at toilet counters. Miniature box mailed for 4 cts plus 1 ct war tax.

The Freeman Perfume Co.
Dept. 115 Cincinnati, O.

you write the poetry. Therefore you are different. The poet makes of sadness a great thing, a wonderful thing. But I—I, mademoiselle, am cashier in a shop. I do not have the so beautiful thoughts. No, I am just a girl that love to be happy always. I cannot think the wonderful thoughts like the poet—*non*. To me it seems that ver' many leetle happinesses without sorrow are more better than one great, wonderful happiness of the poet—but also with the terrible grief that makes to kill. So I love a little and laugh at the days and am ver' content."

"Would you not wish to love—to have forever one man and to love him with the great love?"

"Ah, that is another matter. Always to have one lover, one husband! It is different. Then I would love—yes, I would love as much as anyone. But it is not possible. Do I not know? Where do I get the husband? *Pouf!* There is no husband for me, and as for lovers,—thees American lovers,—they come, and it is a little while when they go. So I do not love. I make believe to love, and so I am happy. But why, mademoiselle, give to one of them the great love when one knows well it is but for a day? It is to throw away the love, is it not so?"

ANDRÉE was silent, all were silent. Madeleine had thrust the situation before Kendall and Andrée baldly. Ken drew Andrée to him, but she did not respond; she was cold, frightened.

"But for a day—" she said.
"Monsieur Bert and I, we do not deceive ourselves," Madeleine went on. "We tell each other that thees is not for always. It is play—so there is no cloud between us. But you—oh, you are ver' wrong, mademoiselle. In your heart you know. You love Monsieur Ken, and he love you—it is true. But—ask him the question, mademoiselle: does he stay forever? Or when the day comes on which he mus' depart, will he take you weeth him to thees America? Ask him, mademoiselle, and if he tell you you shall be weeth him always, then I am wrong." She looked at Ken. He was conscious that Andrée was looking at him appealingly, and that even Bert was demanding something of him with his eyes.

He might have lied. He might have assured Andrée that she should never leave him, but with her eyes upon him he could not lie. He did not know. This was the thing that was making him miserable—the question of whether he should take Andrée to America with him. He did not know. Therefore he answered lamely:

"I love you, *mignon*."
"It ees not an answer," said Madeleine inexorably.

"I can't answer. I can't see the future. I don't know. All I know, Andrée, is that I do love you. Why can't we be satisfied with that until we have to decide? The war will be long. I shall be here for years, perhaps. Oh, my dear, I cannot think of a life without you—but I do not know."

He was conscious that he was proving inadequate to the situation, that he was not measuring up to what Andrée had a right to expect of him, and he was afraid

of what she might do or say. Madeleine shrugged her shoulders expressively. He looked at Andrée apprehensively, saw her eyes flash with anger, her little figure grow tense, her lips compress. It was the first time he had ever seen her angry. He had offended her. She was in a rage with him, and rightly in a rage! She stepped close to him and clasped his arm with both hands, turning her face toward Madeleine and Bert.

"See!" she exclaimed, and her black eyes flashed. "You have made him unhappy with your questions! I shall not have questions asked of him. *Non!* He shall not be troubled. It is not the affair of anyone but himself and me. I will not permit it. What is it to you? It is for us alone. If it is *nécessaire* that he leave me one day—that is for him to say. Is it that I have asked or demanded anything? *Non, non, non!* He is very good, and I love him—just like he loves me. I know that, and I am satisfied. You shall not make him to be unhappy with questions."

She faced them, tense, breathing rapidly. Her hands clutched his arm and pressed it to her breast. . . .

"Andrée!" he said hoarsely. "Andrée!" She smiled up at him, her face softening, her eyes becoming big and tender. "Everything is well," she said.

Bert drew a long breath. "By Jupiter!" he said, and there was admiration in his eyes. "I'll tell you what, Andrée: if you'll have me, if you can put up with a roughneck like me, I'll take you for keeps—and to hell with the consequences."

Madeleine laughed and shook her head. "You see how *fâché* thees Monsieur Bert is! *Là là!* But you shall not have heem, mademoiselle—until I am through with him. See, there is the head of Arlette. Let us have the dinner and be gay!"

CHAPTER XXIII

THERE are persons who seem to have their emotions under the control of push-button, as if it were. They are capable of friendship and anger and love and jealousy, but they have been given the faculty of suppressing these emotions until it is their desire to allow them freedom. Maude Knox was one of these. It would be unfair to say that she was coldly calculating, but she was careful. Many of the minor inhibitions which rule American girls did not signify to her; she was broader of mind, capable of perceptions of which her sisters were incapable. But she did not fly into passions; nor was she given to headlong tumbles into love.

Her condition with respect to Kendall Ware was noncommittal. As a matter of fact, she was not in love with him, because he had not committed himself. If Ken had come frankly to her, declaring his love, and had asked her to be his wife, she would, by this time, have been as much in love with him as he could have desired. Nobody could deny that they were suited to each other, and Nature has seen to it that young people who are suited to each other, and enjoy propinquity with each other, do fall in love. It seems to be the law that everybody must

Pure Coffee

The reason why people drink 1,000,000 cups of G. Washington's Coffee every day, is because

G. Washington's COFFEE

is the highest grade of pure coffee. It is *not* a substitute. It is absolutely pure. That is the explanation of its delicate aroma. Makes delicious iced coffee.

Ready when you pour on the water—hot or cold.



Went to War! Home Again.

A CALL FOR 3,000 NEW PHOTOPLAYS

Movie Stars and Producers are Searching the Country for New Suitable Scenarios—Read How This New High-Paid Art is Easily Mastered



Cecil B. DeMille



Mabel Norman



Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle



Olive Thomas

THE moving picture industry is facing a famine—a famine in story plots—photoplays. Prices undreamed of a few years ago, are being paid today—\$500 to \$1000 and more for 5-reel dramatic scripts; \$100 to \$500 for clever short comedies. For the studios—around Los Angeles alone—need approximately 3000 new stories each year. Producers must have material—new plots, especially written for the screen.

And now a plan—the first to be endorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal—the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr. Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as \$1000. A number of our students have already taken positions at the studios.

Indorsed by Stars, Producers, Directors and Writers

Under this plan we give you one year's free Advisory Service. And our Sales Service is at your disposal to assist you in selling your plays.

Note the pictures of the movie stars in this advertisement. All of them endorse the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing. These and dozens of others you will find in our new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing."


Write for this booklet now. It will show you the great opportunity in photoplay writing. This book is filled with autograph letters from the biggest stars and producers, strongly endorsing the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing, urging us to do our best to develop photoplay writers.

Have you ever thought you could write a better plot than some you have seen at the movies? If so, send for this booklet. It will show you how you can get it produced. If you believe you have an idea for a scenario, this booklet will tell you how you can turn it into money. For photoplay writing is very simple, once you have learned a few basic principles. Genius is not required. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For movies are made for the masses. Never was there such an opportunity to turn any simple story-idea into money and reputation. The field is uncrowded. The demand is growing greater each day.

Write for the booklet. It's free. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon and mail to us.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION,
759 L. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Name _____ Address _____
Please send me, without obligation,
your new booklet—"The
Secret of Successful Photoplay
Writing"—containing
autograph letters of
the leading stars.



From Provincetown to the Grand Canyon

In all the better resorts, whether along the sea-board, in the mountains, or across the continent, and in practically all large cities, you will find Huyler agents with an ample stock of all the favorite varieties. The wholesome quality of Huyler's is always to be depended on.

To ask always for Huyler's, wherever you may be, is the unmistakable act of the experienced and discriminating traveler.

Ask for your favorite

**\$1.00 per
pound**


Huyler's

NEW YORK

**67 Stores - Agencies
almost everywhere**

**\$125 per
pound**

In Canada—many agencies; factory and store in Toronto
Prices Higher in Pacific Coast States



Do You Like to Draw?
Cartoonists are Paid Well

We will not give you any grand prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
811 Lorain Bldg. 22 Cleveland, O.



Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, s' raps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect, should know about the remarkable



Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this **Free Book** which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 972 Garland Bldg. Chicago, Illinois



**THEY
AID
NATURE**

B & P Wrinkle Eradicators or Frowners

smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep. They are absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity. Made in two styles. *Frowners* for between the eyes. *Eradicators* for lines in the face. Either kind sold in 30c, 60c and \$1.00 boxes, including booklet "Dressing Table Hints," at drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

B. & P. Co. (Two Women)
1784 East 68th St. Cleveland, Ohio

Has been healing children's skin 25 years



Lukes Comfort POWDER

**Chafing, Scalding,
Infant Eczema,
Rashes and
Skin Soreness**

quickly disappear under the healing and soothing influence of this medicated powder, because it contains antiseptic and healing ingredients not found in ordinary talcum powders.

Nurses insist on it after bathing children because it prevents skin soreness. For skin irritations of the sick, bed sores, and for chafing of fleshy people one box will prove its extraordinary healing power. 35c. at leading drug stores or by mail. Send 3c. stamp to pay postage on

THIS TRIAL BOX FREE
THE COMFORT POWDER CO., Boston, Mass.



love somebody; it also seems to be the law that propinquity is nine tenths of the matter. So Maude was in a receptive mood. She was ready to let go and be very much in love with Ken when a suitable moment arrived—if it ever did arrive.

Once she had released her controls, she would be tender, faithful, a wife such as any man might boast of. His life would be her life. His concerns would be her concerns. Her career would be to make him happy and to make a success of the family of which he would be the head.

Just how much she realized of this condition, it would be difficult to say. Just how much she desired Kendall to fall in love with her, she herself did not know; but she did like him, liked him a great deal. He was on her mind, and perhaps she even schemed a little to have him near her frequently—and so to give him the opportunity to love her if such a thing were to happen. But at the same time she held a serious doubt if she would marry him in any event—because of Andrée.

True, she was of broad mind, and her life in France had enabled her to perceive and to understand many matters which are obscure in America. These she could understand and condone, or pronounce to be good and even virtuous—when they did not touch her directly. They were all right for other folks, but—when they entered her own life, that made of it another matter.

If she had been told that in a time past Kendall Ware had carried on an affair with a French girl,—an affair that was wholly of the past,—she might have dismissed it after small bitterness, and have accepted him without more than a slight question. But this was present, going on under her eyes. She saw the workings of it, and saw that he actually loved this girl. That it was the sort of love he would one day give to his wife, she did not believe. That did not seem possible to her. On the other hand, there were many periods when she knew a fear that Kendall would marry Andrée. She asked herself why he should not marry Andrée. She had seen the girl, talked with her, found her beautiful and sweet—even good. Maude even felt a sympathy for Andrée—to the extent of warning Kendall against tampering with the girl's happiness. But nevertheless, when it came to marrying Ken, her American prejudices and conceptions took on life, and set themselves up as a barrier.

It was natural that Maude should be very curious about Andrée, and should wish the opportunity of meeting and studying the girl. But the chance failed to present itself for days and weeks. Her brief chat with Andrée on Bastille Day had proven nothing, and it was not until early August when a chance meeting in the Galeries Lafayette, where both girls happened to be shopping, gave her the opportunity she desired.

THEY met on one of the broad winding stairways of that enormous store. Andrée descending, Maude ascending. Of the two, Andrée was the more self-possessed. She looked at Maude with that quaintly inquiring expression with which she seemed to greet all the world.

ms to be the
tenths of the
a receptive
et go and be
when a sin
ever did as

controls, she
wife such as
his life would
would be her
be to make
success of the
the head.
of this con-
say. Just
all to fall in
not know,
him a great
and perhaps
o have had
to give him
if such a
at the same
doubt if she
nt—because

nd, and her
her to per-
my matters.
These she
e, or pro-
virtuous—
er directly
olks, but—
n life, that

in a time
ied on an
affair that
ight have
rness, and
ore than a
s present.
e saw the
e actually
he sort of
his wife,
not seem
and, there
ew a fear
rée. She
not marry
rl, talked
d sweet-
sympathy
warning
the girl's
when it
American
on life,
er.

should be
d should
ing and
ce failed
ks. Her
ille Day
not until
eeting in
oth girls
her the

THEY made their way to the rue Cau-
martin and turned to the right.
Presently they entered the courtyard of
the Hôtel Petrograd and made their way
to a dining-room well filled with Ameri-
can girls in the uniforms of the various
war-service organizations. Selecting a
table in a sheltered corner, they ordered
luncheon; nor did they speak except of
casual matters until they had finished.

Andrée addressed herself to her plate
with that quaint absorption which always
delighted Kendall. It touched Maude
now—as everything about this appealing
little girl touched her. She found herself
actually growing fond of Andrée as one
might grow fond of a lovable child. And
yet she had a certainty that she would
not find Andrée altogether childlike, that
in all matters appertaining to her love she
would be all woman and amply potent to
defend herself and her rights.

"Now we shall speak," said Andrée,
looking into Maude's face with direct-
ness, almost with challenge. Her own
face, if it showed any expression at all,
spoke of hesitation, diffidence.

"What shall we talk of?" Maude asked
experimentally.

"It is for you to say, mademoiselle.
It is you who make the suggestion that
we speak together." Then, with discon-
certing directness: "You wish to speak
about Monsieur Ware, is it not?"

"Yes," said Maude. "I should like to
talk about him—and you."
"It is ver' well."

Now that it reached the point of dis-

Wheat Bubbles

In Milk

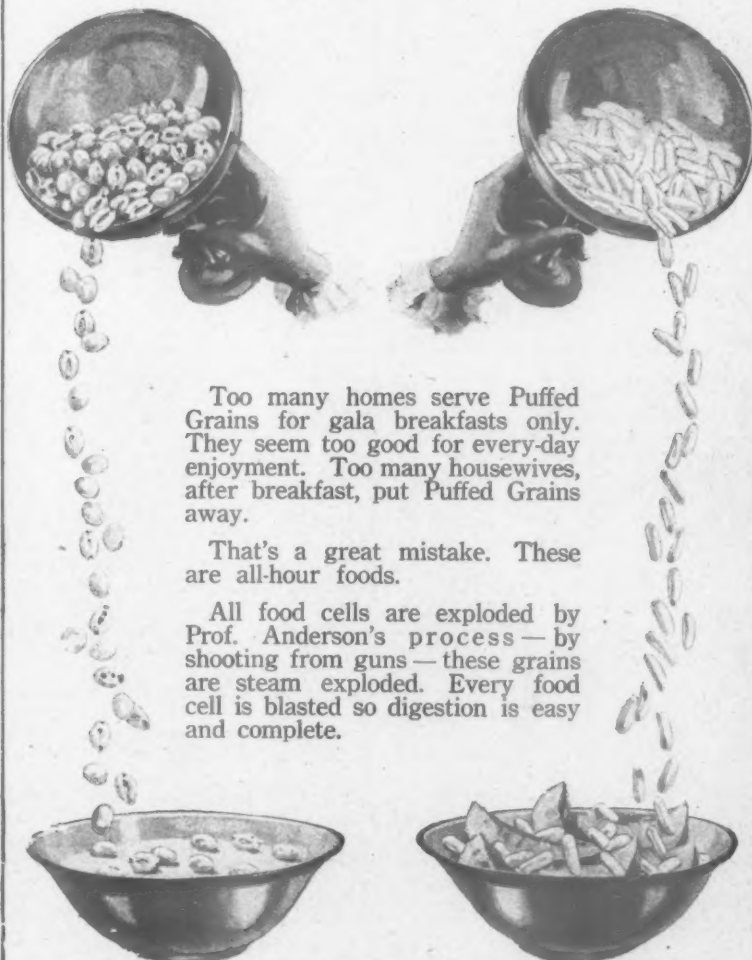
Airy, crisp and toasted grains, puffed to eight times normal size. Flaky and flimsy—four times as porous as bread.

Never was a whole wheat made so enticing, never so digestible.

On All Fruits

Puffed Rice

Puffed Rice is fragile, flavory grains which seem to melt away at a touch. Mixed with fruit they form a delightful blend. They add what crust adds to a short-cake, or to tarts and pies.



Too many homes serve Puffed Grains for gala breakfasts only. They seem too good for every-day enjoyment. Too many housewives, after breakfast, put Puffed Grains away.

That's a great mistake. These are all-hour foods.

All food cells are exploded by Prof. Anderson's process—by shooting from guns—these grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs
All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

cussing Kendall, Maude was nonplused for a moment. How should she open the discussion, if discussion there were to be? What could she say that would not be an impertinence to this girl, whom, somehow, she did not want to offend. Maude even respected her, perceived that about Andrée which demanded respect and consideration. She hesitated. Andrée smiled and leaned a bit forward.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "perhaps it is that you are in love with thees yong man also. Is it of that you wish to speak?"

"I am not in love with him, mademoiselle."

"Ah! But that is not the ver' truth—no. I have see'. I do not know—maybe you theenk you do not love him, but you do love him. That is why I am willing to speak with you."

"I don't understand."

"I am willing to speak weeth you about Monsieur Ware because I love him ver' much, and because you also love him. I theenk it mus' be because I know we both wish ver' much to have him always be happy. Is it not?"

"But I do not love him."

"Then, mademoiselle, it is not of a necessity for us to speak at all. If you are merely his frien', his acquaintance, you have no right to speak weeth me about him. It is so. *Mais*, if you love him,"—she lifted her shoulders,—"*that is ver' different.*"

"He has not asked me to love him."

"That is well. I theenk he loves me very *fidèle*. Yes. But also he theenk of you ver' much. I have seen. You are of his country and are ver' pretty. He theenk of you, and compare you weeth me. I am French. That is not American. He theenk about w'en he goes back to America, and then, because I am ver' French and not American, he is troubled. He theenk I do not onderstan', but I onderstan' ver' well. He say that he love Andrée in Paris, and in Paris Andrée is ver' nice—but in America where all is so different—then he does not know what to theenk."

"And then?"

"And then he theenk of you, mademoiselle, of you who would not be foreign and strange, and at whom his friends would not make to shrug their shoulder' and lift the eyebrow'—because I do not know the manner and the custom."

"Is that all that troubles you—not knowing the manners and the customs?"

"What else could there be, mademoiselle? I am not *très jolie*—ver' beautiful; but also I am not so hideous. I do not know."

Maude shifted the subject, because she was not ready to speak about the thing which would be troublesome more than manners and customs.

"Has he asked you to go to America with him?"

"No, mademoiselle. We have not speak of that."

"But you would go? You would leave your France and your people and go to a strange land?"

"I theenk, mademoiselle, that I would leave the worl' for Monsieur Ware."

"As his wife?"

"As to that, I do not care. If he wish, then ver' well. If he do not wish, then

ver' well also. The marriage—it makes nothing to us. It is only the love. But you, mademoiselle, you make of marriage the necessity."

"I would not marry him—I do not think I would marry him."

"You would love him—as I do?"

"No. No. You misunderstand. Even if I loved him, I do not think I would marry him."

"And why? It is ver' strange. Perhaps it is some American custom."

"Of course I am American. But the reason is yourself."

"Myself! Oh, I do not onderstan'."

"I do not believe I could bring myself to marry him when he has loved you, as he has—when he has—been your lover."

ANDRÉE'S eyes were wide with surprise. "It is ver' strange," she said. "What have I to make weeth it? Suppose one day he do not love me any more, but loves you ver' much. Then you will not marry him because of me? Oh, that ees ver'—how do you say?—ver' silly."

"It is hard to explain. Something inside me rebels against it. I would always think about it. It would seem to me that he was tainted—not clean as a husband should be."

"*Mademoiselle!*" Andrée sat very erect, her lips compressed.

"Don't misunderstand me. Please. I do not mean to offend. I expressed myself clumsily—and yet that was what I meant. It is nothing against you. I have seen you, and I believe I can almost understand you. You are sweet and good—but you are different."

"Much different, mademoiselle, for that if I love, then nothing matters. I give, and I do not ask questions. I theenk not of myself, but of him. It is the truth. I say, can I make him ver' happy? But I do not ask if I am so ver' good that he is not so good as I am."

"I wish I could explain. I can never understand you wholly, and you—I'm afraid you will never be able to understand me at all. We have grown up in different worlds—you here, I in America. Do you know that what you are doing is very bad in America, that a girl who does as you have done is an outcast, that no one will receive her in their homes nor have anything to do with her? People would say you were bad."

"Oh, thees America! It is ver' *sérieux*. Is there not love in America, then?"

"Love is proper only when people marry."

"And in America I would be a bad girl?"

"Yes."

"Because I love ver' much and am *fidèle*?"

"Because you love without marriage."

"And that makes Monsieur Ware bad also—because he love' me?"

"It makes him—yes, people would say he was bad."

"It is a lie. He is not bad, but ver' good and kind. Do I make him bad? Oh, mademoiselle, that is a ver' silly thing. I would only make him good and happy. It is the ver' truth. And because of me he is made bad and you mus' not marry him! Regard me, mademoiselle:

what harm do you theenk he has from me?"

"No harm from you. Oh, I mean it. I—I don't blame him. If I were a man, I think—yes, I'm sure—I should love you as he does. But—"

"But he is bad, and I have made him bad?"

"It isn't you who make him bad."

"Then he is not bad, for there is no other. I am ver' sure. He is *fidèle*."

"You don't understand. It is not you who make him bad, but the thing he is doing. His relations with you. They are bad."

"It is mos' difficult—like some philosophy in a big book. I make him bad, but I do not make him bad; yet he is bad because of me." Her eyes began to flash as she arose in Kendall's defense. "It is not true. What you say is ver' bad and wicked. For he is never bad. As for me, I do not theenk I am bad. No. I do not theenk the *bon Dieu* believes I am bad. You yourself, mademoiselle, have see' me, and speak with me. Do you theenk I am bad?"

"No, dear. I believe you are good. I mean it. From the bottom of my heart, I believe you are good."

"It is well. Then can one take something bad from one who is good? See! To be bad is to offend the good God. Have I offended the good God who smiles when there is a great love? I do not theenk. Have I made Monsieur Ken to offend the good God? I should not be happy as I am if it were so. Have I made him to do a wickedness? Am I a woman of that sort? It is not true. All I have desire' is for him to be good and to be ver' happy. That is not a sin, and it does not make a sin for him. And you would not marry him even though you love him! Mademoiselle, that is not a good love, not such a love as make' the good God to smile. It is a wickedness to love so."

"My dear—"

"No! Let me speak. Suppose thees Monsieur Ware have love' me and marry me—and I am no more. I am dead. Then you would not marry him?"

"That is different altogether. There would be no reason why I shouldn't marry him then."

"But I tell you it is the same. Behol', he loves me so ver' much—and one day he does not love me because the war is done and he mus' go home, and it is not possible for him to carry me weeth him. The thing is ended. It is as if I were dead—as I should desire it to be. The love was the same as if I have marry him. He would then never be weeth me any more. I would be as if I were not. And he would have taken no harm. To say that he would be harmed is to say that to love a man more than any other theenk in the worl' is to harm him—and to say that, mademoiselle, is—is *impie*—to say a theenk which is an insult to God. No—No! You make a wrong. Because he have love', then he is better—not more wicked. I say to you, mademoiselle, that the love like I have for Monsieur Ware makes to keep him from a sin. I know."

Maude's eyes were not dry. She was listening to a thing that rang with truth, and with goodness. She saw what she had never been able to perceive before.

The Charm of Lovely Hair

Nothing so enhances the beauty of every line and feature as soft, beautiful hair. Nothing is easier to possess—responds so wonderfully to care and proper treatment. In the Q-ban preparations you will find the complete answer to all hair toilet needs.

Q-ban Liquid Shampoo and Q-ban Toilet Soap

to refreshingly, thoroughly cleanse the scalp and hair—leaves it soft, fragrant and invigorated.

Q-ban Hair Tonic

to nourish and stimulate its growth, preserve it—keeps the scalp healthy and free from dandruff.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer

to restore the natural, dark youthful color to gray, streaked or faded hair. Absolutely not a dye.

Q-ban Depilatory

Easily applied, non-irritating—odorless—guaranteed not to harm the most delicate skin.

Each Q-ban article is the product of careful study—a compounding of the purest ingredients.

Q-ban

TRADE MARK

for the hair

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap	-	-	\$.25
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo	-	-	.50
Q-ban Hair Tonic	-	-	\$.50—1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer	-	-	.75
Q-ban Depilatory	-	-	.75

For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters

Hessig-Ellis, Chemists
Memphis, Tenn.



Study Your Silhouette!

The shadow picture reveals the secret—our booklet will show you how to get the best results. Comes in every Q-ban package—or gladly sent on request.



Study your silhouette. There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face.





16,000 miles already delivered— and still good for many more

One of our men was in Portsmouth a short time ago and noticed a city water works truck with two 30 x 3½ HOOD tires which looked like veterans. Interested, of course, he asked the driver about them and this is what he learned:

Both tires had stood up under the hardest kind of service for 19 months—running 16,000 miles. In all that time there had been only one puncture and that just a month previously. Both tires were still in good condition.

Now the *first* cost (list price) of a Ford-size HOOD is \$31—but the *real* cost can be found by dividing price by the number of miles actually delivered. Thus far, each of those tires has shown a *real* cost of only \$1.94 for each 1,000 miles run.

No other tire can point to such a record of low cost-per-mile. To illustrate—a certain well-known "standard" tire of the same size (recently adjusted on a basis of 3,500 miles) lists at \$20.85 and may deliver, let us say, 4,500 miles. Figured on a basis of cost-per-mile (the only economical way to figure) this ordinary tire actually costs \$4.63 per 1000 miles.

And for 16,000 miles—at its own cost-per-mile—you would in reality pay \$74.08 for that low-mileage tire. By using HOODS you would save about \$43 per tire per 16,000 miles—to say nothing of your saving in tubes.

Examples such as this prove that nothing but *extra quality and quantity of materials* will put extra mileage (at low cost-per-mile) into a tire. Guarantees have nothing to do with it. In the light of such facts, *how can you afford to be without HOODS?*

Put on a Hood to-day
Forget it for a year



You can buy
HOOD TIRES
at this sign

Ask the Hood
dealer for proof.
And write to us for
free booklet, "The Why
of the Extra Ply." It tells
what you want to know about tires.

HOOD TIRE CO., Inc.
22 Nichols Avenue
WATERTOWN - - MASS.

and it showed her that Kendall Ware could take no harm from Andrée, let their relations be what they might—for Andrée was good with a simplicity and a faith and a purity greater and better than any she had ever known. American as she was, reared upon the traditions of Plymouth Rock which are as unbending as the laws of the Medes and Persians, she perceived the truth, saw that to judge is a power withheld from mortals and jealously guarded by God.

"My dear—my dear!" she said tremulously, "I—can you forgive me? You are right—right. Nobody could be harmed by you. You are sweet, and—and wonderfully good."

Andrée smiled wanly. "So we need speak no more. We have done. There remains but one little thing, mademoiselle. You love thees yong man, and I love thees yong man. He loves me now, and until I am dead, I shall keep him—keep him. I shall make to fight for him as I can. But I am sorry that it must make you sad—if I can keep him. I am ver', ver' sorry. Good-by, mademoiselle; we shall not be friend'—no, that ees not possible; and one of us mus' be ver' sad. I mus' pray that it shall not be myself."

"Good-by," said Maude, extending her hand.

Andrée turned and walked with quaintly stiff tread and daintily erect body, out

of the dining-room. Maude ascended to her room to think, to readjust herself. Her state of confusion was almost as great as Kendall Ware's. She was conscious of her own inadequacy and of her inability to pierce to the true heart of events and see them as they would be seen by a mind at once perfect in logic and perfect in purity. But in spite of prejudices bred into her being from youth, she could not see Andrée as otherwise than *right*, Andrée as untainted by evil.

The conclusion of this remarkable novel of our times will appear in the next, the October, issue of The Red Book Magazine.

THE MAN WITH THREE NAMES

(Continued from page 55)

CHAPTER VII

"and reads Fabre in the original. It might be one of your father's chemists. There is a small army of them out there, and there are all sorts and conditions of men among them."

"I can find out. He was so unusual," said Betty. "He knew who I was."

"And he did not introduce himself?"

"He did not even offer to shake hands when I left him."

Nancy hated lies, and she hated herself for telling this one, when it was not obligatory in the least. She was a little afraid. Later, she would attempt to analyze this perverse impulse, and she vaguely dreaded what the analysis might reveal.

After his interview with Nancy, Catherine went to his mother.

"Play something, before the maid comes in to light up."

"What do you want me to play, sonny?"—in a soft Southern drawl.

"Rachmaninoff's Prelude."

"Then things aren't well with you?"

How easy it had become to read the boy's moods by the kind of music he wanted! It was always indicative. The brave heart of him!

"No, Mother. Things aren't as smooth as they might be. Of course I can keep the paper going. The circulation is climbing; and if I hang on long enough, the advertisers will have to come back. What bothers me at this moment is the other phase of the affair."

"The girl?"—a little stab in his mother's heart.

"Yes. I met her to-day in the fields. I can't quite make her out."

"You still believe you love her?"

"I don't know. I honestly don't know. How can I love her, when I have set out to destroy her father, or at least render him impotent? I can't have her and wreck him too. And I can't honorably let him go. The devil and the deep blue sea! I started something, didn't I? Well, I'll finish it." There was metal in his tone. "Come along and play for me."

She sat down on the bench, but she did not begin the prelude. Instead, she struck the opening bars of Farwell's "Norwegian Song," plaintive rather than melancholy. She could dimly see him, his chin in his palms, staring at a pattern in the rug.

As she played, her thoughts traveled afar to the youth of this singular man-child of hers. She could see him under the great plane-tree, poring over books, odd books for a little boy to read—"Pilgrim's Progress," Pope's "Iliad," "Mort d'Arthur," Jean Froissard. And the curious way he had of translating himself into his favorite heroes and creating magnificent exploits of his own! She had not understood then. Those swift and fiery impulses which had once puzzled her were now all understandable. God had given her one of those strange fledglings men call genius.

"Better?"

"I am always better when I am with you, Mother. Life is an astonishing mess, isn't it? For the innocent as well as for the guilty. I, who have never wittingly harmed anyone or done a mean thing, I must always carry with me the sense of being hunted—the fear of being found out. And I have dragged you into it."

"I had to come, sonny. I am your mother. But never mind. God will untangle the web. I have only one fear—that this Mansfield will stumble upon the truth."

"In that case, a new name and a new faring forth. Ishmael and his mother! I should not care if I stood alone. Over in Italy, who would bother or care? But here it is different. We would be shunned like lepers. I told Doctor Maddox. And he understood."

"You told him?"

"The name only. He did not get the significance at first; but when he did, he came to me. Oh, it is safe enough there. He's the dearest old chap. He gives more than half his time away. I've known him to desert a lucrative patient to administer to the poor for nothing, even buying their medicine for them. I don't know why I told him. I just did, that was all."

"Sonny, I'd be very happy with Nancy as my daughter."

"The substance rather than the mirage. But I don't love her, Mother. I know that. But is the other a mirage? Nancy says not. What a muddle! My new book—I'm afraid I'll have to chuck it. There are too many other things buzzing about in my head. Here comes Mignon. Dinner's ready."

IN the great manor on Polygon Hill, Betty sat curled up on the broad window-seat, watching the receding gold and scarlet of the September sunset—that is, she seemed to be watching it. In reality she was just recovering from a stunning, paralyzing mental blow! The door to the Apocalypse had opened slightly. On her knees lay a crumpled newspaper. She had found it on the floor of the limousine, where some sardonic jester had tossed it.

"My father! They lie, they lie!"

She sprang up, tore the offending sheet into ribbons and rammed them down with her boot into the waste-basket. Then she began to pace the room, rocking her head slightly. She did not know what it meant, but for the first time in her life the Mansfield blood was in the ascendant. Every pulse-beat of it demanded instant reprisal—vengeance. By and by she flung herself upon the bed.

Down below, in the study, a local banker eyed the end of his cigar through half-closed lids. Mansfield, his fingers pyramided watched him expectantly.

"Do you want some unsolicited advice?" asked the banker finally.

"Go ahead with it," said Mansfield, smiling tolerantly.

"Beat him to it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Clean up these grogshops, which you really own. Tear down your rotten fire-traps. Give the reform candidate the city hall to play with for two years. Anticipate the young anarchist. Disarm him."

Mansfield laughed. "You are nearing your second childhood. You ought to know that I am not in the habit of getting scared."

"Well, I am. My vision is clearing up fast. Legally, you are practically unassailable. It is the moral side of it that will break you in the end."

"Break me?"—incredulously.

"Yes. Dunleigh, this war is clearing up a lot of fog. The people are *thinking*. They are finding the true cleavage between right and wrong. I warn you, they are going to do away with this political game as you and I know it. There is a

"Mum"

as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor out of perspiration

All day and evening, "Mum" keeps the clean sweetness of body and clothes that you feel immediately after the bath.

"Mum" gently neutralizes all odors of the body. It is harmless to skin and clothes.

Try "Mum" today.

25 cents at Drug and Department Stores, or by mail from us, postpaid, on receipt of price.

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"Mum" Manufacturing Company

1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia


Why Have Freckles?

The fairer the skin, the more ugly it is when marred by freckles, and they are really unnecessary. As soon as the warm sunshine or the hot winds bring them out, causing the natural embarrassment that every woman feels, get from your druggist a package of Kintho Beauty Cream. This is usually an easy and effective way to remove them, and quickly have a soft, clear, youthful and beautiful complexion, which, of course, should have no freckles.

Use Kintho at the first sign of freckles, applying night and morning, and you should be delighted to see how rapidly these ugly spots begin to disappear. It is also well to use Kintho Soap, as this helps to keep the skin clear and youthful.

Kintho Manufacturing Co.

Ellicott Square Buffalo, N. Y.



WHY DON'T YOU MAKE MONEY? AT HOME

You can earn from \$1 to \$2
an hour in your spare time
writing show cards;
quickly and easily learned
NO CANVASING
we teach you how and
SELL YOUR WORK

WRITE TO DAY FOR
FULL PARTICULARS **AMERICAN SHOW CARD SCHOOL**
200, RYRIE BLDG. YORK ST. TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from page 153)

tremendous agitation going on. If we get into this war,—and it now looks quite likely to me,—there will be millions of soldiers returning some day; and we older chaps will be wise to get our house in order against that day. A tide is rising. Down in the city I feel it. Up here you don't. It would be a good idea to see which way this world is going to roll in order to keep your feet. This fellow Cathewe is no ordinary disturber. I'm beginning to admire him. He knows exactly what he wants. He never wastes a word; and his simplicity has a down-right touch of genius in it. I defy you to find a libel in his editorial comments. That boy goes down among men. He hasn't accused you of doing anything criminal as understood by law. He attacks you from the moral side. Mark me, he'll soon be after your new munitions plant. You are weak there, Dunleigh. A scientific agglomeration of shacks, for high explosives; but water is lacking, in sufficiency anyhow. The temporary hospital you have erected is too near the tanks. An explosion would knock it to flinders. A serious explosion would wreck half the town. Germany isn't going to let that go on without some attempt to put it out of business."

"That hospital was the fool architect's fault. It looked all right in the plans."

"Remedy it."

"At the cost of seven thousand?"

The banker shrugged. "Still, I'd fix the water, if I were you."

"Let the city fire-department advise me."

"They are afraid of you, and you know it. If anything does happen out there,—for lack of water,—it will be criminal negligence; and this fellow Cathewe will hang your hide on his wall. I'm talking plainly to you because I am your friend. And I consider my advice sound. . . .

All right. For the moment we'll drop that, and take up this editor. You wrote me to investigate his financial standing. I have."

"Well, how much has he borrowed to keep his vituperous rag going?"

"Nothing."

"What? You mean he hasn't borrowed on his notes?"

"Not a penny."

"How has he kept going on, then?"

"I'll come to that in a moment. There are but seven stockholders in all. They have promised never to dispose of their interests to you."

"But I don't want the rag. All I need is to have him lose his following."

"And he isn't losing it. The paper's circulation is growing daily, despite the fact that you struck off his local advertising. Something really vital is going on. The poor are beginning to boycott the shops that have withdrawn their advertising at your command. Soon the advertisers will drift back of necessity."

Mansfield frowned.

"Dunleigh, there's a mystery I can't get to the bottom of. There are four banks in Bannister. Being president of one of them and a stockholder in all of them, I am in a position to find out things. This young fellow Cathewe has an account in each bank, and it is evident that he is paying the losses out of his own pocket. Once a month he replenishes these withdrawals."

"Drafts on New York?"

"Cash. Nothing traceable."

"How much is his active account in each bank?" Mansfield could not disguise his growing bewilderment.

"One hundred thousand dollars, cash."

CHAPTER VIII

"NEARLY half a million?" gasped Mansfield with a full feeling in his throat. "Yes. I repeat," continued the banker, "there's a mystery here that's beyond me. Somewhere there is a vast fortune behind this young fellow. Four hundred thousand will keep his paper going without advertisements for ten years. Another queer thing: I don't know about the other banks, but at mine he has two accounts, one general and one special. The general account is never more than two or three thousand. This is added to from time to time by money orders payable to Brandon Cathewe. The special account is never drawn against except to pay the paper's pay-checks and expenses. Not a postage-stamp out of that for his own use. He lives simply. The only servant is a maid who does general housework. His mother is a charming and beautiful woman who plays the piano magnificently. Beyond these facts, a black wall as thick as the Grand Cañon. Dunleigh, better get the rights of the game. Four hundred thousand, behind a newspaper like *The Herald*, has a tremendous power. My advice is to get your political and financial house in order." The banker rose.

"It's in pretty good order as it is, Dawson. I'm an ironmonger by trade. I know how to handle hot irons."

The banker laughed. "The trouble is, you've never been licked. That's the

we'll drop
You wrote
al standing
borrowed to
t borrowed

matter with you. Well, it's my belief that this young David has never been licked, either. And he is acquiring an asset more powerful than money."

"And that is?"

"Public opinion. It's beginning to push up behind him in this odd campaign. Never mind coming to the door. I can find the way."

then?"
ent. There
all. They
ose of their

For a long time Mansfield sat perfectly motionless, but his brain was active enough. Upon analysis, he found that his assurance had received an astounding jolt. Four hundred thousand dollars! The Mansfield millions, then, would have no more force against this newspaper than so many feathers in a wind. For once he was confronted with a situation to which there seemed to be no handle. As Dawson said, it was red-hot. There was no denying it; he might as well face it squarely. In a manner that smacked of miracles, the young fellow had actually become a force in Bannister. Why did he not come forward and demand that he, Mansfield, fulfill his side of that bargain?

ery I can't
re are four
president of
er in all of
out things
as an active
t is evident
out of his
replenishes

He got up and began to walk about the room. The madman had said definitely that he loved Betty. He had come to Bannister to make good in order that he might have the right to pay court to Betty. Mansfield was sportsman enough to admit that the young scoundrel had come through. But by a singular twist of events he had put himself beyond the pale, so far as Dunleigh Mansfield's daughter was concerned. He had, as it were, conducted himself like an untrained hound: taken up one scent and let another lure him away, which, after all, was very satisfying to Betty's father.

account in
not disguise
lars, cash!"

But four hundred thousand dollars! Mansfield tugged at his crisp mustache. That signified caste; and reluctantly he was forced to admit that he had a respectable enemy.

?" gasped
elling in his
ntinued the
here that's
e is a vast
flow. Four

A droll idea entered Mansfield's head. He was not without humor. So he returned to his desk, looked into the telephone-book, and called a number. A woman's voice answered. It was a sweet, drawing voice.

his paper
is for ten
don't know
mine he has
one special
more than
is is asked
oney orders
The special
st except to
nd expenses
that for his

"I wish to speak with Mr. Cathewe."
"He is in his study and cannot be disturbed."

"It is Dunleigh Mansfield who is speaking."

"Just a moment, please."
Three or four minutes passed.

"Hello! This is Mr. Cathewe. What do you wish to see me about?"

"I wish to ask you some questions, frankly. I am curious, among other things, to learn why you hate me."

"I do not hate you. My attitude is absolutely impersonal. In some respects I greatly admire you; in others I look upon you with contempt."

"I do not hate you. My attitude is absolutely impersonal. In some respects I greatly admire you; in others I look upon you with contempt."

MANSFIELD suppressed the wrath that boiled up. "That's blunt enough. What would you say if I expressed the opinion that you had carried out your part of the bargain, and that the hour had arrived for me to carry out mine?"

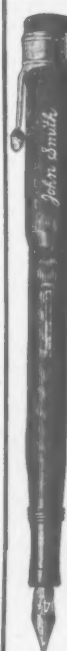
A long pause. "Events have made that impossible. I release you."
"You do not hold me, then?"
"No."

it is, Daw-
trade. I
trouble is
That's the

"I see you are fickle by nature."

Basch Engagement Solitaire Diamond Rings
14K Solid Gold
Money Back Guarantee
Free Examination in City of Express Office or Home
Basch Young Men's Favorite Solitaire Rings
FREE EXAMINATION
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
HOW TO ORDER
L. BASCH & CO.
STATE STREET CHICAGO, ILL.

Send the Coupon for this Money Saving BASCH DeLuxe Diamond Book



Special Fountain Pen Offer
Full size, 5 1/2 inches long. Lever self-filler. Guaranteed non-leakable. Your name engraved in gold FREE. 14-k solid gold pen, iridium tip. We guarantee free repairs for 2 years. Our special factory price to you, only \$1.00. Simply fill a \$1.00 bill to the coupon and send for this great fountain pen value TODAY.

TODAY, more than ever, you should be sure to get the great money-saving 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book before you think of buying a diamond. The coupon brings it to you free. See the truly wonderful bargains which are offered through the great buying power, expert knowledge and foresight of the great House of Basch. In spite of rising prices, in spite of the scarcity of diamonds, Basch still offers a blue white 1/2 carat at \$48.75; 3/4 carat at \$72.00 and many other equally attractive bargains. But you must get our book quickly, while these remarkable offers last. Don't delay. Send the coupon today. Act NOW.

Money Back Guarantee

Basch guarantees in writing to refund full cash price less 10 per cent should you for any reason, wish to return any diamond bought from us within a year. Also offers you full price in exchange for another diamond at any time. Carat weight, quality and value is guaranteed. See that your diamond is Basch guaranteed.

Free Coupon

L. BASCH & CO.
State and Quincy Streets
Dept. B3490 — Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free, without obligation, your 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00. Please send me your guaranteed fountain pen with my name, as printed below, engraved in gold, free.

Free Examination

Basch takes all the risk. Diamonds sent for free examination. You pay nothing until you have examined and proved to yourself that the diamond you ordered is a real bargain. Don't miss this wonderful opportunity. Act now.

Send Coupon now!

The big 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book is truly a guide to the best diamond bargains obtainable as well as rare values in jewelry, watches, etc. Don't consider buying a diamond until you see the money-saving offers of the House of Basch. Send the coupon at once. (Or post card will do.)

L. BASCH & CO. Dept. B3490 State & Quincy Sts., Chicago

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

"No. But I am suspicious you are laying a trap for me."

"Indeed, no. I am merely satisfying a curiosity. I am very happy to learn that you have such good sense of values. Still, I am a good loser. I will introduce you to my daughter."

"Between your daughter and me there is the space of two worlds. I regret that folly on board the ship. Moreover I am a poor man, Mr. Mansfield. I did not know, until I arrived here, that your daughter was one of the richest heiresses in America."

"Poor!"

"Yes. Every dollar I have in this world I earn by honest labor."

"I don't quite get that. I have been duly informed that you have on deposit nearly half a million."

Another pause. "That money does not belong to me, Mr. Mansfield."

Mansfield heard a click, and he knew

that Cathewe had abruptly concluded the remarkable interview. He laid the receiver on the hook, slowly, still retaining it in his grasp. Didn't belong to him! That four hundred thousand, which was constantly being replenished from secret sources, was not Cathewe's! Cathewe would be the last man in the world to lie about it, under the existing circumstances.

Mansfield sank back in his chair, about as completely bewildered as he had ever been in all his life. With furrowed brow he searched all avenues. Particularly one, the only one that seemed logical. Who among his great financial enemies would seek to hector him on the moral side and let his attractive millions be? The question—the absurdity of it—blocked this avenue at once. There remained but one other. Some rich fool of a philanthropist was backing this harebrained Galahad. Dawson was right.

His original deduction began to lose



PALL MALL

Famous Cigarettes

On your Library Table

Plain Ends

He Made \$800 First Two Months

You can
start in
the same
business
for little
money.



C. T. Patterson of Illinois opened 3 American Box Ball alleys and cleaned up \$800.70 in the first two months. Now he operates eight alleys and out of the proceeds has built a beautiful three-story home. Scores of proprietors of American Box Ball Alleys are earning \$100 a week or more from just two alleys. You too, can make big money out of this fascinating game. We make it easy for you to start.

American Box Ball

A 5c game that appeals to everyone, women as well as men. More fun than ordinary bowling. Practically 100% profit. No operating expenses—no helpers, no wages to pay. Pins are reset and balls returned automatically. New automatic electric lighted score board makes a big hit. Be the first in your locality with Box Ball Alleys. Very little cash needed. Pay as the Alleys earn.

Write Box Ball has come to start! See for yourself the money that others are making. Write us for the amazing facts and full description of the equipment and particulars of our easy payment plan. Write today. A postcard will do. No obligation.

American Box Ball Co.
204 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Diamonds Pay as You Like 10 Months Time

Your
Credit
is
Good

It makes no difference how much or little you are worth; if you are honest and prompt in meeting your obligations you can buy any of the wondrously beautiful Diamonds, Watches or Jewelry listed in the Royal Catalog, and pay for them in monthly or weekly amounts as suits your convenience.

WE WANT YOUR CUSTOM

You will have every advantage of the charge customers who buy right in the Royal store; a wonderful selection, rock bottom prices and a liberal discount if you prefer to buy for cash.

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

You take no risk whatever. Every article is guaranteed in writing and shipped prepaid, to be accepted ONLY if you like it after a thorough examination.

Enjoy the Prestige of Owning a Handsome Diamond Nothing succeeds like success; if you are getting on in the world let people know it. Possession of a beautiful, sparkling Royal gem is a hall-mark of prosperity everywhere, and the gift of one a sure road to any heart. "If it's a ROYAL it's a GEM."

The Royal Catalog

Is like a walk through wonderland—the highest class Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, all perfectly illustrated from photographs and priced at the lowest figures in the world for genuine, high quality goods. Read the details of how easily you can open a regular charge account.

Send for catalog today—IT'S FREE. Ask for Edition 13.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ESTABLISHED 1895
35 Maiden Lane - New York

its proportions, began to break and vanish like mist in the sunshine. No son of a fallen enemy would have such backing as this rogue Cathewe had. A form of confusion began to edge into his mind. And thereafter the thought of Cathewe always reawoke it, jumbling perspectives. The point is, Mansfield missed the truth because he did not believe there existed in the world a purely disinterested man.

He then wrote two letters. The first was local. It was to the chief of police. It demanded as quickly as possible a good photograph of Brandon Cathewe. It did not matter how it was obtained. The second letter was directed to a celebrated detective agency in New York. The best man they had was wanted immediately.

"Dinner is served, sir," announced the butler from the doorway.

"Is Miss Betty down?"

"She begs to be excused, sir."

"Is she ill?"

"I don't know, sir. I knocked on her door, and she told me she would not be down."

"Hold the dinner until I see."

"Very good, sir."

Mansfield ran upstairs and rapped on the door of his daughter's boudoir.

"It is Father, Betty. Are you ill?"

"No, Daddy—just tired and headachy."

"May I come in?"

He heard the key turn in the lock, and he pushed in the door. He saw instantly that she had been crying.

"Why, honey, what's happened?"

"I'm ashamed! I've been in a horrible rage," she confessed.

He laid his hands on her shoulders.

"And what have you been raging about?" He drew her toward him.

"I—I saw that article in *The Herald*. Some one threw it into the limousine. It made me wild. After you have done so much for Bannister!"

A warm glow pervaded his heart. He had never sensed a tingle before comparable to this. His girl was furious because he had been attacked!

"You mustn't waste any tears on that twaddle, Betty. It's just politics. It's all a part of the game."

"But I want you to fight back. What would Bannister do without you? Your genius has made it rich and prosperous. It isn't fair to lie like that, even in politics."

MANSFIELD was a political boss of the old order, invisible. Originally he had entered the game simply to protect his vast interests from political blackmail. Then the thing got into his blood. He suddenly found himself invested with tremendous power. He had always been fond of chess; now he played it with men, like the Indian princes of Agra. He cared nothing for office himself. That wasn't the game. The thrill lay in the power to pull the wires, to make the manikins dance to whatever tune he chose to whistle.

The present arraignment related to the inefficiency of the local fire-department, where he kept three or four of his faithful but now useless henchmen. It was his way of pensioning off the loyal. Cathewe had accused him of placing the public in peril in order to pay his political

and vanish
o son of a
backing as
orm of con-
mind. And
athewel al
perspectives.
d the truth
ere existed
ested man.
The first
f of police
possible a
Cathewe
s obtained
to a cele-
New York
wanted im-
ounced the
r."
ked on her
uld not be
e."
rapped on
ador.
ou ill?"
headachy."
e lock, and
w instantly
ed?"
a horrible
shoulders
ing about?"
he Herald
limousine
have done
heart. He
fore com-
as furious
rs on that
itics. It's
ck. What
ou? Your
prosperous
en in pol-
al boss of
Originally
to protect
blackmail.
lood. He
d with tre-
ways been
with men,
agra. He
elf. That
lay in the
make the
he chose
ated to the
department.
his faith-
a. It was
the loyal
placing the
his political

debts. Ordinarily Mansfield would have ignored the assault.

"Why should you care?"
"Because—" She snuggled against his shoulder. "It's because you are all I have, Daddy, and I love you."

Mansfield stared over the bronze head. What entered his heart now was not a warm glow. It had the chill and edge of his own crucible steel. There surged over him a great baffling longing to be alone, a longing beyond the reach of his comprehension. Something had happened—he did not know what it was—and he felt that he must be alone to attack the riddle successfully.

"Come along to dinner, honey. It's only politics. I've been through it before. There's no use bothering your pretty head about it. You haven't got the hang of things in America yet. A man in my position cannot strike back publicly. The only way you can break an editor is to buy his sheet and turn him adrift."

This statement followed Betty into her dreams that night.

"The fellow would like nothing better than to have me enter a game of jousts with him, and I refuse him that satisfaction. Printer's ink is the blackest. You can't rub it out any more than you can rub out a thought, an idea. Don't you worry. Your father knows how to take care of himself in sports of this caliber. Come along to dinner. I've got a surprise for you. I'm sending for your aunt—your mother's sister. You ought not to be the only woman in this big house. Your aunt is a charming woman. And there is one thing, little lady, I want you always to remember. Your mother's fortune makes you rich in your own right. Do as you please with it. And when the day comes you find a man of your fancy, marry him. I'll trust you to pick out one worth while."

He laughed, tucked her arm under his and led her to the stairs.

Around about ten that night you would have found Betty on the floor before her boudoir fire, reading her letters. Somehow they always soothed her when she was troubled. She was passionately fond of the beautiful. To-night, however, a singular break appeared frequently. She would read so far into a letter, and then a picture would drift in between: blue sky, blue water, the vague scent of clover, and an odd young man bending over flat stones.

Here, on her knees, were the thoughts of the perfect lover. And he had vanished. Who was he, and what was he, and where was he? Why should he have striven to capture her interest, only to end the romance abruptly? Oh, she knew he was alive. Had he been in danger, he would have forwarned her. Had he been killed in France, she would have had his last letter. Why should he hurt her? She wanted to throw the letters into the fire. It was impossible. She knew that she would have regretted the act throughout her life. But to find some way out of the thralldom!

At length she tied up the letters and rose. To-morrow she would tour the offices to see if that strange young man was employed there.

She put the letters in a Florentine box, which she restored to a drawer. She



Train for a Big Traffic Job

All great business organizations—need, must have men who know how to handle the intricate problems of transportation. The employment of an expert means the saving of thousands of dollars, the facilitation of freight movements, the equitable adjustment of claims, and often the salvation of profits. The man who can handle the interstate commerce of a business therefore commands an expert's salary. He has practically no competition because, where there is one capable man, there are scores of organizations which need this service. Over 500,000 concerns are directly affected by the laws and decisions governing the shipment of merchandise. Railroads need more men with broad knowledge of transportation problems. Municipalities need them. The Interstate Commerce Commission needs them. The demand for trained men is constantly growing. This is one uncrowded profession which is attracting ambitious men.

Learn from Experts

If you are dissatisfied with your present position or if you now know something about traffic but want to add to your knowledge, enroll in the course in Interstate Commerce, given by LaSalle Extension University. You will train under a staff of practical experts—men who have occupied or are now occupying responsible positions with leading railroads or shippers. You can profit by their experience.

Every point will be made clear to you about Freight Rates, Classifications, Tariffs, Bills of Lading, Routing, Claims, Organization, Regulation and Management, Laws of Carriers, and Interstate Commerce Rules, R. R. Accounting, Statistics, etc. You will be under the direct supervision of these able traffic men who will answer your questions, give you suggestions and show you how to make your services more valuable in business—which means rapid promotion.

Learn by Mail

All this instruction is given to you in your own home. You can study in your spare time. Hold your present position while acquiring knowledge that will lead to a larger income. Make yourself master of this new profession. At least write and get the particulars in detail. You incur no obligation by doing this. The coupon below will bring full information about the course.

Small Tuition—Easy Terms

No matter how small your salary may be, you can afford this LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce—you can be trained by these experts in traffic without feeling the cost. The tuition is so low and the monthly payments are so small that they will place no appreciable tax upon your income. Write for information and get our free books now. The coupon will bring them.

Students Say—

"Raised me from freight checker to General Freight Agent." "Was clerk, now Traffic Manager." "Appointed Traffic Manager of City of Pawtucket." "Fifty per cent increase in salary." "Promoted from assistant to Traffic Manager." "Have profited fully 100% from this course."

Let us send you our free book on Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management, also our valuable book "Ten Years' Promotion in One". We also send all particulars about the Course and the Consulting Service, the cost, the terms, etc. This is your opportunity to enter a profession which is becoming more and more important. Write now.

WRITE

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

"The World's Greatest Extension University"

Dept. 966-IC Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your books and full information on your Course and Consulting Service in Interstate Commerce and Railway Traffic. Also a copy of your valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." This without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

Present position.....



\$ALARY EASILY DOUBLED

STENOGRAPHERS!

Typewrite the New Way—80 to 100 words per minute guaranteed. Earn \$25 to \$40 weekly. Totally new system. Gives speed and accuracy. Learn at home.

If you want more money in your Pay Envelope write for book explaining the system. Tells how hundreds of NEW WAY graduates increased their salaries \$300, \$500, \$1000 yearly. SEND POSTAL TO-DAY for FREE COPY.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL
1729 College Hill, Springfield, O.

THE NEW WAY
IN TYPEWRITING

LET LAW HELP YOU SUCCEED

Over 50 per cent of Law graduates never practice Law because they are quickly grabbed up by big industrial organizations. What more important man is there in any organization than the law-trained man—the man who is continually called on to guide, counsel and safeguard his employer? Is it surprising that they quickly win promotion—that they succeed where others just plod along?

Read Law at Home There is nothing to stop Law training that will help you forge ahead if you will spend a part of your spare time reading the American School home study course. Both the Complete and Business Law courses are fully described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

American School of Correspondence, Dept. L816, Chicago



YOU cannot know the satisfaction of being comfortably dressed until you put on Presidents. A weight, web, width and length for either dress, business or rough wear. Some in fine mercerized lisle and silk-faced webbing. All with solid-brass trimmings warranted not to stain or rust. Demand the buckle-marked "President." Only such are guaranteed **ALL RIGHT ALL WAYS—or money back.** All dealers.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER CO. SHIRLEY, MASS.

President Suspenders

BE A CPA
ACCOUNTANCY
THE HIGHEST PAID PROFESSION
 Cost Accountants—CPAs—Comptrollers
 earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 and direct
 big business. **WE TEACH YOU** by home
 study in a few months. Fees small—terms
 easy—money back guaranty protects you
 Write for **FREE BOOK** International Accountants Society
 Dept. 117 2828, S. Michigan Ave., Chicago



If you travel

- once in a while or frequently
- on short trips or long tours
- for business or pleasure

you cannot afford not to insure

Baggage and personal effects

Just figure out the value of your belongings, clothing, etc. Think of its chances of loss from fire, theft, pilferage, etc., while it is in transit, in hotels, club houses, and everywhere outside of your home! A **NORTH AMERICA** policy gives liberal protection and

costs but a few dollars a year

You insure your effects while in your home where they are under your watchful care—why not when you travel and they are subject to hazards beyond your control?

Write today for specimen policy or consult any North America agent. Special policy issued covering Salesmen's samples.

Insurance Company of
NORTH AMERICA
PHILADELPHIA

Agents Everywhere

Assets over \$30,000,000

(Continued from page 157)

was about to close this, when her eye was attracted by a slip of paper. She drew it out, returned to the fire and inspected it. It was a typewritten list of the bonds and stocks and accumulated funds of which her private fortune consisted. Away down toward the end she came upon something which she had not noticed previously. "Fifty shares *The Bannister Morning Herald*."

"The only way you can break an editor," she murmured, "is to buy his sheet and turn him adrift."

Thereupon a great and glorious idea popped into her head.

CHAPTER IX

MANSFIELD could not read. "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" palled. One of his favorite books, and he could not get interested in it because mistily a bronze head seemed to come into focus whenever his eye happened to stray from the printed page. Furious on his account! The novelty of having some one sentimentally interested in him, some one who cared, who could be hurt to the point of tears by a little watery mud-slinging such as this fellow Cathewe had indulged in!

He tossed the volume upon the table and got up. He lighted a cigar; then he went into the hall for his hat and topcoat. He left the house through the conservatory door.

It was moonlight, and a stroll about the gardens might settle this unusual mental

turmoil. He saw the light in Betty's room, and he paused to stare up at it. His! His daughter, as different from the run of girls as gold is different from brass. He had sent her away so as not to be bothered by a growing child. As he looked back, he realized that he had never speculated about her future. Financially it was impregnable, of course; and as a consequence of this knowledge he had never been concerned with any other. He had never made any plans for her final home-coming. Furious on his account, because she loved him!

He passed along the aisles of rose-bushes. There were still some flowers in bloom. He bent over two or three of them, for he was fond of roses. This garden had been one of his hobbies for years. It was the one place in all the world where his hands came into contact with Mother Earth. He had always made it a point to be here in June.

"By George!" he exclaimed.

He pushed through the bushes to the next row, where there was a magnificent pink Arends. He cut it with his pen-knife and drew it through his buttonhole. He threw away his half-consumed cigar. One could always find tobacco, but a rose like this came but once or twice in the life of a bush. He bent his head to scent the cool, fresh perfume. Then he glanced again at Betty's window. It was dark.

Suddenly Mansfield raised his chin and sniffed. Pipe-tobacco, and good tobacco too! Swiftly his glance roved. Evidently he was not alone in the gardens. After diligent scrutiny, he observed a shadow on the far side of a hedge. One of the gardeners? No, they all smoked abominable weed.

"Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

The shadow began to move. Mansfield, being in vigorous health and sound of wind, ran along the path. The interloper started for the driveway. Presently he too broke into a run. As they passed the house, Mansfield saw that he was gaining. But the uninvited guest lengthened his stride as he neared the street. He dashed out of the grounds and turned toward town. Mansfield made a short-cut, and arrived at the sidewalk as the other ran across the street diagonally. This maneuver set his face under the full glare of the lamp.

Mansfield stopped. Cathewe, prowling around in the gardens? Thunderstruck, he leaned against a maple and tried to moderate his breathing. Cathewe! The fool, then, was really in love with Betty! He could give up the woman he loved, for the sake of an ideal—an ideal which, if pursued unflinchingly, might break her father. Very good! He would give this meddling fool a handful.

FIRST of all, he must solve the riddle of the fellow's resources. There was something sinister behind that four hundred thousand—a hidden menace. For no one knew better than he what money could do. Four hundred thousand that stayed four hundred thousand, no matter how much it was drawn against. Why this mystery? Why did Cathewe deny that it was his, since he had absolute control of it?

Another thing. He was young and

in Betty's
re up at a
different from
different from
y so as not
g child. As
that he had
ture. Finn
course; and
knowledge le
h any other
ans for her
on his ac-
es of man-
ome flower
or three of
roses. This
hobbies for
e in all the
into contact
always made
i.
ishes to the
magnificent
th his pen-
buttonhole
umed cigarette,
cco, but a
or twice in
his head to
t. Then he
ow. It was
his chin and
ood tobacco
Evidently
lens. After
a shadow
One of the
ked abomi-
ed sharply.
ve. Mans-
and sound
The inter-
Presently
they passed
at he was
best length-
the street,
and turned
le a short-
walk as the
diagonally.
der the full
e, prowling
understruck
nd tried to
ewe! The
with Betty!
he loved,
deal which
break her
d give this

handsome. Why did he ignore the life of the town, the clubs? He could not possibly be unused to that side of life. Mansfield recalled plainly his polished address that morning on shipboard. There should be a mighty good cause for his isolation. He went to the Maddox house a good deal, and perhaps the Doctor would be able to lift a corner of the curtain. At any rate, there could be no harm in setting a trap for Maddox.

Deliberately he filled a cut-glass vase and set the rose in it. A glorious flower, pink as a sleeping infant's cheek. His thoughts traveled back; but he could not remember Betty in her cradle. Odd, that he should try to recall Betty in her cradle.

From this thought his recollection jumped consistently to another. The girl's mother! He touched the rose with his finger-tips, and then pulled at his chin. In all these years he had not visited that grave. He had argued with his conscience that he hated depressing thoughts, but to-night the truth came home. It had been too much trouble. His years had been so crowded with action and affairs that this shameful neglect had never before revealed itself. He was fifty-three now; he was slowing up; he was beginning to notice the little backwaters, whereas previously he had been cognizant only of the central current.

He had missed something. No; it wasn't romance. He had had his fill of that in steel. He knew what he had missed. It was the thing that had lured that fellow Cathewe to come prowling into the gardens, merely to stand under Betty's window—love.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. His attitude would have recalled to you that drawing of Doré's—of the man who had in greediness killed the goose with the golden eggs.

Love! The thing that had transformed the gentle Betty into a lioness because he had been attacked, that had set Cathewe down in this strange bustling city, confident of miracles; that had welded together the Maddoxes, father and mother and daughter. Even Sandy, the Airedale, knew what it was. And as he thought of Sandy, it struck Mansfield as odd that the dog had not barked and made Cathewe's presence known, for Sandy was no lapdog.

Slowly he rose, picked up the vase, tiptoed into the hall and set the vase before Betty's door. He was smiling when he came back, smiling because he had just discovered that there was tucked away in a far corner of his heart a spark of emotionalism, a thing he had all his life scorned as weakness.

NEXT morning Betty came into the breakfast-room with a joyous rush. She was as pleasing to the eye as a summer cloud—in filmy white, a pink bou-doir cap on her head, and the rose pinned to her bodice.

"Daddy Mansfield, did you put this rose by my door?"

"I found it in the garden last night," he said, opening his newspaper.

"But why did you give it to me that way?"

What had happened to his brain, he wondered. He could not answer her

The new idea in business management

"Specialization—in its old and narrow sense—is no longer the key to really big success in business. Specialization has taken on a broader meaning to the new type of successful business executive."

THERE was a time when men considered their training for a business career complete when they had mastered the specialized knowledge their work required. With the details, the trade and technical facts at their finger-tips they rested on their oars.

Leading business thinkers today say the age of narrow specialization is past. By this they mean it is past for the man who seeks to be a really big success in business—the man who wants to keep on going to the top.

What Business Demands

Of all the knowledge that is compiled in the experience of man, there is one body of knowledge business today is demanding more than any other, and that is law.

"What the pilot is to the ship," says Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor, "the trained combination of a legal and business mind is to the big industrial organization seeking to make the safe harbor of peace and profits. . . . For the young man studying law there open up new and interesting possibilities."

And what is true of big business is true of small. While we find Babst heading the American Sugar Refining Company, Hines the railroads, and Gary the U. S. Steel Corporation—all law-trained men—we find hundreds of smaller businesses being led to unusual success by men who know the law.

Business Fundamentals

The big fundamental of your job, of every business job, is law. Its principles underlie every commercial transaction. No man can ignore law and form sound business judgment. No matter what your position, whether you are at the bottom of the ladder or well toward the top, you need a knowledge of law if you would become bigger and more successful. It will give you a command of the fundamentals of successful business practice that you can get in no other way.

Law—the profession of great opportunity

As a lawyer, according to income tax figures, you will have

twice the chance of the manufacturer to get into the money-making class—nearly three times the chance of the insurance man and the physician—over four times the chance of the real estate man, the commercial traveler and the retail merchant—forty times the chance of the teacher and professor—and eighty times the chance of the farmer.

You can learn law easily

Today—through the Modern American Law Course and Service—you can learn law at home in your spare time, easily and quickly, like 40,000 subscribers are doing.

The Modern American Law Course and Service of the Blackstone Institute has been scientifically prepared in a simple, easy-to-understand manner by eighty of the leading legal and business authorities of America. Among these men who have put the results of their business and legal experience before you are Ex-President Taft, Chief Justice John B. Winslow of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, George E. Sutherland, former President of the American Bar Association, J. Herbert Quick of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau. The Course is endorsed and recommended by leading law and commerce schools, practicing attorneys and Supreme Court Justices as the foremost non-resident law course in the country.

FREE BOOK

"The Law-Trained Man"

It will cost you nothing to make an investigation of this Course. Our 118-page book—"The Law-Trained Man"—will be sent you at once, free upon request. The book contains practical legal information for you taken from experiences of successful men. It will also tell you how hundreds of others have won promotion, increased income and big success through home reading of law. Send the coupon below for your free copy today.

Send "The Law-Trained Man," 118-page book—FREE

Name
Business Position
Business Address
City State

Check with X For Business [] Adm. to Bar []

Blackstone Institute

Organized to meet the demand for law-trained men
Dept. 76, 608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill



ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(LAXATIVE COMPOUND)

**"No, POLLY—
One glass is enough!"**
(Sketched from life)

It is a fact that children, as well as grown-up people, like the taste and fizz, of Eno's so well that *there is often a temptation to take a second glass!*

For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness and "the blues" (in fact for *any* congestion) Eno's is safe, harmless, effective and refreshing.

A Very Agreeable Aperient
All Druggists \$1.00 a bottle

Prepared only by

J.C. ENO, Ltd., London, E.C. Eng.

Agents for the Continent of America:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc.
New York, U.S.A. Toronto, Canada



**Clear Your Skin
While You Sleep
with Cuticura**

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25.
Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

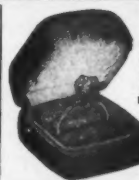
**For Hair
Not Wanted**

Delatone is not like some "ready-to-use" hair removers on the market in that it is so chemically compounded that it is always "full strength" when made up by the user just at the time of applying.

That is why Delatone has stood the test of ten years of constant use by hundreds of thousands of satisfied women recognizing its merit as a quick, safe and sure remover of hairy growths from the under-arms, face or neck. After application the skin is left clear, firm and hairless.

If not at your dealer's he can get it for you or a jar will be sent you prepaid upon receipt of \$1 by

The Sheffield Pharmaceutical Co.
Dept. KX, 339 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



**FREE DIAMOND
RING OFFER**

Just to advertise (famous Hawaiian) diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold r. ring, set with a 1/2 Hawaiian diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.35 C. O. D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

**KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 17
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO**

**FIBRE LEGS
ARMS**

4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—GOVERNMENT TESTED
Orthopedic braces for all deformities.
MINNEAPOLIS ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO., 667 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

BECOME A

LAWYER



Study At Home. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever. Be a leader. Lawyers earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually. We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. We prepare you for bar examination in any state. Money refunded according to our Guarantee Bond if dissatisfied. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. Fourteen-volume Law Library free if you enroll now. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Reference" books free. Send for them—NOW.
LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 944-L CHICAGO, ILL.

directly. "I thought perhaps you had gone to bed. There won't be many more this year. Wait until next June. I know it's hopeless to try to compete with Southern France and Italy; but you'll admit that there are some roses in your garden."

She walked over to him and stopped. "You may kiss me for that. . . . No, no!"—as his mustache brushed her forehead. "I didn't say tickle me; I said kiss me!"

He took her head between his palms and kissed both her cheeks soundly. She ran back to her chair and began to yell French at him. He stumbled about considerably in his endeavor to follow. Finally he laughed.

"You're too much for me. My French is motortruck style."

"Daddy, I want to go back to France."

"France—back to the terror?"

"I'm not afraid. I'm a good nurse. I've had good training in Washington. When I look about me,—luxury everywhere,—I feel like a criminal. My friends, Daddy, that were so gay and handsome—and some of them are dead. To do something with my hands for the land that was so kind to me."

"But I need you, honey!" he cried, and as the words passed his lips, the mirror lay revealed. That was it; he needed her. The mystification of the recent hours was no more. He needed her. The thought of her leaving him had torn away and shredded into nothingness the last bits of fog. He needed her. Subtly she had entered into his life and become an integral part of it. All the awkwardness of the situation vanished.

"Why do you need me, Daddy?"—in a kind of terrified whisper.

"Because I love you. Because I've only just found it out. I've been a bad father, Betty; but God knows I want to prove to you that I can be something else!"

Five minutes later, when the butler came to see if anything more was wanted, he paused at the threshold for a space, and silently returned the way he had come. It was not for him to disturb that picture in the bright morning sunshine—those two with their arms wound tightly about each other.

CHAPTER X

CATHEWE'S newspaper, for all that it was losing money daily, was a success. Its editorial opinions began to be copied far and wide across the land. He thought and wrote clearly upon all subjects. He possessed that fortunate gift of irony that made even his victims smile. In fact, he woke up Bannister; and the whole town was watching his affair. For a long time the poor fought shy of him; but by and by they comprehended that an honest man, who wanted nothing for himself, was offering to aid them; and in his dire need they flocked to his standard. The middle class and the intellectuals were also behind him. He was fighting for the redemption of the city, to free it from the greedy clutches of the political vultures.

His editorials were full of punch and prophecy. Sooner or later America would be in. Americans should prepare

ps you had
many man
ame. I know
with South
you'll adm
your garden
and stopped
t.
ed her from
me; I said
en his pain
sounded. She
gan to volun
d about one
follow. He

He had gathered about him the best
staff in the city, best equipped mentally
and best paid. After eight at night he
was generally to be found in his office.
His door was always open, for he was
democratic. He was easily approached,
whether it was the new cub or the star
reporter. It was a happy family of which
he was the head.

But he was losing money. He had
heard tales about Moloch, and now he
understood. Each additional boost to his
circulation made a corresponding loss.
Without the local advertisements, this
ascending popularity was becoming more
and more costly. And any day his stock-
holders might sell out. This would nullify
his control, but it might add infinite con-
fusion, internal warfare. Still that mys-
terious reluctance, to buy them up. No
matter from what angle he attacked this
reluctance, it eluded analysis. And all
his mother had in the world in jeopardy,
too!

So far, he had won two big battles.
He had made the health department an
efficient organization, and he had blocked
a deal by the local traction-company
(Mansfield's) to charge a six-cent fare.
And he had made the last election of
Mansfield's Congressional candidate ex-
tremely difficult. He had also made him-
self solid with the public on another count.
He had repeatedly declined to run for
any office whatsoever. It is a curious
commentary on American politics that
when a man declines to run for office, he
is at once written down as unimpeachably
honest.

At noon one day in October he came
down for breakfast, a frown between
his eyes.

"What is it, sonny?" asked his mother,
anxiously.

"What is what?"

"The meaning of that frown."

"Oh! Well, I had a curious experience
at the office last night. I heard an ahem
and looked up. Bang went a flash-
light; and before I could recover from
my astonishment, the photographer had
vanished. Took a picture of me—stole
it. And I can't make head nor tail of it.
It certainly couldn't have been done as a
joke."

She laid her hand on his head. "Sup-
posing—"

But he interrupted. "I thought of that.
To identify me. But I was Cathewe those
two years in New York. No matter!
I'm here to stick, Mother. I have found
a rich furrow, and I've planted a hea-
thy seed. This is going to be the home town.
But I must get that new book done. Our
funds are getting low."

"I can always teach music."

"Never again that, Mother. You're
never going to touch the piano again ex-
cept for your own pleasure. You are on the
retired list. I'll finish my breakfast and
tackle the book again. I've had an offer
of forty-five hundred for the serial rights,
and I've an idea that this yarn will make



*"A Pillow
for the
Body"*

*Stand Guardian
at the Door
of Thought*

Fear is the chief
destroyer of sleep.
Anger, envy, worry,
are its subtle forms.
Banish the 'Fear'-ful
thoughts from your
mind when you re-
tire. Eradicate their
baneful effects upon
the body—
if you would sleep.

THE good things of life are yours;
an optimistic, kindly trend of
thought attracts them to you.

Exercise your right to the possession
and comfort of the Sanitary Tuftless
Sealy, jointly with your right to a harmo-
nious state of mind and you will realize
the full measure of sleep's up-building
process.

Nature has supplied the needs of the human
body and given each its rightful place. She
has given us cotton. This material, perhaps
more than any other, is identified with sani-
tary usage. Inherently it is clean, light, fluffy,
soft to the touch, caressing in contact. By
reason of these attributes it is specifically the
material for a body rest.

The Sanitary Tuftless Sealy is made exclusively of
long fibre, prize cotton, inseparably interwoven into a
single batt, five feet high, then pressed down, inserted
into the ticking and released to the prescribed generous
depth and buoyant softness of the mattress. This con-
struction insures permanent comfort—life time service.
The Sealy never needs remaking.

An interesting booklet on sleep, some charming covering
samples and the name of a Sealy dealer are yours for the asking.

SEALY MATTRESS CO.
Sugar Land, Texas

a good movie. Seven chapters out of
twenty done, which is a fair start. I've
got it all outlined. It's merely lack of
application. They are dramatizing 'Pro-
saic Lives,' but you never can tell what a
play will do. If it fails, I sha'n't lose any-
thing. If it goes, our financial worries
will be over."

"What an odd boy you are, sonny!"

"How am I odd?"

"You might have put your conscience
to sleep and have lived on the fat of the
land."

"Would you love me as you do if I
had?"

"No, sonny." And she kissed him.

Shortly afterward Cathewe entered his

study and closed the door. She saw no
more of him until four, when he signified
that he was off for a walk through the
hills.

He had not been gone more than twenty
minutes when Nancy's smart runabout
stopped at the curb. Two or three times
a week she carried Mrs. Cathewe off for
a ride in the country.

At the same hour to-day her father's
clattering chariot of mercy rolled under
the Mansfield porte-cochère. But more of
that anon.

Mrs. Cathewe had to change, and so
for a few moments Nancy was left to her
own devices. She saw the study door wide
open; and impelled by a curiosity she

Send No Money

Do not miss this offer to see this splendid Orient Pearl Necklace. Send only the coupon—no money—and we will ship it on approval. This offer made because you can't get a fair idea of the beauty of these pearls by any description. We want you to actually examine them, try them on and see how closely their rich luster and superb color resemble the beautiful effects you find in the genuine deep sea pearls. You will be amazed at the similarity. And yet while the deep sea pearls cost up to thousands of dollars, you can have this splendid Orient Pearl Necklace at a merely nominal price. Read our liberal offer below.

Orient Pearls from Baird-North

The necklace is 16 inches long, and the pearls are graduated in size to give the most artistic effect. Fastened by a Genuine Cut Diamond Clasp of unique design and enclosed in a handsome plush case with white satin and velvet lining. The necklace comes to you direct from the "World's Largest Mail Order Jewelry House" absolutely subject to your approval. We send it simply on your request. Pay nothing until it arrives—then only \$3.85. If not the most wonderful value you have ever seen, send it back and we will return your money. No risk at all to you, and you have the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing this beautiful necklace. Even if you do not keep it, it will give you an idea of the exceptional values we offer in other jewelry. Sign and mail the coupon now—send no money.

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
Dept. 203
Providence, R.I.

Send the 16 inch Orient Pearl Necklace with Genuine Cut Diamond Clasp, in white satin and velvet lined plush case. On arrival I will pay \$3.85, but if not satisfied I will return it and you will refund my money.

Send for Jewelry BOOK FREE

If you don't order the necklace send for our 200 page catalog showing exclusive designs in jewelry, leather goods, silverware, watches, engraved stationery, toilet goods, fine cutlery, handbags, etc. This catalog sent with the necklace if you order. Otherwise just send post card and we will send you this Jewelry Book FREE.

BAIRD-NORTH CO.
Dept. 203
Providence, R.I.

Name.....

Address.....

LANGUAGES QUICKLY LEARNED

ON ALL PHONOGRAPHS
Like learning a tune—and as easy. "Our Disc Records repeat the correct accent and pronunciation until you know it. Family and friends enjoy language study by the LANGUAGE - PHONE METHOD and Rosenthal's Practical Linguist. The war has created unlimited opportunity. Prepare now to better your position, or increase your business. Brush up on the language you speak at school. Write for Booklet and Free Trial Offer. THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD 928 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

"Hello Huck!"

Recall that golden day when you first read "Huck Finn." How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing. To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN Last Chance at a Low Price

Mark Twain wanted every one in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that every one might own it. So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price. Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at a low price. New editions will cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. But now the price must go up. You must act at once. If you want a set at a popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

The last of the edition is in sight. There will never again be a set of Mark Twain at the present price.

HARPER & BROTHERS Est. 1817 Franklin Sq., N. Y.
Cut Out This Coupon and Mail It Today

HARPER & BROTHERS, 17 Franklin Square, New York
Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, and trimmed with gold. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense, within 5 days. Otherwise I will send you \$2 within 5 days and \$2 a month for 13 months.
Send for our Special Canadian Offer

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....



(Continued from page 161)

could not define, she stepped across the threshold. In a house that was a miracle for orderliness, this study afforded her a shock. Books scattered over the floor, the air filled with the strong scent of tobacco, a desk littered with paper, a spindle fat with notes, a wicker basket filled to the brim with closely written sheets, a waste-basket choked with crumpled discarded sheets.

She approached the desk on tiptoe, as if afraid she might disturb the spirit which ruled over this room. Three pipes lay on an ash-tray. Pencils everywhere, sharp and blunt. The one thing that had a touch of orderliness was the stack of blank paper arranged before the empty chair. She could see that something had been written on the top sheet, and she bent to see what it was. A name, repeated many times! How often she had wasted paper in this fashion! The hand wrote, while the thought was roving far.

George Cottar, George Cottar, repeated perhaps a dozen times.

"George Cottar!" She spoke the name aloud. A pile of manuscript, and the name George Cottar! The illumination left her temporarily blinded. The *Brushwood Boy*—George Cottar—Brandon Cathewe! Without meaning to, she had stumbled upon a tremendous secret. Why, Brand was the novelist, and hiding his light under the bushel like this! What did that signify? Why didn't he wear his crown, his laurels, openly?

Impulsively—at that moment bereft of the sense of trespass—she reached down into the waste-basket and picked up one of the crumpled sheets and smoothed it out. A rejected sheet; he would never miss it. So she folded it and put it in a pocket.

But once in the living-room the enormity of her trespass came full upon her. She had been guilty of a shameful act. She must return that stolen sheet. It did not matter that he had rejected it; she had no right to it. Still, she hesitated—and was lost. Mrs. Cathewe came ready for the ride.

CHAPTER XI

MANSFIELD had an odd experience—for him—that afternoon. A representative of the local merchants had called to ask him to release them from their promise regarding the boycott of *The Herald*.

The representative sat on the extreme edge of his chair and twirled his derby as he talked. He was distinctly at ease not particularly over the character of his office: he saw into the future, himself broken and ruined for having dared beard this colossus in his den.

Mansfield's handsome face, however, offered no indication of the chagrin that was consuming him. Here was real defeat, a sinister one; and stormy words and reproaches would not serve to turn back the tide. He saw the grim walls of his fortress disintegrate before his eyes, as it were. For all the bitterness in his heart, he felt the inclination to laugh. Out of a callous jest, this buffet! Had not he himself sent Cathewe to Bannister?

"We are sorry, Mr. Mansfield, but we can't carry this on any longer. We don't want to offend you or lose the trade of the thousands you employ; but we have come to the conclusion that it would be far more profitable for us to cater to the other seventy-odd thousand and let you people go. The local trade has fallen off to such an extent that it will soon force some of us to the wall. Somehow this young fellow has got hold of the public mind. Folks hereabouts are convinced that he isn't getting a square deal, and they are telling us so plainly by turning their trade toward the mail-order houses. We don't want to offend you, but on the other hand neither do we wish to go broke. What answer shall I carry back?"

"You may tell them that they are under no further obligations," answered Mansfield quietly.

"Our thanks, Mr. Mansfield. We shall renew our contracts with *The Herald* at once."

As he went out, he passed Doctor Maddox coming in.

"Well, Dunleigh, what's the trouble?" asked Maddox, setting his battered cane on the floor. "Tobacco heart?"

"No, John. I sent for you because I wish to ask an honest man a few simple questions."

"As a patient or as a friend?"

"Hanged if I know!"—whimsically.

"John, I'd like to know for one thing what you honestly think of Dunleigh Mansfield."

Maddox, plainly distressed, pulled his beard. "What's happened to you?" he asked.

"An inconceivable thing. I've fallen in love with something."

"What?"

"My daughter."

"Nothing abnormal about that. Be-



May Allison

In "Peggy Does
her Darndest"

In this scene May is apparently awaiting the call to "Boots and Saddles." Speaking of the turf we don't imagine that it requires more than a kindly word from her to make the most listless steed restive to the rein.

Metro Picture

New York City, N. Y.

Dec. 10, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.

Necessarily the strictest care of one's complexion must be exercised in photoplay work. Ingram's Milkweed Cream has proved that it does keep my skin in a perfectly healthful condition all the time. I usually employ its aid twice a day for its health-giving effect upon the skin texture.

May Allison

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

A clear, colorful complexion is a gift which should be jealously guarded. Many a girl has seen her delicate coloring fade and imperfections mar her charm when by a little correct care daily she might have preserved her attractiveness. Ingram's Milkweed Cream if used regularly will protect your skin and keep it soft, smooth, and healthful.

It wards off the bad effects of wind and weather. Keeps the pores thoroughly cleansed and the texture of the skin soft. Alone among all beauty aids it has a positive therapeutic quality and keeps the skin healthful. Get a jar today at your druggist's.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY

Established 1885
U.S.A Residents, address: Frederick F. Ingram Co., 46 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Residents, address: Frederick F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Canada
Australasian Residents, address: T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.



PHOTO BY
WITTEL



Coupon

(193)

I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zedenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

Or, sample of Milkweed Cream, Rouge, or Velveola Souveraine Face Powder mailed free on receipt of postage stamp.

Published August Twenty-First
More Than One-Half Million Copies Already Sold
First Printing, 750,000 Copies

Harold Bell Wright

has given to the "heart of the world" a book that will
strengthen human faith to happiness

THE RE-CREATION OF BRIAN KENT

Illustrations in Colors by J. Allen St. John

THE RE-CREATION OF BRIAN KENT, sweet and appealing in its pathos and vibrant with the local color of the mystic, enchanted Ozarks—The Shepherd of the Hills Country—marks the author's greatest advance in story telling charm. Brian Kent, Auntie Sue, Judy and Betty Jo are wonderful creations. There are thrilling incidents related with such vivid realism that one reads with breathless interest. And yet the fascinating power of the story is rather in the clean-cut analysis of life and character, and in the skillful visualization of the clash and conflicts of life's invisible forces out of which the thrilling incidents come.

Full Cloth, 12mo. \$1.50 Everywhere

Other Novels by Harold Bell Wright—Nearly Eight Million Sold

That Printer of Udell's—The Shepherd of the Hills—The Calling of Dan Matthews—The Winning of Barbara Worth—Their Yesterdays—The Eyes of the World—When a Man's a Man

Mr. Wright's Allegory of Life Cloth, 60 Cents
"A literary gem that will live" The Uncrowned King Leather, \$1.25

Publishers, THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Chicago
231-233 W. Monroe St. E. W. Reynolds, President

Note—You must see The Shepherd of the Hills now in Ten Reel Motion Picture. Scenario and Direction in every detail by Harold Bell Wright—PERSONALLY.

Harold Bell Wright Story-Picture Corporation
Pomona, Cal. E. W. Reynolds, President Los Angeles

begin to see. You've been looking over my shoulder, I suspect."

"Exactly what do you mean by that?"
"Tell me what you want to, and I'll answer as an honest friend."

"What do you know about this fellow Brandon Cathewe?"

"Oh!" The Doctor was patently disappointed. "I know him to be as clean and white as a hound's tooth."

"His past."

"I know nothing of that, and little care. It's what he is that counts with me. Dunleigh, I'm glad you've fallen in love with Betty. It's bound to change your point of view. You've made Bannister prosperous, but on a rotten foundation. You've been hard and cruel. Remember, you asked for this. You've done mean things, too. I'll never forget the end of that poor inventor. Oh, yes, it was good business; but you did not need those extra thousands. You have set out to break Cathewe because he is the first man who ever dared oppose you openly. And I don't believe you'll succeed."

"Why?"

"Because he represents right and you represent might. It is Germany against the world in miniature. So long as you gain your ends, what do you care about the ruin you leave in your wake? I understand you. It is a kind of game with you. Any kind of an obstacle is tolerable to you."

"That's plain speaking, John."

"You asked for it. And there's another thing I can't forget—your wife. Oh, she had everything. But you crushed her under your lust for power. She married you because she loved you; and you used only her physical perfections. She was one of your pawns. Bitter? Well, yes, I am. I've stumbled across your trail many times, and always I saw the iron heel. Has this frightful war touched you? I wonder. Is it anything more to you than a new way of adding to your treasure? On the other hand, I've always held that there was a soul in you somewhere, if something could crack the encasement. If you have fallen in love with Betty, then you are on the way. You could not possibly love that child—brought her into this world, Dunleigh—and do anything mean. Get your house in order. Call in this boy and ask him what he wants—and give it to him. It isn't you; there's nothing personal. It's money he's a kind of Sir Galahad. He has gone forth to right wrongs where he finds them. I don't know what brought him to Bannister originally. But he's found man's job here, and tackled it properly."

"All this is quite complimentary to me," said Mansfield dryly. "Then you advise me to throw up my hands and cry, 'Kismet!'"

"On the money side, yes. Man, there's a great thing under your hand. Make a clean breast of it to that girl. Let Lord, how she will love you then! But you deceive her and she finds it out, you will lose her."

MANSFIELD drew his palm across his forehead. "First, I've got to get out where Cathewe got his four hundred thousand. Did you know that he had that amount in the local banks?"

"No." But the Doctor did not expect

Training for Authorship

How to write, what to write, and where to sell.



Dr. E. Esenwein

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein.

For many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. Real teaching.

One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, especially valuable for its full reports of the literary market. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free
Please address

The Home Correspondence School
Dept 31, Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904



ONLY \$5.00
A MONTH PAYS FOR
THIS SPLENDID
DIAMOND RING

SPECIAL VALUE

Seven perfectly matched, blue-white Diamonds, skillfully mounted in Platinum to resemble one magnificent Solitaire. The Diamonds were selected for their perfect cut, their blue-white color, their superior quality and wonderful brilliancy, by one of our most skillful Diamond experts; together they look like one large, single stone. A most handsome and showy ring for the least amount of money.

SWEET'S Cluster:
7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum. Looks like \$225 Solitaire

SEND NO MONEY—we will send the ring, all charges prepaid—you are so, as be pleased. Pay only \$12.50 on delivery—the balance in ten months; \$5.00 EACH MONTH, until the entire price, \$62.50, has been paid.

Our Profit-Sharing Plan
Our customers have the benefit of a 7% increased re-purchase value. Write for particulars—know the house of Sweet.

FREE DE LUXE CATALOG
Learn of our great values—our easy terms of payment—our big variety. Ask for catalog No. 59 and be sure to address Dept. 59.
Liberty Bonds accepted at face value.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
LW. SWEET & CO. INC.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

This Executive Rose From A Clerkship



Five years ago he was a subordinate, far "down the line." Today he is dictating policies in a great corporation.

Some of his former mates (still in their old jobs) say it was luck—others talk of favoritism—but the records of LaSalle Extension University show that it was training which put this man into an officership with his company.

He saw, just as every clear-headed fellow must see, that there are not enough men with the expert knowledge required to hold high salaried positions. He saw that training was all he needed to pass from the high stool in the outer office to the big mahogany desk in the private room. He realized that men who are "held down" are the ones who do not make themselves worth more.

He Signed and Mailed a LaSalle Coupon

What gave this man his start was the sending of a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page. That brought him complete information about the LaSalle plan of training under experts during spare time—a plan which organized and simplified for him the knowledge and experience of hundreds of the country's best business authorities. Along with this information came evidence—copies of hundreds of letters—from men who too were formerly in subordinate positions but who had been pushed up thru LaSalle training.

Promotion follows LaSalle specialized training as naturally as night follows day. The big jobs are given only to men who know. The day is past when business will take chances on any but a trained man when responsibility must be shouldered.

This Training for Every Ambitious Man

The LaSalle experts have already helped more than 160,000 ambitious men to get the specialized knowledge which commands the high salaries. Every year more than 30,000 new members enroll. And yet "Big Business" is constantly complaining of the scarcity of men qualified for executive positions. There will always be a big job for the man who is proficient as a Business Manager, Expert Accountant, Auditor, Comptroller, Bank Expert, Cost Accountant, Sales Manager, Traffic Manager, Correspondence Supervisor or Business Lawyer.

LaSalle gives every man the chance to train for advancement. It enrolls young fellows just beginning their careers; it gives the man already started a new impetus; and it also has as members old, seasoned executives who realize that they too can learn more from its staff of over 300 business experts.

What the LaSalle Extension Method Means

By the LaSalle method you can get, in your leisure time at home, the benefit of the combined experience of noted business authorities in the kind of work for which you wish to qualify.

Every problem, lecture, lesson text and special article you receive is based upon the actual experience of men pre-eminent in that particular subject. The LaSalle aim is to develop practical men for jobs which are usually at least ten years ahead of those who depend on their daily experience alone to win promotion. No man need now accept step-by-step

advancement. Instead of waiting for the line to move up, he can pass the intermediate stages to the job at the front—if he will but apply himself to the plan of training we have worked out.

Records Made by LaSalle Trained Men

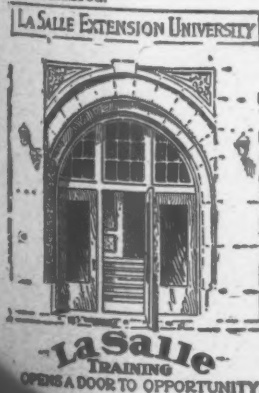
What LaSalle training has done for men is best told by the men themselves in letters which come daily to the institution. "My salary raised 600%"; "My investment in LaSalle training is paying me 2500% a year"; "Am now one of the officials of the company"; "Have been advanced five positions" are fair examples of these reports.

Almost every great corporation now has LaSalle trained men in its organization. The Pennsylvania R.R. has employed over 2,100 Standard Oil Co. nearly 400; the U. S. Steel Corporation 309; Armour & Co. 364; while many others equally prominent have from 50 to 100 or more occupying positions of responsibility.

Which Course Interests You?

The coupon shows the various divisions of business in which the opportunities are greatest. Select the one to which your tastes are most inclined. Learn how you can train at home in every detail of the work and qualify for a position of responsibility and good pay. The LaSalle plan will not interfere with your present position.

Simply send the coupon marked to indicate the course which particularly interests you and you will receive full information about the training, the small fee and our easy terms. And we will also send free our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book that has been an inspiration to more than 100,000 ambitious men. Send for your copy now. Which course shall we tell you about?



LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

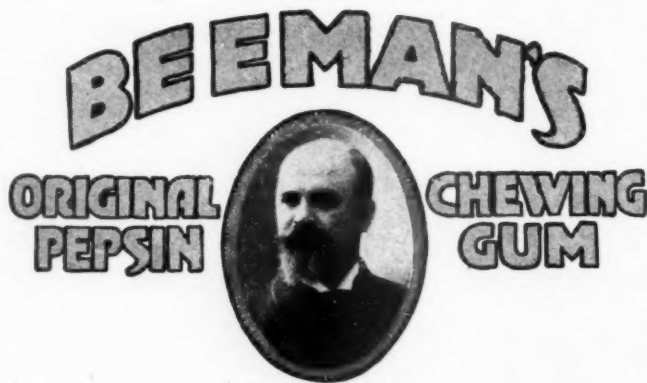
Dept. 966R. "The World's Greatest Extension University" Chicago, Ill.

Send me free "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also catalog and particulars regarding course and service in the department I have marked with an X.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY: Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive Positions in Business. | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERSTATE COMMERCE AND RAILWAY TRAFFIC: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, Traffic Experts, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS LETTER WRITING: (New Course) Training for positions as House Correspondents, Supervisors of Correspondence, Mail Sales Directors, Correspondence Critics, Letter Executives; and in the handling of all special correspondence (credits, collections, sales, adjustments, etc.) in which expert letter-writing ability is required. | <input type="checkbox"/> LAW: Training for Admission to Bar and Executive Business positions requiring legally trained men. Degree of LL.B. conferred. | <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS ENGLISH: Training for positions as Business Correspondents, Business Literature and Copy Writers. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BANKING AND FINANCE: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions, Tellers, Cashiers, Trust Officers, Financial Managers, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech—Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> COMMERCIAL SPANISH: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries. |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: Training for position of Head Bookkeeper. |



Name..... Address..... Present Position.....



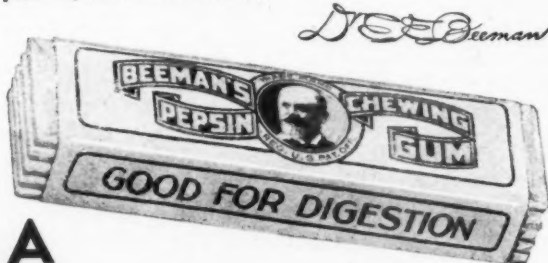
Indigestion is the most universal of human complaints

IT IS rare to find a successful American business man or woman who has not suffered more or less from some slight form of indigestion, causing distress after eating.

To many an individual, dyspepsia is the price of success—the direct result of neglecting—often abusing—one's digestion, eating hurriedly, irregularly and under high mental strain.

And yet, how greatly the consequences of this neglect could be reduced by the routine, systematic use of my original pepsin chewing gum for ten to twenty minutes after every meal. An adequate flow of saliva would be assured, the digestive processes aided and nerve tension relaxed, with its essential improvement in the gastric blood supply.

In a word, chewing Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum will bring prompt relief to many a sufferer—and in a manner pleasant, safe and convenient.



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE Shows this and other Symphonola styles, sold on easy payments. Symphonola Records Get our list of the latest song, dance, popular clear sounding, full toned disc records. Playable on any Phonograph. Larkin Co, Desk SRB 919 Buffalo, N. Y.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2 postpaid Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. PURITAN PUB. CO., 789 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA

the least surprise at this astounding information.

"Do you accept him in your house as an equal?"

"Assuredly!"

"Would you consider him as a son-in-law?" pressed Mansfield.

Maddox thought for a moment. "Yes."

"By George, that fellow has hypnotized you!"

"Not noticeably. Maybe you know why he came to Bannister?"

"I do!" shot back Mansfield. "But I can keep a secret, too. Besides, if I told you, you would say I was spoofing you, as the English say. No man in his right mind—Well, no matter," broke off Mansfield impatiently. "I thought you might throw a little light on his past."

"What would you call a past?"

"Something off-color."

"Then you may rest easy. That boy never did or thought anything off-color. He couldn't. And he's no milksop, as you know. Were you enemies before he came here?"

"I had forgotten his very existence. So you have written down your boyhood friend as a rogue!"

"I won't answer that. I'll abide by what you have written down yourself!"

Mansfield laughed. "I'll travel on my own. But you won't find anything you'd call mean in the deal. I can promise you that. But I shall fight Cathewe with all I have and all I am. I can promise you that also. One of us must break."

"I'm on the boy's side, Dunleigh," replied Maddox, getting up.

"I suspected you would be. But let us understand each other on one point. Nothing we do must come between my Betty and your Nancy."

"I agree to that. Nothing could come between those two." Maddox glanced at his watch professionally.

"I'll wait until I see what's going to happen to that white corner in your soul before I express my sentiments. But I'll repeat my advice. Call up Cathewe; give him what he wants. Give me what I want. Give Betty what she wants. Give. That's the whole trouble with you, Dunleigh. You've never given anything but money. Well, if you're any worse by night, call me in." And Maddox picked up his bag and marched out into the hall.

That night, as he sat before the fire in the library,—his office hours over,—his pipe going comfortably, Nancy walked over and sat down in his lap.

"Father Maddox," she asked, "who is Digby Hallowell?"

His start nearly upset her. "Where did you hear that name?"

"From you."

"From me? But that's impossible!"

"Don't you know that you have lately acquired the habit of muttering out loud when you are overtired? Half a dozen times I heard you mutter that name as if it were some tremendous thing."

"Nancy," he said gravely, "you will do your father a great favor if you will forget you ever heard me utter it. I feel, by uttering that name aloud, even unconsciously, that I have broken my faith as a physician."

New chapters of this most unusual novel will appear in the next, the October, number of The Red Book Magazine.

Camel¹ CIGARETTES

18 cents
a package



**Smokers realize
that the value is in
the cigarettes and do
not expect premiums
or coupons!**

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

Camels supply cigarette contentment beyond anything you ever experienced! You never tasted such full-bodied mellow-mildness; such refreshing, appetizing flavor and coolness. The more Camels you smoke the greater becomes your delight—*Camels are such a cigarette revelation!*

Everything about Camels you find so fascinating is due to their quality—to the expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos. You will prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight.

You'll say Camels are in a class by themselves—they seem *made to meet your own personal taste* in so many ways!

Freedom from any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste or unpleasant cigaretty odor makes Camels particularly desirable to the most fastidious smokers. And, you smoke Camels as liberally as meets your own wishes, for they never tire your taste! You are always keen for the cigarette satisfaction that makes Camels so attractive.

Compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

(Continued from page 65)

led off with people who were making a first visit in his house.

"You can walk over to the other side, and still they're coming straight at you," he explained with pride. "Queer, aint it?"

"Queer?" repeated the Englishman, calmly regarding the phenomenon.

"Yes, you can't get away from 'em—wherever you go," insisted J. B.

"I must say I see nothing queer in that," said the Captain. "After all, sir, the artist *drew* them that way, didn't he? And if he drew them coming straight at one, naturally they *do* come straight at one."

J. B. was beginning to look indignant; Jeanie was relieved, therefore, when Marguerite just then announced supper.

The meal was excellent in the Louisburg way, and the Captain apparently liked to eat. Jeanie, who was handling the conversational reins of the family, remarked they had decided not to have other guests in to meet him the first evening, as they feared he might be tired from his trip.

"Quate so," he agreed. "I'm glad you haven't a lot of people—they'd ask me questions. Your Americans do ask so many questions."

At that Mrs. Light, who had been mentally rehearsing some questions of her own, lest he think her tongue-tied, rejoiced that timidity had proved her friend.

"Do you object to being asked questions if they're polite questions?" asked Jeanie, undaunted.

"Constitutionally, I object," the Captain replied. "And I'm not at all sure that personal questions ever are polite. We don't go in for that sort of thing at home. We regard it as bad form."

"I know," said Jeanie, "but over here people question you only because they're interested in you. They feel friendly to the uniform of an ally."

"Strangers should jolly well mind their own business," said the Captain.

Mrs. Light looked startled, and J. B. stared. But Jeanie, still undaunted, laughed.

"Does that mean," she asked mischievously, "that I'm not to be allowed to ask you anything? I hope not. There are a million things I'm dying to ask you!"

"Of course you may talk to me any way you like—naturally so." The Captain's answering smile, as his eyes rested on her appreciatively, indicated that his speech was not empty gallantry.

After supper they all repaired again to the green-plush parlor. But shortly, feeling the strain and the heat, old J. B. took himself off to coatless comfort without bothering to make an excuse.

"See you in the morning, Cap'. Get that girl of mine to play you some tunes. Coming, Mamma?"

"I believe I will," said Mamma gratefully. "I've got a kind of headache."

Later, from over the banister, listening to Jeanie's easy flow of chatter with occasional interpolations of the Captain's

brisk, clipped English, Mrs. Light marveled again at the wonderful creature who was her daughter. And motherlike, speculations began to rise in her mind. Jeanie was born for strange, high things. He seemed terribly distinguished. It would be fine for Jeanie. Yet he would be hard to live up to as a son-in-law. The mere thought of having him in the house on an intimate footing was disconcerting; yet—she thought of Johnny Wilson and sighed. She was fond of Johnny. Johnny was the kind to whom you could pin your faith—or your apron; the kind you could ask to help stem the strawberries. Poor Johnny!

NEXT morning Mrs. Light began to learn more definitely what it meant to have a Captain Forrester in the home. In the hall outside the guest's room she came upon a pair of boots—the Captain's own tall brown boots, set tidily in front of his door. They seemed to hold up so well because they had queer wooden things—kind of "forms"—in them. Mrs. Light was perplexed. How had the boots got out there?

She took her puzzlements to her husband.

"Leave 'em lay—probably he knows where he put 'em," replied old J. B. "Anyhow, it's none of *our* business."

"But why do you suppose he put them there, Papa?"

"Ask him," grumbled J. B., hitching his suspenders into place.

But Mrs. Light didn't ask the Captain. Instead, she mentioned the curious manifestation to Jeanie. And Jeanie was able to interpret.

"The English put their boots out at night to be polished," she said.

"But who does he expect to polish them?"

Jeanie puckered her brows. Her first sensation of delight at having a pleasing English custom introduced into her home was shadowed by this practical question.

"Of course, he *expects* the servants—"

"Servants? There's only Mrs. Sherman and Marguerite, and you know it."

"But Captain Forrester doesn't know it."

"Well, that doesn't alter the facts, does it? And I'd never dare ask *them* to polish any man's boots! They're out of sorts as it is, having such a hearty breakfast—ironing day, too!"

Jeanie, pinning her turbulent curls into place, was still frowning.

"I think I'd better rush down to the Commercial House with them and let the porter do them," she decided swiftly. "It won't take long in the car. You get the boots out of the hall, and I'll be ready in a jiffy."

And in a jiffy, flushed and breathless, she joined her parents, and the boots, in the former's room.

"My, aint that wooden form a queer thing!" said the mother, inspecting the arrangement.

"That's a *tree*, mother," Jeanie explained.

Just then they heard a door open.

"He's looking for 'em!" whispered Mrs. Light excitedly.

The door was heard to close.

"You won't have time to take 'em downtown!" said Mrs. Light, still whispering.

"No," agreed Jeanie. She was pondering. "I think," she said, "we'd better just tell the Captain we haven't facilities for shoe-shining in the house. I'll drive him down to the hotel after breakfast, and wait for him while they're being done."

But to this her father unexpectedly objected.

"Don't like the idea. We started this game because the Commercial House wasn't good enough for him, didn't we?"

There was a note in J. B.'s voice that indicated his inner pride in his position as the grand man of the town, his distaste for anything that might reflect on his mode of life. "We asked him here to make him feel good—for business reasons," he went on. "I didn't want him here—gosh darn all government inspectors, anyway!"

"Well, then," said Jeanie, "I don't see any way out of it but for you to do them yourself, Dad."

"Me? What d'you take me for?"

"It's either that or the hotel."

"I'm hungry," mumbled J. B. Nevertheless he began to move, albeit reluctantly, toward the controversial object.

"Just look at the size of them tops!"

"That's a dear dad!" encouraged Jeanie, talking to him as she might to coax a timid horse past a steam roller.

"I'll run ahead down cellar and get everything ready for you." So saying, she picked up the boots and ran briskly from the room.

THE cellar was the theater of J. B.'s weekly attack upon his own wide-toed, "common-sense" shoes. Every Sunday morning he would descend, grunting, and get out the elementary tools which reposed in an old-fashioned carpet-covered box in the corner. This morning he grunted more heavily than usual as he descended, but he did descend. Under his daughter's eye he proceeded to get out his paraphernalia.

"Oh, no, Dad! You can't use that black polish on russet leather!"

"Blacking's all I've got. My stock's limited," he added sardonically. "I aint been in the shoe-parlor business long."

Jeanie thought rapidly.

"I've some tan polish up in my room—wait a minute!" And to the tune of her parent's muttering, she disappeared up the cellar steps.

She returned rather apologetically. "I find I haven't much, Dad—just a little in the bottom of the box, but—"

"It'll be enough!" he muttered darkly.

When, as his grunts took on rhythm in accord with his swings of elbow, his wife came hastily down the steps.

"Oh, hurry, Papa—"

Papa raised his body heavily and gave her an ominous stare.

"Hurry? What's the matter now, eh?"

"Satisfy—
I'll say so."

T

HIS Chesterfield cigarette does more than please the taste. It gives smokers a new kind of cigarette enjoyment, the one thing they've always wished for in a cigarette.

Chesterfields let you know you're smoking—they go straight to your smoke-spot—they satisfy.

It's because of the blend—an exactly proportioned blend of the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And the formula for this blend is the manufacturer's secret. It cannot be copied—or even closely imitated.

Today—ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that satisfy."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NOTE—Chesterfield's moisture-proof package keeps them firm and fresh, whatever the weather.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES

*Turkish and
Domestic Tobaccos-blended*

They Satisfy

← AROMINTS →

The Original Mints

5¢
Everywhere

Says Willie Pep:

"The Story of Joy
I've Come To Tell"

I'm a regular joy boy. I pacify thirst on dusty trips. I put pep in playing and snap in work. I take wear from weariness and finish the day with stimulating zest after dinner. I bring the joy of Aromints.

These little solid discs of tantalizing goodness—**SOLID THRU AND THRU**—refresh and stimulate. I'll say they do. Their pep-ularity's immense! You'll enjoy these zestful bits of pressed cane sugar, flavored with the fresh juice of tender peppermint and wintergreen leaves, or licorice, or spiced with cloves or cinnamon.

The sanitary package is a crowded nickel's worth.

The Aromint Mfg. Company

Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Aromint Mfg. Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Copyright 1919

By The Aromint Mfg. Co.



*The Difference
Is in the Flavor*

Does he want me to come up and shave him, mebbe? Or mebbe it's a little job of pants-pressing you got for me now? Did he tell you to have me hurry?"

"Of course not. He doesn't know you're doing it. He just happened to put his head out his door—I was in the hall—and he said he just looked out to see if his boots were done yet. So I told him I'd hurry them right up."

"Did you say who it was you'd hurry up?"

Mrs. Light blushed.

"I had to say 'the man,'" she admitted.

"The man!" said J. B., and he added under his breath a word that was ill-suited to the vocabulary of a pillar of the church. Then, with the sweat trickling down his neck, he bent again to his hateful task.

"He has a lot of boots lined up at the foot of his bed," Mrs. Light remarked. "Where he carries them all I don't see—he must have half a dozen pairs!"

The toiler straightened.

"Then, what in hell is he hollering for these for?"

"Father! Father!" admonished the shocked wife. Then:

"I don't know why, unless they have something special to do with his uniform."

"Well, he can black the rest of 'em himself!" declared J. B. furiously. "I aint going to spend my summer blacking boots—not even if it brought me in a million dollars!"

Jeanie sought to mollify:

"There, there, Dad!"

"You did a beautiful job," she said, though secretly she thought the boots had looked better before their trip to the cellar. However, she now took them, scuttled upstairs, placed them before the Captain's door, knocked, and was quick enough to get out of sight before he appeared.

But that was not the end of the boots affair.

AT the breakfast-table, where mother and daughter were trying by their animation to offset the stressed taciturnity of the head of the house, Captain Forrester remarked:

"Oh, by the way, would you mind telling your man that if he hasn't a bone, I have one in my kit?"

At that cryptic remark even J. B. looked up questioningly.

"A bone?" repeated Mrs. Light.

"What kind of a bone? And for what?" asked Jeanie.

"For boning boots," he replied, as if

surprised his meaning hadn't been at once clear.

"Bonning boots?" Jeanie repeated, as mystified as ever. "I never heard of it. What is it?"

"Simply going over boots with a bone—that's all."

"With a bone?"

"Precisely. Bootmakers sell large bones for the purpose. Nothing else gives such a finish."

Jeanie gurgled. "Oh, how perfectly delightful!"

Captain Forrester smiled.

"It's a perfectly recognized practice," he said indulgently.

"But you have no idea," the girl exclaimed, "how exquisitely queer it seems to us!" She turned to her mother. Imagine, Mother! Imagine rubbing your shoes with a bone!" Then, turning again to Captain Forrester. "That's what we like so about the English. They're so utterly queer!"

"Queer?" he repeated, amazed but not, apparently, offended. "On the contrary, if you don't mind my saying so, that's exactly and precisely what we're not. The British aren't queer at all. No. It's the others that are queer, my dear young lady! Quate so. You Americans, for instance—I find you queer beyond words."

"I suppose we must seem so," sighed

Mrs. Light humbly.

And yet he was likable. He appreciated the Lights' hospitality and tried to show it. And in spite of his positive way of stating his beliefs he was essentially polite—even considerate.

"He's a very nice fellow," Mrs. Light said to her husband, "for all his funny ways." And even J. B. was obliged to agree.

MOREOVER, as the days and weeks passed, all Louisburg reached the same opinion. Queer and puzzling as the Captain was, he had something about him you couldn't help warming to. Besides, he was so handsome, so stunning in his uniform! And though at first he had a funny English way of dancing, he found many willing teachers to help him to get over that. Life at the country club soon began to take on an increased brightness, thanks to Captain Noel Forrester, and when he showed that he was shocked at not finding afternoon tea out there, the club forthwith began to go in for afternoon tea, and the custom became popular.

Then, one afternoon just when everyone was used to tea, the Captain, instead of ordering as usual, said to Jeff, the club's ebon major-domo:

"Bring me a brandy and soda."

"Yes suh, boss," responded Jeff, and retired to scratch his head. This was a queer drink, even for an Englishman.

Finally he came back.

"Ah don' quite c'reckly git you, boss, on tha' bran'y 'n' soda. What does you reckon fo' me to do, suh? Jes' natchally mix 'em up togethuh?"

"Naturally, Jefferson—naturally!"

So Jeff, who had substantial reasons for wishing to please the Englishman's whims, took up a bottle of lemon-flavored soda-pop—the only sort of bottled "soda" known to him—and mixed an outrageous

drink upon the first swallow of which Captain Forrester nearly strangled.

"What's this infernal stuff?" he demanded.

"Well, boss," the negro replied apologetically, "thass jes' how it seem to me. Ah says to myse'f: 'This yere's the mos' infernales' drink Ah evuh see a gemman ohdeh!' But I says to myse'f: 'Sence the Cap'n, he aisks fo' it, it ain' none o' mah business.' No suh! I says: 'It's mah business to give the Cap'n what he aisks—no mattuh if he aisks fo' po'k an' beans in his ice-cream. Yessuh!'"

"What did you put in it?" the Captain cut in.

"Jes what you all sayed, boss—jes' a li'l' bran'y 'n' soda-pop—thass all."

"Tastes like ginger beer," said the Captain.

The Captain laughed good-naturedly and went to investigate Jeff's supply of bottled goods. He selected charged water and mixed his own drink.

"Oh!" said Jeff. "You all mean seltzer, uh cahbonic. All you wants 's a bran'y highball, Cap'n."

"No, I don't," said the Captain with perfect good-humor. "What I wanted was just what I asked for, namely and to wit, a brandy and soda. And now you know what a brandy and soda is—don't you, eh?"

And brandy and soda the drink became in the club, after that. So Britannia spreads her mantle o'er the world!

Presently came the time when the Captain felt himself sufficiently accustomed to the life of Louisburg to insist on moving down to the Commercial House. And though, by this time, J. B. and Mrs. Light had become so accustomed to him, so genuinely fond of him, that they actually urged him to remain their guest, he insisted on departing. And though Mrs. Smyth offered her own home as his next domicile, he politely declined her invitation and went to the hotel.

"It isn't really so bad," he told Mrs. Light ingenuously, "not after two years in the trenches."

But though he was no longer quartered in the house, it must not be supposed that the Light mansion ceased to see him. More and more, his time outside of business was spent with Jeanie. Either in his car—which duly arrived—or in hers, the two were to be seen daily.

The term "attentive" began, frequently to be heard upon the lips of the town; and indeed, Captain Forrester handsomely justified the term. He did things of an "attentive" nature that had never been done before in Louisburg history—actu-

A Great Story

"THE WIRE," a fascinating story by a new writer, Paul Annixter, will be a feature of our forthcoming issue. We have seldom seen a more dramatic, forceful and yet essentially "human" story of the underworld. Don't miss it in the next, the October, issue of—
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"Richie Kemp's Mother"

A STORY of remarkable power, written by Sophie Kerr Underwood, author of "The Blue Envelope" and "Love at Large," will appear in our next issue. You will remember "Richie Kemp's Mother" a long time after you have read it in the forthcoming, the October, issue of—

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



Learn to Fill BIGGER Shoes!

NO matter what kind of work you are doing now, a set of these great home study books will quickly fit you for a bigger and better paying job. We will send any set you select for one week's free examination, and if you want to keep them you pay only the special reduced price, at the rate of 50 cents a week. This is your opportunity to make more money—grasp it NOW. Use these books and a little spare time and LEARN TO FILL BIGGER SHOES.

Pay-Raising Books at Greatly Reduced Prices

Carpentry and Contracting, 5 volumes, 2133 pages, 1000 pictures. Was \$25.00. Now \$17.50	
Civil Engineering, 9 volumes, 3900 pages, 3000 pictures. Was \$45.00. Now 29.80	
Fire Prevention and Insurance, 4 volumes, 1500 pages, 600 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 15.30	
Electrical Engineering, 8 volumes, 3000 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$40.00. Now 24.80	
Automobile Engineering, 6 volumes, 2600 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 19.80	
Machine Shop Practice, 6 volumes, 2200 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 19.80	
Steam and Gas Engineering, 7 volumes, \$300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$35.00. Now 21.80	
Law and Practice (with reading course), 13 volumes, 6000 pages, illustrated. Was \$72.00. Now 39.80	
Telephony and Telegraphy, 4 volumes, 1728 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 12.80	
Sanitation, Heating and Ventilating, 4 vol., 1454 pages, 1600 pictures. Was \$20.00. Now 13.80	
Practical Accounting, 4 volumes, 1840 pages, 800 pictures, etc. Was \$20.00. Now 12.80	
Drawing, 4 volumes, 1578 pages, 1900 pictures, blueprints, etc. Was \$20.00. Now 14.80	

Send No Money Shipped for 7 Days' Trial

Write the name of the books you want on the coupon and mail it today. We will send the books at once, express collect, and you can use them just as if they were your own for a whole week. If you decide you don't want to keep them, send them back at our expense.



50c a Week

If you like the books, as thousands of other men have after examination, just send us \$2.00. You can send the balance of the special reduced price the same way—\$2.00 each month (50 cents a week).

Start right now and learn to fill bigger shoes. There will be a better job looking for you if you do. Be ready to meet it when it comes. Send the coupon now.

American Technical Society
Dept. X-496, Chicago

American Technical Society, Dept. X-496, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me set of

for 7 DAYS' examination, shipping charges collect. I will examine the books thoroughly and, if satisfied, will send \$2 within 7 days and \$2 each month until I have paid the special price of \$ If I decide not to keep the books I will return them at my expense at the end of one week. Title not to pass to me until the set is fully paid for.

Name

Address

Reference

ally ordering candy and flowers for Jeanie by long-distance telephone from Macon City, not once, but repeatedly!

The evening of the Liberty Loan dance clinched popular surmise. That evening Jeanie was especially radiant in white tulle, with the Captain's big sheaf of American Beauties. He danced fully half the dances with her, and the rest of the time either smoked cigarettes on the porch or sat chatting with Mrs. Light. This last was very significant, for in Louisburg young men were not given to wasting time, at a dance, upon elderly matrons. The observers nodded, and nudged. And occasionally some one would remark: "Poor Johnny Wilson!"

JUST a few weeks after that dance, in November, the war suddenly ended. But Captain Forrester still stayed on in Louisburg—to wind up his business with the implement works, it was said.

And then when everyone was momentarily expecting the engagement to be announced, word was received that Johnny Wilson was coming home.

Poor Johnny!

He wasn't even coming home a hero—no more of a hero than he had gone away. He had no decorations, no brilliant adventures to report. All Louisburg knew this, even before he returned. Mrs. Wilson's intermittent letters from her son, which she passed on to her friends, told how, all these months when Johnny might have been performing gallant exploits, he had, in fact, merely passed from the dull routine of one training-camp to another. He was still a private. He never even got to France. The whole town knew this.

Poor Johnny!

So came the day—the day on which Miss Letty Richfield stood behind lace curtains and watched Jeanie Light and Captain Forrester drive off together—the day on which Johnny came marching home.

He didn't literally march, of course, but arrived by the four-twenty-seven—the same four-twenty-seven by which Captain Forrester had made his resplendent entry some six months before.

When the depot loafers saw the homecoming doughboy, in his far from distinguished khaki, they hailed him genially; but shirt-sleeved Joe couldn't help asking if he had heard of the "swell English officer" who was in town. Johnny answered in the negative.

When the people on the street saw him trudging along with his cheap suit-case,—a pathetic contrast to English "leggage,"—they welcomed him heartily; but more than one of them managed to ask if he had heard of Captain Forrester.

Presently his mother saw him coming up the front walk of their cottage. She hadn't met the train because Johnny, in the fatuous male manner, had planned a "surprise." The mother's dread of the blow awaiting him underlay all the rapture she poured out over her boy's safe return. She didn't care whether he came back a hero; that he was back was enough for her. But—poor Johnny!

He had been in the house but a few minutes before she saw him move toward the telephone.

Dread leaped in her heart, as she asked

DON'T Lose Your Grip



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

Are things slipping away from you—everything worth while in life? Is your health going, your vitality ebbing away, your grasp on your work or your business weakening? Don't let yourself get any worse. The scrap-heap is the ONLY end to the to-be-gone you are on. You'll get worse rapidly, if you don't get better. You will slip faster and faster, until you land in the useless, hopeless army of broken-down, worn-out men.

Get Hold of Yourself and Your Job

STOP—look the facts in the face—and ACT. Take steps right now, before it is too late, to get off the slippery incline you are on. Kid yourself of the consolation, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, devastating habits, poor memory, rheumatism, or other chronic ailments that you do. You can't succeed with those millstone hangings about your neck. You can't advance in your business or your work. You can't be happy yourself, or make your wife or your children happy, while you are tormented with internal troubles. You can't even become the father of healthy, happy children, who will be a joy to you and your wife, unless you

Make Yourself a Real Man

Don't feel that there is no help for you—that your ailments or bad habits have got a grip on you that can't be broken. You can get rid of them; you can knock them out; you can become well and strong and fit and fine and vigorous again—if you will only go about it the right way.

Don't think the nostrums described in patent medicine ads will do the business. Pills, powders and potions never made a real, red-blooded man. Don't be led aside by quick promises. The ailments that are handicapping you are only symptoms of your trouble, as every reputable physician will tell you. The only way is to find the CAUSE of the CAUSE of them—cure that, and the ailments resulting from it will disappear.

STRONGFORTISM

Strongfortism is Nature's way of cleaning up the system, eliminating disorders and upbuilding both mind and body. Strongfortism consists simply of Living Life as it ought to be lived—and thereby getting the greatest enjoyment out of it. Strongfortism has made thousands of weak, ailing, discouraged, almost hopeless men healthy, strong, vigorous, MANLY, and is keeping them in that condition. Strongfortism will show you how to dig out the root of your trouble, cast it out and become a normal healthy man again. Strongfortism will show you how to strengthen every vital organ; build up your muscles, internal as well as external, and your mind, enrich your blood, acquire the pep and enthusiasm of youth—get back the manhood you have lost.

Send for My FREE BOOK

My life has been spent in studying Nature's methods of Upbuilding Men, and they are set forth in plain man-to-man talk in "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." I tell you in it just how I built myself up into the strongest man in the world. I tell you how my pupils in every part of the world are ridding themselves of their ailments and building themselves up into strong, healthy, successful men. What they have done and are doing YOU can do. And you can do it without investing in any expensive gymnastic apparatus, in the privacy of your own bedroom if you like.

Fill out the coupon NOW—DON'T WAIT—and send for a copy of that book. You'll find it worth big money to you—AND IT'S FREE. Just enclose three 2c stamps to cover packing and postage, and I'll mail you a copy at once, together with a special letter on the points you are particularly interested in.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1031 Strongfort Institute, NEWARK, N. J.

CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.

Dear Strongfort—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose three 2c stamps to cover packing expenses. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

...Colds	...Insomnia	...Weakness
...Catarrh	...Short Wind	...Castile
...Asthma	...Flat Feet	...Heartaches
...Obesity	...Stomach	...Poor Circulation
...Headache	...Bleeders	...Skin Disorders
...Thinness	...Constipation	...Dependancy
...Rupture	...Biliousness	...Long Travels
...Lumbago	...Tired Liver	...Increased Weight
...Neuritis	...Indigestion	...Sleep
...Neuralgia	...Nervousness	...Shedders
...Flat Chest	...Poor Memory	...Muscular Development
...Deformity (describe)	...Rheumatism	
	...Bad Habits	

NAME

AGE.....OCCUPATION.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

ose
rip

ipping away
ything worth
your health
lity ebbs
sp on your
siness all over
yourself get
e scrap-heap
to the top
You'll get
you don't get
ip faster and
land in the
s army of
ornout men.

of Your
our Job

facts in the
lie steps right
o late, to get
cline you any
of the consti-
bilities, con-
sting habits,
numation, sit-
ing you down,
ones hanging
in your body
y yourself, or
y, while you
s, you can't
pny children,
e, unless you
al Man

on—that your
p on you that
ens; you can
l and strong
you will eng

d in patent
ills, powder
ecoded M.A.
The ailments
you find of
cian will tell
get at the
he ailments

RISM

aning up the
uilding body
ply of Living
ely getting
troubling
discourages
it, vigorous
at condition.
cut the root
ne a normal
ill show you
uild up your
i, and your
p and entho-
you have ind.

BOOK

store's meth-
es, forth is
tion and
ngth and
just how i
n the world
of the world
s and build-
y, married
ng YOU can
ting in any
privacy of

T—and send
s worth big
nclose three
rs, and I'll
special let-
terested in.

FORT

list
RK, N.J.

ON connect

your book
OF HEALTH
r postage of
over mailing
e subject in
(1931)

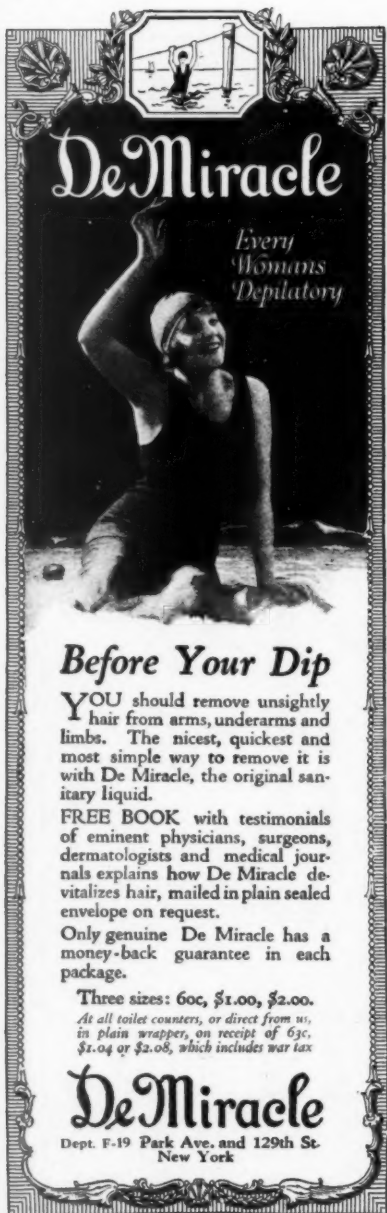
abnormal
strife
artwork
or Circulation
in Women
spandey
and Shellen
ag Treas
treasur light
op
shoulders
ocular
development



They work naturally and form no habit~

They work
naturally
and form
no habit~

At the 8000
Rexall
Stores only
8 for 10¢
24 for 25¢
60 for 50¢



De Miracle
Every Woman's Depilatory

Before Your Dip

YOU should remove unsightly hair from arms, underarms and limbs. The nicest, quickest and most simple way to remove it is with De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals explains how De Miracle depilates hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Only genuine De Miracle has a money-back guarantee in each package.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00.
At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax

De Miracle
Dept. F-19 Park Ave. and 129th St. New York

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The Morley Phone for the DEAF"

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, Perry Bldg., Phila.

anxiously: "What are you going to do, dear?"

"I'm going to phone Jeanie, of course."

"Have you—have you heard from her lately?"

"Once in a while," he said. "But she isn't much on writing. She always hated to write letters." Again he moved toward the telephone.

"Wait a little," said his mother, trying not to groan. Then hesitantly, she added:

"Has Jeanie ever mentioned a Captain Forrestier in her letters?"

Johnny turned sharply.

"What's the matter, Mom? You look so funny. And who is this Captain Forrestier, anyway? Everybody in town's been asking me if I've heard of him."

This was the moment the mother had been dreading, but she knew it was kinder to deal it to him now. With all her heart in her eyes and voice she said, gently:

"Well, you see, he's terribly interested in Jeanie. And he's so good-looking and so sort of distinguished, with his foreign ways that—"

Despite her will, her voice faltered.

Johnny stood staring at her.

"Are they engaged?"

"I don't know. Everybody thinks so."

"I see." Once more he turned to the telephone.

"Are you going to call her up—now?"

"I've got to," said Johnny.

He got the number, asked some one for Jeanie, then hung up the receiver.

"Only Marguerite's at home. She says Jeanie will be back by five-thirty. I'll just wash up a bit and run right up."

A little later gentle Miss Letty, from behind her lace curtains, saw Johnny as he came into view down the block.

Poor Johnny! Just at that minute, as if Fate had malignantly planned to make his *congé* the more bitter, the Captain's roadster came swinging round the corner.

Miss Letty saw Jeanie start up at the unexpected sight of her old friend, saw her jump from the car to greet him. Then she saw him being introduced to Captain Forrestier—saluting him.

Tender-hearted Miss Letty, who had always cried easily in the theater and even at the movies, felt the tears stealing to her eyes as she witnessed the meeting. Johnny was clearly outclassed. Miss Letty then saw the Captain wave a melanchant adieu and drive off as the car moved up the walk to the house. Then they entered the front door and she lost sight of them.

IN the splendor of the green-plush hall they stood looking at each other.

"Oh, Johnny," she said, "you've been gone such a long time!"

"Yes," he answered in a constrained voice, "it seemed long to me. Was I gone too long, Jeanie dear? Have you got anything to tell me? You can trust me to understand."

She gazed at him gravely.

"I only want you to be happy, you know," he went on. "Have you got anything to tell me?"

"Yes, Johnny, I have."

Johnny threw back his shoulders and stood very erect. He looked like a soldier just then.

"Tell me now," he said. "I'll try to be game."

"Please do try," she urged gently. "It will make it sort of hard on me if you don't. For you can't get rid of me, Johnny. You were away too long. I just can't do without you."

Johnny looked stupefied.

"Why," he gasped, "I didn't think I had a chance in the world!"

And as a matter of fact, by all the laws of logic, of common sense and of romance, he was right in thinking that. Her father and mother had been thinking it. Captain Forrestier had thought it. Everybody in town had thought it—everybody but Jeanie.

Jeanie stepped forward into groping arms which closed about her, and laying her head upon the khaki shoulder, murmured something. At last she too was saying what all Louisburg had said:

"Poor Johnny!"

"SOMETHING"

(Continued from page 60)

from her weeks of foreboding, gave Klyda a curious sense of peace which had not been hers in many a day. Her spirits rebounded to a lightness which was almost hysterical. As the day wore on, her unnatural gayety and her sense of nearness to Dick increased.

EARLY one evening she left the house and strolled out into the white autumn moonlight. She was restless, and she wanted solitude and exercise. Jock rose from his bed on the doormat and ranged alongside her for the anticipated walk.

Crossing the stretch of moon-soaked turf, the two made their way toward a rustic summer-house that stood on a knoll at the far end of the grounds. Here, with Dick, they had been wont to sit daily to watch the sunset. And to the old trysting-place, Klyda now strolled.

Jock, like herself, had been gay all day, ever since the arrival of the pencil-scrawl from Dick. It was with difficulty now

that he curbed his exuberant pace to keep time with hers.

They reached the summer-house on the knoll. There Klyda stood for an instant in silence, to gaze dreamily over the moon-swept hills. The night was deathly still.

Then, of a sudden, the silences were shattered by a sound that wailed forth in hideous cadences from hill to hill, re-echoing until the placid night fairly screamed with it. Klyda gasped aloud at the horror of the plangent din, and she spun about to locate its cause.

There in the moonlight twenty feet away from her stood Jock. The dog's every muscle was tense, as if with torture. His head was flung back. From his cavernous throat was issuing a series of long-drawn howls, slow, earsplitting, raucous, howls of mortal anguish.

"Jock!" panted Klyda in swift terror. "Jock!"

(At the same moment, in a base

pompeian

BEAUTY POWDER



THEY ALL WANT TO CUT IN

All the men want to cut in when she dances, for there is only admiration for the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge *correctly*. Youthful beauty in an instant comes from the Pompeian method.

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! Such beauty and cool freshness in a few moments! *Note:* Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above), as the "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't break—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c tin with an exquisite new odor).

"Don't Envy Beauty. Use Pompeian"

Very Special Offer (to Sept. 27th only)

To one person only in a family (and to Sept. 27th only), we will send for a dime a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It contains one-half of our regular 50c box and should be at least a month's supply. This offer is made so attractive that you simply cannot resist trying Pompeian BEAUTY Powder now. And once you try it we are sure you will buy it steadily. Samples of Pompeian DAY Cream and Pompeian BLOOM will be included, so that you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Clip the coupon now, before it is too late.

THE POMPEIAN CO.

2019 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.


THE POMPEIAN CO.,
2019 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a dime for the SPECIAL half-box powder. Neither I nor anyone in my family has tried Pompeian BEAUTY Powder.


Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....


Purity Cross
CREAMED SPAGHETTI
AU GRATIN

Tenderest Spaghetti, with a heavy cream sauce, garnished with pimientos and broiled mushrooms—and with the flavor of prime June Cheese—the recipe of our master chef—that is Purity Cross Spaghetti au Gratin! It is spaghetti in its most delicious form!



The illustration is from the Purity Cross Book, "The Daily Menu-Maker"—which gives helpful suggestions of delicious dishes—sent free for best dealer's name.


Also made in the Purity Cross Model Kitchens—PURITY CROSS Creamed Chicken a la King, Welsh Rarebit, Chop Suey, Lobster Newburg, Creamed Finnan Haddie, and Corned Beef Hash.

At grocers and delicatessens—in two size tins—ready for your instant convenience.

Special Get-Acquainted Assortment Offer
If your dealer hasn't Purity Cross Delicacies—send us his name and \$2.00—and receive 5 regular size tins assorted prepaid.

PURITY CROSS MODEL KITCHEN
Dept. 4D, Orange, New Jersey

Rudolph S. Krugman, President



10 Buys
100
Millions
Billions
in use
10-day



Engel
"Art Corners"

NO PASTE NEEDED
Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, ivory and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. **QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC.** No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and station stores. No brass full pig, and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 203, 1456 Leland, CHICAGO

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE
BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS
and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Inc

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. At your dealer's, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid cheap imitations with imitations. Get the full name correct—**Lash-Brow-Inc.** It's limited. **LOOK FOR The Girl with the Rose.** It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-51 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

pital near Meran-en-Laye, a nurse was drawing the top of a cotton sheet over a face whose eyes would no longer need the light of day. The nurse was saying to a fellow-worker as she performed the grim duty:

"Poor fellow! He was doing so nicely, too, till the blood poison set in. . . . Say, Nora, did I hear a dog howling just then, or are my nerves going bad?"

At the quick appeal in Klyda's voice Jock ceased his hideous lament and stood trembling, with head bent almost to the ground. Then, through her moment of dread, that same strange sense of nearness to her husband came back upon the woman, but fiftyfold stronger than ever before since his departure. Through no volition of her own, she heard herself whisper timidly:

"Dick?"

As she spoke, the collie raised his head

as in joyous greeting. He came swiftly over to where his mistress stood.

But it was not toward her he was moving. Nor was it at her that his rapturously welcoming gaze was turned.

The dog was hurrying, with eyes aglow and plummy tail waving, toward a spot directly beside her. Thus had he advanced, many a time, to greet his master when Dick had returned from brief absences and when Jock had seen him standing there with his arm thrown protectingly about his wife and his eyes smiling down into hers.

To humans, the tensely waiting woman would have seemed to be standing there in the moonlight alone. But it was not into empty space that the advancing dog gazed so eagerly.

No one, seeing the collie then, could have doubted for an instant that Jock was looking at—*Something!*

THE REINCARNATION OF EDDIE LIST

(Continued from page 80)

That was all, but it seemed to satisfy Erskine.

Eddie knew Hagan's haunts. At one o'clock in the morning he halted the pickpocket as the latter was about to enter his favorite saloon.

An electric street-lamp shed its light upon them.

"I'm through with you," said Hagan.

"Not yet, you ain't," retorted Eddie, equally grim. "I've come for that rock you lifted."

Hagan smiled derisively and started into the saloon.

"Look here," said Eddie sharply.

"You gotta come across. Get me?"

Hagan turned, his face menacing.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "You know what happens to squealers."

Eddie knew. "I ain't goin' to squeal," he said. He stretched out his hand.

"You've got it with you—come across."

Hagan eyed him in amazement. Then suddenly he reached into his pocket and brought out the scarfpin.

"Take it—and take what's coming to you," he said.

In his voice there was a peculiar note that made Eddie glance up at him.

The pickpocket's eyes were focused not upon him but beyond him. Eddie swung about.

As he did so, Hagan leaped sideways into the shelter of the barroom entrance.

Under the arc-lamp, the light picking out the nickeling of the revolver he carried, stood Gazone. Before Eddie could move, he fired.

At the first shot Eddie fell. The firing continued until Gazone had emptied the magazine in a furious fusillade. Then he made his get-away through a door providentially (or otherwise) opened.

There had been men clustering on the curbs, and women squatted in doorways or hanging over fire-escapes. By the time the last shot rang out, the vicinity had cleared. There was no murderer in sight, no witnesses even—save one.

And she was a red-haired girl.

To those who peered through closed blinds it was apparent that she was mastering a desire to flee as she crept toward the spot where Eddie List lay. She

had almost reached him when she

stopped, her hands pressed to her heart.

"Oh-h!" she gasped as Eddie, satisfied that Gazone had gone, rose.

"Who let you in?" he asked jauntily.

"He—he lives below us," she stammered, wide-eyed and piteous-lipped. "He said he—he was going to get you for—"

She stopped abruptly. "I was going to warn you—"

"Aw," said Eddie, "them wops can't shoot. He'd ought to use a knife."

He paused, suddenly grown shy. He had become conscious of her—conscious of her eyes glistening under her emotion like violets under dew, of her lips quivering like poppies agitated by the wind, of her small straight nose, with its fretwork of freckles.

"Did you think I'd kicked in, kid?" he asked finally.

"I—I thought he'd killed you."

At that something new and vital surged within him, something as strange as it was new, and upon the impulse it provided, Eddie List acted.

"Wot's your name, kid?" he asked huskily.

Her eyes searched his and then lowered.

Mamie Dougherty, she answered.

"Can—can I see you home?"

She nodded without raising her eyes.

And Eddie knew and Mamie Dougherty knew that moment that she no longer had cause to fear him.

When Mamie shuddered and spoke fearfully of what Gazone might still do to him, all Eddie said was:

"Aw, I guess he means all right." And then, returning to the only thing in the world, that mattered: "I'm coming around to-morrow night."

But she was still fearful.

"Supposing he—"

"Forget it," said Eddie. "I've got that guy's number. If he comes around peering you, you tell him that you're—you're my girl—" Eddie paused to see if the heavens would fall, but they didn't.

"And if he don't leave you alone, he'll think the Woolworth Building is full on him. All at once! See?"

GREAT! You'll Say It Is! The New "TEA FOIL" Package!



It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging— it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now, don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial? — Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, but —

10^c



RIZ LA CROIX — the lightest, thinnest, finest, strongest cigarette papers in all the world. Roll a Tuxedo cigarette with RIZ LA CROIX.

**Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus a dash of Chocolate**

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

The Old Way

Factory

Branch
House

Salesman

Agent

You

Two Ways of Selling the

OLIVER Typewriter

The New Way

Factory

You

The New Way Saves You \$43

THE OLD WAY: It cost \$43 to sell you a typewriter. Rents of offices in many cities, salaries, commissions and other costly practices — each demanded its share.

THE NEW WAY: We ship from the factory to you, eliminating all wastes. This saves the \$43, and it now goes to you. A \$100 Oliver costs you but \$57. Why waste \$43 by buying typewriters the old way?

These Facts Will Save You Money

Note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. It is not the advertisement of a concern offering second-hand or rebuilt Olivers of an earlier model. The Oliver Typewriter Company makes only new machines.

The old way, as explained above, was wasteful and wrong. So people have welcomed our new economical plan and our output has multiplied.

We offer for \$57 the exact machine which formerly sold at \$100. This is our Model Nine, the finest typewriter we ever built. It has the universal keyboard, so any stenographer may turn to it without the slightest hesitation and do better work more easily.

And it has dozens of superiorities not found elsewhere. For instance, it has far fewer parts. This means longer wear, and naturally few or no repairs.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth \$100, it is this splendid model.

It is the same machine used by great concerns such as United States Steel Corporation, Baldwin Locomotive Works, National City Bank of New York, Pennsylvania Railroad, Otis Elevator Company and hosts of others. Such concerns demand the best. Yet they are not wasteful.

Mail
Today

FREE TRIAL

Merely clip the coupon below, asking us to send a free-trial Oliver. We do not ask a penny down. When the Oliver arrives, try it out. Put it to every test. Compare its workmanship.

Then, when you are convinced that the Oliver Nine is all we claim, and you prefer it, pay us at the rate of \$3 per month.

During the free trial, you are not under the slightest obligation to buy. If you wish to return it, we even refund the outgoing transportation charges.

Used typewriters accepted in exchange at a fair valuation. Or, if you would rather know more about our plans before ordering a free-trial Oliver, check the coupon for our amazing book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." We accompany it with our beautifully illustrated catalog describing the Oliver Nine.

The Oliver Typewriter Company

115-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY

115-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book — "The High Cost of Typewriters — The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Was
\$100

Now
\$57

Canadian
Price
\$72



Captain Scott and party arriving at Amundsen's tent, where they find the Norwegian's records, showing that he had discovered the South Pole two months previously. © I. F. S.



They doubted Columbus— but we believed Scott's photographs

WHEN Columbus declared that he would find a shorter route to India and asserted that the world was not flat, and even after he returned from his wondrous voyage, men doubted all he told them. He was even thrown into prison as a fraud and a cheat.

But yesterday a brave man sent back a message from the frozen South—a touching, authentic history of his travels and trials in reaching the Pole. There was no tendency to disbelieve. In fact, no one could doubt, because the Kodak saw, and gave us photographic proof.

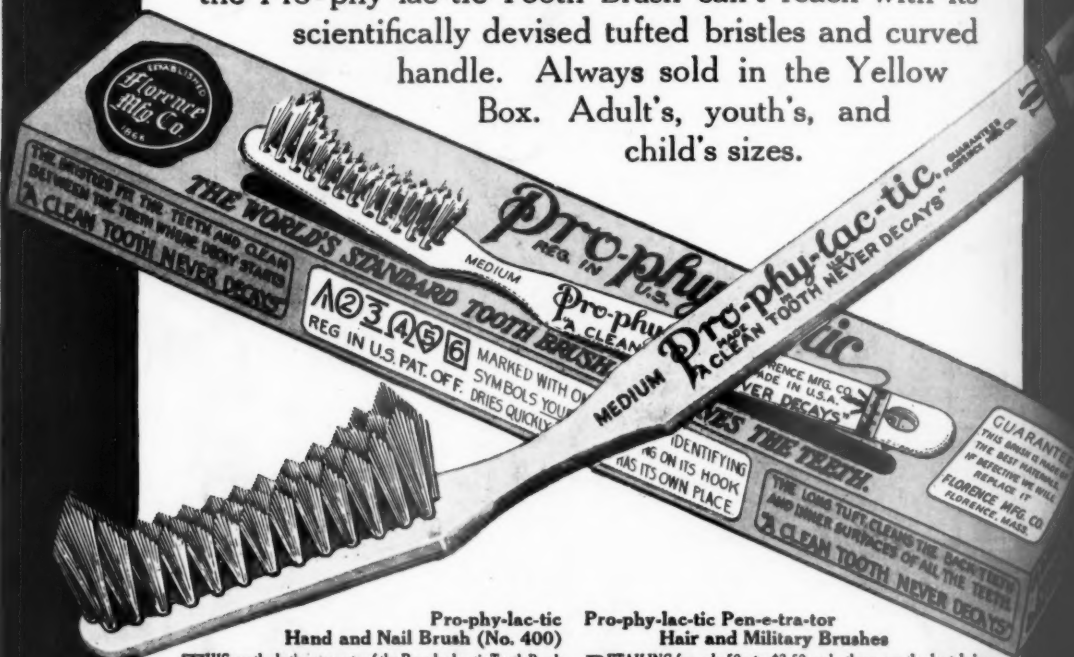
Photography has given the world new eyes for truth—eyes that see, observe, record and testify. It is an indispensable aid in science, commerce, engineering and art.

It has been the privilege of the Eastman Kodak Company to have been associated with photography in its early history and to have continued the association through its many successes. Today the Eastman Kodak Company is an institution so departmentized and inter-related that it can serve most effectively the photographic world for which it has done, and is doing, so much.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

IT'S easy enough to clean the front surfaces of your teeth. But think what it means to clean *every* part of *every* tooth. An ordinary tooth brush can't reach the crevices and angles in and between all your teeth, nor can it get around the backs of your back teeth. But there isn't a *single* exposed part of a *single* tooth that the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush can't reach with its scientifically devised tufted bristles and curved handle. Always sold in the Yellow Box. Adult's, youth's, and child's sizes.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand and Nail Brush (No. 400)

THIS worthy bathroom mate of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush costs a dollar, because it will outlast many ordinary hand brushes. Its bristles are strong and even, and are set through an aluminum plate which is riveted with eight rivets to a strong, chemically treated hardwood back. Cleans the most delicate skin without scratching. If your dealer does not happen to have this brush in stock, mail us one dollar and we will send it to you postpaid. Money back if it is not all we claim for it. Sold by dealers in the United States at \$1.00, and in Canada at \$1.25.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Florence, Mass. Canada: 425 Cortina Bldg., Montreal

Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair and Military Brushes

RETAILING for only 50c to \$2.50 each, these are the best hair-brush values ever offered. Made in several styles and finishes. The bristles have wonderful penetrating qualities because they are extra choice, stiff, and set in thin, straight up-and-down knots. They are permanently fastened through a pure non-tarnishable aluminum face into a special, durable composition. These brushes are easily cleaned and kept clean. See that the name, Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor, is on the handle. Always sold in a Yellow Box. Send for our free book, which fully describes all the styles and finishes.



WARRANTY
ANCHOR-BRAND
TYPE THE WILL
CO. 11"
WFO. CO.
MADE

the
OF
MADE